





**ALDRICH DIES  
OF APOPLEXY.**

Former Republican Senator  
Succumbs in New York.

Was for Many Years a Power  
in National Politics.

Funeral Services Tomorrow  
at Providence, R. I.

(By A. P. NEW YORK.)

NEW YORK, April 16.—Nelson W. Aldrich, for thirty years United States Senator from Rhode Island and Republican leader, whose name was stamped upon American currency legislation of his party, died of an apoplexy stroke at his home on Fifth avenue today. He had been ill of indigestion since yesterday afternoon. Until then he had been in excellent health. He was in his 74th year. Senator Aldrich will be buried in Swanpoint Cemetery, Providence, R. I., next Sunday.

Dr. John S. Thatcher, the family physician, had left Mr. Aldrich less than half an hour before he died. When Dr. Thatcher left, the patient appeared to be recovering from the slight attack of indigestion. Ten minutes after the physician left, Mr. Aldrich suddenly became unconscious and died within a few minutes.

Members of his immediate family were hurriedly summoned and were at the bedside when he died. They included his wife, Mrs. Aldrich, and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., his daughter, and Winthrop Aldrich, his son. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was notified within a few minutes after Mr. Aldrich died.

His father-in-law's death caused Mr. Rockefeller to cancel arrangements for a visit to Colorado to inspect the properties of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in accordance with a promise given under labor leaders at that time he testified before the Federal Industrial Relations Committee here.

**CAREER OF ALDRICH.**

Nelson Winthrop Aldrich held a seat in the United States Senate continuously from 1881 to 1911. The influence of the Senator was considerable in the fact that when he was introduced to the Senate in 1881, he was the youngest member of the United States Senate at that time.

Probably the greatest parliamentary tactician that ever served in the Senate, Mr. Aldrich had no difficulty in maintaining leadership of his party. Although known among the veterans as "committee" Senator, he was quite as much at home on the floor and naturally was more in evidence in the larger arena. While he gave special attention to the tariff and financial legislation in committee, on the Senate floor he was often for all that was said on any subject of general importance. He seldom failed to participate in the discussion of any measure affecting governmental policy.

Naturally, Mr. Aldrich's long-continued supremacy in the councils of his party and in directing legislation called him to become the subject of much adverse criticism. He was charged with boresdom and with being the tool of the "interests." Whether or not this was true in the main, it can be said in fairness that some of these assertions gained and held currency, because it was his policy to defend himself against published attacks. He rarely permitted himself to be quoted by the press.

**ROCKEFELLER CHARGE.**  
The fact that his daughter was married to a son of John D. Rockefeller served to strengthen the popular impression that Senator Aldrich was in some way pecuniarily friendly to the oil magnate, and conversely of the so-called "Rockefeller interests." Yet when a friend of the Senator once asked him for a letter to Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Aldrich replied:

"As I have met Mr. Rockefeller only twice in my life I fear the letter would be of but little if any assistance to you."

In legislation he was charged with being sectional. This is hardly borne out by the facts, and more than once he gained his points by utilizing the conflict of interests between West and South and East.

A temporary opponent within his own party when suddenly deprived of the floor during a debate on proposed currency reforms, expostulated in vain. As he took his seat, he said: "The Senate no longer is the great forum

of free speech, at least not when the Senator from Rhode Island is here." Studiously avoiding discussing or reading attacks upon him, Mr. Aldrich practically invited adverse criticism.

A well-known writer of Wall street tales devoted one whole winter to a study of Aldrich and then wrote a long biography for a popular magazine. The article was profusely illustrated and a highly-colored photograph was used on the outside cover. Naturally the author desired to know what Aldrich thought of the article, and a friend sought to find out. A copy of the magazine was handed to the Senator. He looked at the cover and his face depicted disgust. "I never wore a green waistcoat in my life," he said, and forthwith the offending magazine was thrown into the waste basket.

**BORN IN RHODE ISLAND.**  
Born in Foster, R. I., November 8, 1844, he first appeared in public office as member of the common council of his city of Providence. He was elected to the Rhode Island Assembly in 1875, and four years later he was elected to the Senate as successor to Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside.

Next man, Senator Aldrich continued throughout his public service to disavow any connection with the extraordinary capacity for organization. Upon his election to the Senate he was immediately chairman of the Committee on Rules, and a member of the Committee on Finance and Interests. He was also a member of the Finance Committee. He was called upon to assume a large share of the burden of the tariff and financial legislation before the Senate. He participated in the preparation of the tariff and financial legislation of his party. He was a member of the Finance Committee. He was called upon to assume a large share of the burden of the tariff and financial legislation before the Senate. He participated in the preparation of the tariff and financial legislation of his party.

**BANKER'S PANIC.**  
Mr. Aldrich was always ready to seize upon any trend of public business to advance legislative causes in which he was interested. The "banker's panic" of 1897, enabled him to give impetus to his plan to bring about monetary reforms. The first fruit of his labors in this direction was the Currency Law of 1900, put through the Senate by Aldrich after an hour's debate. The Progressive Republican from Wisconsin, who was aided by Mr. Aldrich, was the author of the bill. Mr. Aldrich made an enemy of his father-in-law's death caused Mr. Rockefeller to cancel arrangements for a visit to Colorado to inspect the properties of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in accordance with a promise given under labor leaders at that time he testified before the Federal Industrial Relations Committee here.

The emergency currency law was passed by Mr. Aldrich. He was a member of the Finance Committee. He was called upon to assume a large share of the burden of the tariff and financial legislation before the Senate. He participated in the preparation of the tariff and financial legislation of his party. He was a member of the Finance Committee. He was called upon to assume a large share of the burden of the tariff and financial legislation before the Senate. He participated in the preparation of the tariff and financial legislation of his party.

**CURRENCY REVISION.**  
Mr. Aldrich's friends contended that his effort to revise the currency system of the country was approached in an absolutely unimpeachable way. He was exceedingly anxious that his work should stand up as a monument to his public career. He was a member of the Finance Committee. He was called upon to assume a large share of the burden of the tariff and financial legislation before the Senate. He participated in the preparation of the tariff and financial legislation of his party.

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After his retirement from public life Mr. Aldrich spent much of his time in travel, but he continued to follow business affairs. He saw many of his ideas on the subject of currency enacted by the Democrats and although the new law did not bear his name it is known to a large extent he approved of what was done.

**CANNON'S TRIBUTE.**  
DANVILLE (Ill.) April 16.—Former Speaker Cannon when told of the death of Former Senator Aldrich said:

"Senator Aldrich was one of the greatest Legislators during his service in the National Congress. The republic is better that he lived. I sincerely regret his loss."

**DAUGHTER'S LETTER.**  
(By A. P. NEW YORK.)

DENVER, April 16.—Mrs. Stephen Aldrich Edgell, formerly Miss Edith Aldrich, youngest daughter of the late Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, left with her husband for New York today to attend the funeral of her father.

**BOMBS DROPPED  
ON FREIBURG.**

(By ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
AMSTERDAM (via London), April 16.—Dispatches received from Freiburg in Breisgau, Grand Duchy of Baden, announce that a hostile airplane dropped bombs there at noon yesterday, killing six persons and injuring a large number, most of them school children.

**SAY SUBMARINE  
SUNK THE KATWIK.**

(By ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
THE HAGUE (via London), April 16.—A submarine sank the Dutch steamer Katwijk (corvette) off the coast of the North Sea yesterday, according to a report of the Dutch navy. The ship was carrying a crew of 100 men and a cargo of coal.

**INQUIRY UNDER WAY.**  
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LONDON, April 16.—Reuters' Telegram Company has received a dispatch from the German government in Berlin, which says the German government has begun an investigation of the torpedoing in the North Sea by a German submarine of The Netherlands steamer Katwijk the night of April 14, and will shortly elucidate the incident.

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AMERICAN APPLES.**

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LONDON, April 16.—An appeal was made to the procurator-general today by Robert P. Skinner, American Consul-General in London, for special treatment for ships detained in the North Sea by the German navy, because of the perishable nature of these cargoes.

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LONDON, April 16.—The Foreign Office was advised today by American Ambassador Page that Ambassador Gerard at Berlin had forwarded to Washington confirmation of press reports that Germany had imprisoned thirty-one British officers in military detention barracks. The action was taken in retaliation for the decision of the British government to refuse honor of war to crews of captured German submarines.

**LIGHTNING KILLS  
MAN ON A MOTOR.**

(By A. P. NEW YORK.)  
TONOPAH (Nev.), April 16.—Frank Rothscholder was struck by lightning and instantly killed while riding on a motor truck on the road from Goldfield today. B. McIntosh, who was riding with him, was hurried to the hospital, but died.

**WEST SUSPICIOUS.**  
"Why is not our plan taken at face value?" he asked a friend. He received a frank answer.

"You have spent your vacations in Europe. You have not studied the people. Your language is that of the prosperous business man. You are seeking too late in life to know the people."

Mr. Aldrich expressed regret that he had not earlier made opportunity to devote a system of national business to the study of the western people. He said: "In a way I have been familiar with western interests, and have tried all I could to protect them; but I feel that I could have

been of still greater help if I had familiarized myself on the ground with your institutions and your people."

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**PREMIER BATTLE  
OF THE WORLD.**

Three and a Half Million Men  
Fight in Carpathians.

Russians are Defeated with  
Most Appalling Losses.

Germans Report Gains Along  
Frontier in France.

(By WIRELESS AND A. P.)  
BERLIN, April 16 (by wireless to Sayville, N. Y.).—The German News Agency today gave out the following:

"Aeroplane scouts report that behind the French front there are continuous movements of large bodies of troops indicating an intention to renew the attacks."

"Similar reports from Austrian headquarters describe the four weeks' battle in the Carpathian Mountains as the most gigantic in the history of the world—4,500,000 men participating. This battle reached a climax several days ago. The Russian offensive was halted and repulsed with the most appalling losses. On some days as many as 600 trains were used for the wounded. The field hospitals are overcrowded with wounded and sick and thousands succumb without adequate medical attendance."

**OFFENSIVE A FAILURE.**  
"A high Swiss officer, who has studied the situation, according to a Zurich newspaper, characterizes as utter failures the French and Russian offensives and the attempts to force the Dardanelles. He says the failure, together with the inability of the British navy to defeat and annihilate the German naval forces, clearly indicate that the Triple Entente has lost the war and that the only question now remaining is when this truth will be realized."

"Prof. Oskar von Mueller, president of the Society of German Engineers, has notified the American Engineers' Association that the German engineers will not attend the International Engineering Congress at San Francisco, since they are busily engaged in serving the fatherland."

**GERMANS MAKE PROGRESS.**  
The statement from the War Office in London, April 16, was that German forces had made considerable gains in the West. German forces had made considerable gains in the West. German forces had made considerable gains in the West.

"Near Ouden and Nieupoort some enemy destroyers took part yesterday in a fierce fighting, but were quickly silenced."

"On the southern border of St. Elmyr, the British and the German forces were engaged in a fierce fighting, but were quickly silenced."

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**VILLA GOES NORTH  
TO CHECK OREGON.**

(By A. P. NEW YORK.)  
EL PASO (Tex.) April 16.—All available Villa troops were reported today as being rushed to assist in checking Gen. Obregon's advance north along the line of the Mexican Central Railroad.

Mobile groups were said to have been ordered into Central Mexico from Tepic State, on the west coast, and from the northeast, where the Villa army has been attacking Matamoros and investing the port of Tampico. Gen. Angeles, Villa's second in command, already has reached Torreon from Monterrey.

Advices from Mexico City today said that all was prepared at the capital to move the Villa-Zapata Convention government to Chihuahua City.

**Channel House.**

**NEUVE CHAPELLE  
A GRAVEYARD.**

(By ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
NEUVE CHAPELLE (France) April 16 (via London).—The ground to the west of this now shattered town of Neuve Chapelle, from which the British drove the Germans in the middle of March with such terrible loss of life for both sides, is literally cobbled with German skulls. The dead lie buried in shallow graves everywhere, and the vicinity is strewn with wreckage and debris.

The British have made it as they say they can, but beneath many of the trenches and dugouts six inches of barbed wire meet the resistance of the British. The British have made it as they say they can, but beneath many of the trenches and dugouts six inches of barbed wire meet the resistance of the British.

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**RIGHT TO SEARCH**  
**AMERICAN SHIPS**  
British Order Affected  
Travel on the Pacific.  
German Allies will be Taken  
Off and Held.  
Applies to Foreign  
Touching Canada Ports.

**SLUGGERS**  
**GETTING BUSY.**  
Thousand Men  
in Chicago.  
Attack Workers  
with Brass Knuckles.  
Arbitration are  
Governed.

**MAN'S REFUSED**  
**RAILROAD**  
German passengers who  
had their tickets were  
not to be removed from  
the train at a Canadian  
station. As a result  
of the order, the Pacific  
Coast line immediately  
called today for the  
company's immediate  
action.

**PARATE PEACE**  
**REPORTS DENIED**  
ATLANTIC CASES AND A  
PACIFIC CASE. (Via London)  
The official French  
statement that reports of an  
armistice on the part of the  
German army in the west  
are a separate peace with  
no effect on the front.

**CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE**  
**TIMES**  
April 16.—Chilly weather  
continues in the Eastern and  
Central States, but the  
temperature is dropping  
and several non-cold  
showers are expected.  
The temperature in  
Chicago has fallen to 42  
degrees, below zero.

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**VILLA ORDERS**  
**A JAP INQUIRY.**  
Mexicans Show Interest in  
Turtle Bay Affair.  
Gov. Cantu may Send Officer  
South to Investigate.

**SWIFT AEROPLANES**  
**FOR THE NAVY.**  
CONTRACT IS LET FOR THREE  
MACHINES WITH SPEED OF  
EIGHTY MILES.  
WASHINGTON, April 16.—The  
Navy department today  
announced that it had  
awarded a contract for  
three Swift aeroplanes  
to the Burgess company of  
Marshallfield, Md.

**SETTLEMENT OF QUESTIONS**  
**Caused Investigation of Telegraph**  
Company.  
WASHINGTON, April 16.—The  
Interstate Commerce  
commission today  
announced that it had  
awarded a contract for  
three Swift aeroplanes  
to the Burgess company of  
Marshallfield, Md.

**DR. JONES IS PROMOTED.**  
**HEADS THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.**  
WASHINGTON, April 16.—Dr.  
J. H. Jones, geologist in  
charge of the geological  
survey, has been promoted  
to the position of chief  
geologist.

**CONSERVATION BILL.**  
**WILSON TO RESUBMIT THEM.**  
WASHINGTON, April 16.—President  
Wilson today announced  
that he would resubmit  
to Congress a bill for  
the conservation of  
natural resources.

**THE WEATHER BACK EAST.**  
Temperature. Take a Slight  
Drop in Some Sections, but in Others It  
is Unusually Warm.  
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**Wilson Alarmed.**  
(Continued from First Page.)  
Secretaries Bryan and Daniels to act.  
What they have ordered will be done  
tacitly.  
OUR RELATIONS WITH JAPAN.  
Our relations with Japan are not  
such as to justify any high-handed  
representations and our naval treaties  
in the Pacific does not admit of them.  
In the Pacific, this government has  
nothing which would possibly cope  
with the Japanese battle cruisers, and  
in the Atlantic we are hopelessly out-  
numbered by those ships. There are four  
cruisers, as follows:  
Kongo, displacement 27,500, armament  
eight 14-inch, sixteen 6-inch,  
eight torpedo tubes. Speed, twenty-  
eight knots.  
Hara, displacement 27,500, armament  
eight 14-inch, sixteen 6-inch,  
eight torpedo tubes. Speed, twenty-  
eight knots.  
Kikishima, displacement 27,500, armament  
eight 14-inch, sixteen 6-inch,  
eight torpedo tubes. Speed, twenty-  
eight knots.

**THE AMERICAN FORCE.**  
The United States has six  
armored cruisers in Pacific waters,  
armed with eight-inch guns and  
having a speed of only 23.4 knots.  
The fastest battleship in the American  
navy is the Wyoming, which is armed  
with 15-inch guns. We have only two  
battleships carrying 14-inch guns.  
These are the New York and Texas.  
All our battleships are in the Atlantic  
with the exception of the antiquated  
Oregon which is in reserve at Puget  
Sound.

**VIEWS OF CANTU.**  
I talked the matter over a few  
days ago with Senor Alberto Nacareno,  
a San Diego, who has the pro-  
visional fishing permit. The Governor  
said, speaking through an interpreter,  
"He had not been at the bay recently,  
but said no mines had been planted,  
only to mark the navigable  
channel. Not knowing them caused  
the Amma to ground, he said. He  
did not believe the cruiser had been  
intentionally sent ashore and said that  
the camps were those of fishermen.  
Turtle Bay is far below Ensenada, and  
news travels slowly, but if I hear  
further reports of the presence and  
activities of the Japanese I shall surely  
investigate."

**ACTION AT WASHINGTON.**  
WASHINGTON, April 16.—Investiga-  
tion of reports that Mexican  
neutrality is being violated by the opera-  
tions of Japanese naval forces in  
Turtle Bay, Lower California, was un-  
dertaken today by the Villa agency  
here. Enrique G. Lorente, head of  
the agency, telegraphed Gen. Estaban  
Cantu, military Governor of Lower  
California, asking for a fuller report  
on the situation.

**WOMAN SLAYER**  
**DIES SUDDENLY.**  
MRS. SMITH WHO WENT EAST  
FROM LOS ANGELES WILL  
NEVER BE TRIED.  
SHEINERSTADT (N. Y.), April 16.—  
Mrs. Ella Smith, under indictment for  
the murder of John Andrew Smith,  
her husband, February 4, in this city,  
died tonight in the hospital of tuber-  
culosis. The day of her trial was to  
have been fixed tomorrow.

**SANTA FE MAN PRESIDENT.**  
American Association of Passenger  
Traffic Officers Honors Alexander  
Hilton of St. Louis.  
[BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]  
SAN FRANCISCO, April 16.—Officers  
of the American Association of  
Passenger Traffic Officers, which con-  
cludes its business session here to-  
day, were announced today as fol-  
lows:  
President, Alexander Hilton, Santa  
Fe, N. M.; vice-president, Charles  
M. Burr, Boston and Maine, Boston;  
secretary, W. C. Hope, Central Rail-  
road, Chicago; executive commit-  
tee, L. M. Landman, Michigan  
Central, chairman; W. J. Black, Santa  
Fe, N. M.; Louisville, Nashville;  
New Haven and Hartford; L. F. Vos-  
sed, Rock Island, Chicago; E. E. B.  
Batture, Southern Pacific, and O. H.  
Taylor, Eastern Steamship Corpora-  
tion.

**TO PRESERVE WILD LIFE.**  
Mrs. Russell Sage Gives \$15,000  
More to the Fund Being Raised to  
Protect Game.  
[BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]  
NEW YORK, April 16.—Announce-  
ment today by Mrs. Russell Sage has  
increased the fund for the protection of  
wild life to \$150,000. The fund was  
originally established by the protection  
of game. The total received to date is \$17,750,  
of which Mrs. Sage has given in all  
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**MORE DETAILS**  
**BY GEN. FRENCH.**  
Pen Picture of Great Battle  
at Neuve Chapelle.

**Artillery Prevented Germans**  
**from Strengthening Line.**  
Prize for the Canadians in  
the Official Report.

**THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF**  
[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]  
[The first installment of Gen.  
French's report was printed in the  
Times recently.]  
LONDON, April 14.—Following is  
the second part of the report of Sir  
John French, British commander in  
France, of the Neuve Chapelle battle:  
"Prisoners reported that all attempts  
at reinforcing the front German line  
were checked. Steps were at once  
taken to consolidate the position won.  
"Considerable delay occurred after  
the capture of the Neuve Chapelle  
position. The infantry was greatly  
disorganized by the violent nature of  
the attack and by its passage through  
the enemy's trenches, and the build-  
ing of the village. It was necessary  
to get the units to some extent to-  
gether before pushing on. An or-  
der held by the enemy north of  
Neuve Chapelle also threatened the  
bank of an advance toward the Au-  
vergne bridge."  
"I am of the opinion that this de-  
lay would not have occurred had the  
general commanding the first army  
been carefully observed."  
"The difficulties about the Neuve  
Chapelle position were overcome ear-  
ly in the day if the general officer com-  
manding the Fourth Corps had been able  
to bring his reserve brigades more  
rapidly into action. As it was, a fur-  
ther advance did not seem possible  
before 2:30 p.m. The Twenty-first  
Brigade was able to form up in the open  
ground in front of the position, but  
at it this showing that at the time  
the enemy's resistance had been  
broken down."

**THE BRIGADE PUSHED FORWARD**  
in the direction of Moulou du Pire. At  
this time the enemy was not  
subsequently held up by machine guns  
from houses and from a defended  
position in the line of the German  
trenches opposite the right of the  
Twenty-second Brigade.  
"Pursuing the Twenty-fourth  
Brigade, which had been de-  
fended on Pire, was similarly held  
up by machine guns and from a de-  
fended position in the line of the  
trenches. The Twenty-fifth Brigade,  
on the right of the 24th, was also  
held up by machine guns and from a  
defended position in the line of the  
trenches. The Twenty-sixth Brigade,  
on the left of the 24th, was also  
held up by machine guns and from a  
defended position in the line of the  
trenches. The Twenty-seventh Brigade,  
on the right of the 24th, was also  
held up by machine guns and from a  
defended position in the line of the  
trenches. The Twenty-eighth Brigade,  
on the left of the 24th, was also  
held up by machine guns and from a  
defended position in the line of the  
trenches. The Twenty-ninth Brigade,  
on the right of the 24th, was also  
held up by machine guns and from a  
defended position in the line of the  
trenches. The Thirtieth Brigade,  
on the left of the 24th, was also  
held up by machine guns and from a  
defended position in the line of the  
trenches. The Thirty-first Brigade,  
on the right of the 24th, was also  
held up by machine guns and from a  
defended position in the line of the  
trenches. The Thirty-second Brigade,  
on the left of the 24th, was also  
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defended position in the line of the  
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trenches. The Thirty-eighth Brigade,  
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trenches. The Thirty-ninth Brigade,  
on the right of the 24th, was also  
held up by machine guns and from a  
defended position in the line of the  
trenches. The Fortieth Brigade,  
on the left of the 24th, was also  
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## THE IDEAL COOL SUMMER RESORT



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less than **3 Days** to Chicago  
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Rm. 601 South Spring St.

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*General News of the Local Religious Field.*

**HYPHENATED CHRISTIANS, AND RELIGIOUS PARANOIA.**  
 Dean MacCormack will preach to-morrow morning in St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, opposite Central Park, on

**BUSY BAPTISTS.**  
**PLANS FOR CONVENTION.**  
 An invitation that will reach every Baptist community in the United

Dr. John Balcom Shaw will preach tomorrow morning in the Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Tenth and Figueroa streets, on "The Temple of the Holy Ghost." His evening sermon

The G.  
invited.  
will sing.  
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Address, 1

**Secret of His Power.**  
A. R. and all Patriotic Organizations  
H. Haydn Jones, the Tensar School,  
People's Service, 9722, Illustrated  
Mr. James A. Patterson.

Sunday service, 11 a.m., in Blanchard Synagogue  
at 11th St. Subject, April 15th. "The King-  
dom of God." Subject, "Seek ye first the Kingdom  
of God, and these things shall be added unto you." All welcome.

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WANTED - GIRL FOR LUNCH  
the Sat. morning noon.  
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**Secret of His Power.**  
The G. A. R. and all Patriotic Organizations invited. G. Hayden Jones, the Tensar Scientist, will sing.  
Young People's Service, 61st. Illustrated Address, Miss Frances M. Patterson.

Sunday service, 11 a.m., in Blanchard Gymnasium Hall, 1200  
 1st Main St. Subject, April 18th, The Resurrection. Pastor  
 Wicks will conduct the evening service, 8 o'clock, at  
 814 1/2 St. Subject, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and  
 these things shall be added unto you." All welcome.

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# The Times

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1915.—EDITORIAL SECTION.

POPULATION: By the Federal Census (1910)—212,000.

## CANDIDATES UP FOR ELECTION.

Those Who will go on Primary Ballot.

For Council Shows Most Aspirants.

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## LEADERS-TO-BE OBSERVING U.S.

Australia's Brightest Boys Touring California.

To Bear Constructive Ideas Back to Antipodes.

Forty-five Keen Youngsters will be Here Soon.

Australia believes in the broad education of its boys and young men. This belief is responsible for the

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## TRAFFIC POLICE TO WIG-WAG NOW.

AND IF HUMAN SEMAPHORE IS A SUCCESS, WHISTLES WILL BE SILENT.

Members of the Police Traffic Squad will begin Monday to teach the automobile drivers of Los Angeles to "wig-wag" and not to listen and eventually the shrill whistle of the traffic cop will be supplanted by the human semaphore.

Orders affecting the handling of traffic in the business district were issued yesterday by Lieut. Butler. The traffic men are instructed to stand with face and back directed towards the traffic that is stopped and when the change is made for traffic the other way, the policeman will "wig-wag" a half turn with the body to the left, at the same time bringing the right arm around with a becoming motion as a signal for traffic in the other directions to proceed.

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## ALL THE NATION EATING ORANGES

Advertising Benefits Grower and Consumer.

Efforts to Create Big Demand Signally Successful.

Gratifying Figures Compiled by Fruit Exchange.

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## INQUIRE INTO LANDS OF DON.

ONCE GREAT HOLDINGS NOW SITES OF BIG CITIES.

Settlement of De Baker Estate and subsequent investigation reveal interesting circumstances relating to Acquisitions of Territory by Early Pioneers.

Final settlement of the Arcadia de Baker estate has brought numerous inquiries as to the holdings of Don Abel Stearns and other noted characters of Southern California. The Baker ranch, which was repeatedly in print, better known in the old days as the San Antonio Rancho, was not the first acquisition of the penniless New England youth, who arrived on a clipper ship in 1812, after having lived of his home, Salem, Mass., where he was born in 1788.

According to the old Spanish records at Sacramento, Don Abel Stearns first acquired the Los Alamitos Rancho, now Long Beach, and its environs, through the aid and assistance of the then Gov. Figueroa. He next displayed his judgment in soil by his purchase of the San Juan Cajon de Santa Ana lands, some of the finest and most productive acres in the world, that are now the sites of Santa Ana, Anaheim, Orange and smaller places.

Following years saw his purchase of the La Boma Chica and the Las Solas Grandes, the Los Coyotes, Santa Ana del Chino, Jurupa, Temecal and finally the San Antonio Rancho. This last-mentioned place was for years the property of Don Antonio Muro Lugo, who first laid claim to its vast acres in 1816, after having resided on the ground for more than ten years.

Don Lugo was one of the greatest entertainers and wealthiest landowners in the state. His cattle were more numerous and riders more numerous than those of any other ranch. It was possible for him to drive from the coast to the mountains all the way to the farthest line of what is now Sonoma county, without passing over lands other than those owned or controlled by himself.

Don Lugo's will is one of the most interesting documents on file in the County Hall of Records. Instead of designating what each of his numerous children should have, he merely stated that they should all share alike in the division, and failed even to mention the exact properties which he owned. His sons were Jose Maria, Felipe, Vincente, Jose del Carmen, Jose Antonio, and his daughters were Juana, Maria Antonio, Mariana, and Maria Jesus Lugo.

One of these daughters married Stephen C. Foster, Mayor of Los Angeles from 1854 to 1883, and her direct descendants are still living in this city. Two grandsons, the sons of Vincente, are now residing in one of the few two-story adobe houses erected in Southern California. This is located near Downey. It was here that Surveyor William P. Reynolds, the unnamed character in "Belle's Misadventures of a Ranger," was the guest of honor.

## TRAFFIC MEN ARE COMING IN FORCE.

RAILROADS AND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE COMPLETE ENTERTAINMENT PLAN.

Final arrangements for the entertainment of the 125 members of the American Association of Passenger Traffic Officers who are to tour the Southland the coming week were completed yesterday at a conference between special committees representing the railroads, the Chamber of Commerce and the 1918 General Committee of Los Angeles City and County.

The special bringing the representative body of general passenger agents and passenger traffic managers from San Francisco will arrive in Los Angeles at 10:30 o'clock Monday night from the Southern Pacific, and will be met by committees of the Chamber of Commerce and the 1918 General Committee. About 200 persons are expected to make the trip, many of the visitors are accompanied by their wives. The trip will be broken at Universal City for a barbecue as guests of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, and also to see the screen plays in the making.

The Pacific Electric will entertain the visitors Wednesday with a tour of the beaches, leaving here in special cars at 9:30 o'clock a.m. The first stop will be at Long Beach at 10:15 o'clock, then to Ocean Park, where lunch will be served. The party will leave for this city on the return trip at either 1 or 2:30 o'clock p.m.

Redlands and Riverside will be visited by the passenger men Thursday, leaving here at 8:30 o'clock a.m. The party will be met at Redlands by automobiles for a short trip on arrival there at 11 o'clock. Boarding the train again, the traffic men will arrive at Riverside at 1:30 o'clock p.m., where they will make their headquarters at the Glenwood Mission Inn. The entertainment there includes music and other features at the Inn and an automobile tour.

San Diego will entertain the touring passenger men Friday and Saturday. Lightening automobiles will meet the party on arrival at the exposition city at noon from Riverside and will convey the members to the Southern California Building for luncheon. In the afternoon there will be a concert by bands of the Thirtieth Regiment, Coast Artillery and the Fourth Regiment Marine Corps and an exhibition drill by a platoon of the latter regiment. Saturday the passenger men will take a trip on the bay and to Coronado.

The visit of the passenger men will follow the San Francisco convention, which ended yesterday. The Association includes general passenger agents and passenger traffic managers and their assistants.

## MAN OF AMBITIONS HERE.

Visitor Would Control Lubricating Oil Trade and Have Biggest Sunday-school Class.

Gen. Charles Miller, who is stopping at the Alexandria, has two ambitions. One is to gain complete control of the lubricating oil business of the country; the other is to have the largest Sunday-school class by having a bigger one himself.

Gen. Miller, who is of the Pennsylvania National Guard, has been president of the Galena-Signal Oil Com-

pany since its organization, and now sells about 90 per cent. of all lubricating oil of the heavier kind, such as is used in lubricators for locomotives, mill machinery, etc. His Sunday-school class, Baptist, has 400 or 700 pupils. He is here with his family in his private car.

## "BADGER PLAY," DECIDES JURY.

AGED WOMAN PUNDS GUILT OF ROBERTY THOUGH PROTESTING INNOCENCE.

Mrs. Harriet E. Elmes, charged with robbery in connection with the badger game worked on William Polson, wealthy contractor, was found guilty late yesterday afternoon by a jury in Judge Willis's court. The jury was out twenty minutes. She will be sentenced next Tuesday morning.

Her daughter, Mrs. Andrew J. Scholz, Mrs. Marie De Lama, who is alleged to have lured Mr. Polson and other prominent business men to her apartments on South Figueroa street for the purpose of placing them in a compromising position with a revolver, is in the County Jail in default of \$5000 bail.

Mrs. Elmes took the stand in her own defense yesterday and branded the case the sensational story told by Mr. Polson. Several times during the trial of the boudoir scene the greasy-haired witness broke down and cried. She declared her name to be "De Elmes" instead of Elmes, as the indictment reads, and explained that she was known as the latter owing to a failure of the average person to pronounce the French name.

"What did you see?" asked her attorney, Joseph Musgrave.

"I saw Polson undressed springing from his bed and my son-in-law rushing to the dresser to get a revolver, while he cursed and swore and my daughter burst into sobs."

She declared that Mr. Polson fell on his knees and pleaded with Scholz to kill him. She swore that Mr. Polson urged them to take money to let the matter drop and that he would do all he could to get out of the wrong.

Mr. Musgrave, contrary to expectations, did not take the stand in defense of her mother. Mrs. Elmes was told that she should not cross-examine by Deputy District Attorney Doran. He endeavored to show that Mrs. Elmes should have known by nearly a dozen names in Los Angeles, and that she was a party to a deliberate attempt to victimize Mr. Polson.

## FORMER GERMAN CONSUL INSANE!

HE IS FOUND WANDERING ON STREET TRYING TO RAISE ARMY.

Instating that he was divinely commissioned to raise a regiment to fight the allies in Europe, Johann Wulfsch, 41 years of age, former German Consul at Vancouver, B. C., was found by the police yesterday wandering down Sixth street and calling loudly to passers-by to come and join the colors of the Fatherland. He was taken to the Glenwood Hospital and later to the County Hospital, where he showed signs of a complete mental breakdown.

Mr. Wulfsch went to Vancouver in 1888 and was successful in business as a banker and real estate dealer before his appointment as Imperial German Consul at Vancouver, B. C., was found by the police yesterday wandering down Sixth street and calling loudly to passers-by to come and join the colors of the Fatherland. He was taken to the Glenwood Hospital and later to the County Hospital, where he showed signs of a complete mental breakdown.

## CASE OF DOUBLE TAKE.

While Artist Takes Nap in Car Waiting for his Wife, Thief Takes Two Tires.

G. E. Beaman of No. 942 West Vernon avenue vows he will take his dog along for company and protection the next time he takes Mrs. Beaman calling in the family automobile for last night some bold thief stole two perfectly good tires from the machine while he was enjoying a nap, and waiting for Mrs. Beaman to finish a call.

"I was to blame because I did not let the dog come along," Mr. Beaman told the police yesterday. "I know how long these little formal calls take and decided to sleep forty winks while waiting for my wife in Manhattan place between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets. When the call was over, I looked at the tail light was all right. The lamp was there, but the tires were gone, and they were worth about \$62 each."

## Up for Election.

(Continued from First Page.)

Joseph Jinnest, No. 1417 Edgemoor drive.

Bernice A. Johnson, No. 4823 North Griffin avenue.

Charles H. V. Lewis, No. 2408 South San Pedro street.

Charles J. McCormick, No. 1913 Preston avenue.

Irwin J. Muma, No. 976 Elden avenue.

James B. Murphy, No. 4908 Sunset boulevard.

W. R. Myers, No. 811 North Avenue 66.

Janis Philpott, No. 246 East Twenty-seventh street.

Henry H. Roer, No. 4443 Melbourne avenue.

William A. Spalding, No. 124 North Gates street.

Shelley H. Tolhurst, No. 3553 Wilshire boulevard.

W. J. Washburn, No. 2206 Harvard boulevard.

Maude Crew Waters, No. 900 West Adams street.

Stanley C. Wheeler, No. 3489 Eagle street.

Anna G. Whitall, No. 4001 Harvard boulevard.

Ether Yarnell, No. 124 South Bonita street.

Waldo M. York, No. 1129 West Twenty-second street.

Oscar C. Zahn, No. 327 South Hope street.

## CITY COUNCILMAN.

(Vote for nine.)

Joseph J. Andrews, No. 1555 Shatto street.

Ransom S. Barry, No. 816 Wall street.

Martin F. Bettsford, No. 1234 Palmer street.

Robert T. Brain, No. 924 Lincoln street.

William Francis Brown, No. 124 South St. Andrews place.

David Bryon, No. 1615 East Fifty-second street.

Walter J. Bunker, No. 5925 East Third street.

F. S. Cary, No. 1025 Canal street.

Frederick M. C. Choate, Tenth and Francisco streets.

J. C. Conwell, No. 971 Gramercy drive.

Thomas M. Coughlin, No. 4419 Tourmaline street.

Ridney P. Dones, No. 816 Wall street.

Charles H. Dougherty, No. 830 Golden avenue.

M. W. Dromgold, No. 127 North Gates street.

O. O. Farmer, No. 417 West Fifty-third street.

Michael M. Fernandes, No. 4625 Vermont place.

W. G. Finch, No. 210 West Twenty-second street.

Peter J. Flaherty, No. 1409 1/2 Winfield street.

Clara Stratford Polts, No. 153 South Normandie avenue.

Thomas Fox, No. 5553 Hollywood boulevard.

John J. Goldsworthy, No. 483 West Thirty-ninth street, San Pedro.

Henry A. Greene, No. 1127 West Twenty-seventh street.

Guy G. Hall, No. 680 South Westlake avenue.

R. C. Hampton, No. 5458 Sunset boulevard.

Henry A. Hart, No. 2045 Echo Park avenue.

David Gilbert Hatheway, No. 4216 Elm street.

George J. Holmes, No. 1453 Calumet avenue.

Arthur H. Holston, No. 423 East Forty-third street.

Arthur D. Houghton, No. 889 Kingsley drive.

Emery B. Hunt, No. 768 South Boyle avenue.

Arthur H. Jones, No. 846 West Eighty-fifth street.

Richard W. Kelly, No. 1801 New Jersey street.

J. T. Kiggins, No. 1039 West Eighteenth street.

Charles W. Kingsley, No. 407 South Alvarado street.

Frederick C. Langdon, No. 941 South Alvarado street.

Evan Lewis, No. 268 East Fifthth street.

Estelle Lawton Lindsey, No. 2416 Echo Park avenue.

Harry C. Lucas, No. 245 1/2 South Fremont avenue.

Alexander MacKegan, No. 851 South Grand avenue.

W. V. Martin, No. 518 East Twenty-first street.

J. Gustav Mauhardt, No. 1721 Arapahoe street.

Reila A. Maynard, No. 1624 West Thirty-ninth street.

Otis A. McKelvie, No. 3118 South Hoover street.

D. P. McLaughlin, No. 2267 Cambridge street.

Thomas J. Mundy, No. 317 North Avenue 21.

J. E. Parish, No. 1846 South Wilton place.

William H. Pierce, No. 1409 West Fifty-fourth street.

M. T. Poline, No. 707 Camulos street.

M. R. Probstel, No. 1128 South Hope street.

Silas G. Ramsey, No. 2626 East Second street.

R. D. Richards, No. 2208 South Western avenue.

Robert H. Rieby, No. 1050 Temple street.

W. A. Roberts, No. 6327 Monte Vista street.

Maurice A. Schofield, Gardens.

Horace W. Skelton, No. 225 West Eighth street.

Irene M. Smith, No. 921 West Seventy-ninth street.

W. M. Spear, No. 1637 East Fifty-first street.

J. A. Brown, No. 2919 Pasadena avenue.

Joseph I. Taylor, No. 1009 East Fifty-fourth street.

W. J. Thompson, No. 1236 East Ninth street.

Joseph W. Toms, No. 5917 Bon-salle avenue.

John Topham, No. 1143 West

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There are but one or two other naturalization districts in the United States where this method of preparing aliens for citizenship is in operation. It began here almost three years ago, in the Macey-street high school, and is still maintained there by a night school, supplemented by other classes at the Los Angeles High School building.

Reports sent to Washington of the progress of the work here have been so satisfactory and interesting that the authorities desire full information.

About 1000 students, aliens above the age of 18, attend the Los Angeles night schools, and of this number more than 75 per cent. belong to the naturalization classes. The course of study includes the American Constitution, the story of the machinery of the government in a general way, and a knowledge of not only the general, but State administration. Certificates are granted after an examination, and the presentation of these certificates to the court holding the examination does away with a similar examination at the hands of Mr. Jones, who propounds the questions. The law, however, relating to the production of two witnesses to certify to the good character of the applicant for citizenship is not abrogated.

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LOS ANGELES (Loco Alp-hay-ah)

## TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.

**CHIEF EVENTS OF YESTERDAY.**  
(At Home.) The march of prosperity is going steadily on. Reports from all sides say trade is increasing. Bank clearings for this week were greater than those of last week, and for the like week a year ago when there was no war. Cotton mills are well supplied with orders. Copper has reached 1914 cents, the highest for a long time. The investment and speculative markets have not seen such activity in years. Our bankers are now figuring on renewed loans to European powers, the money to be left as credits for goods.  
(Abroad.) France has again extended the moratorium, but states business is in such condition that many persons are paying no attention to this rule.  
(For details, see financial pages.)

## ON A BIG SCALE.

Former President Taft accuses the United States of wastefulness. He is, of course, right. At the same time, we are a big, new country, obliged to have roughly without being too careful as to where the chips fall. We have not yet passed the rough-and-ready stage.

## KEEPING CLEAR.

The badger game is an old one. Women have often been used as traps for men to work their public undoing. No wonder that such women learned to set these traps on their own responsibility for financial advantage. Even then they usually have a male confederate. Nothing could be lower, but a man has one protection—he does not have to bite. When he does, he would rather pay than be found out. If a few victims would face the thing down, it would help put an end to such operations.

## WOMEN AND DIVORCE.

Judge Monroe told the Legislature at Sacramento that three times as many women bring suits for divorce as men. We have not the least doubt that three times as many women as men are entitled to divorces and have a just cause for such action. His Honor also states that the number of women who commit perjury in seeking divorces are three to one. Desires of being a perfect good one may have nothing to say on this score. Besides, we have no desire to stand in contempt of court.

## FOLLY OF A STRIKE.

Sixteen thousand union carpenters in Chicago have dropped their tools because their employers decided to increase their wages from \$1.20 to \$1.50 per day. If their strike should be successful each striker in order to get even will be obliged to work thirteen days at the increased wages for every idle day while he has been on strike. If the strike lasts one month he will have lost \$156 and it will take thirteen months' work at the increased wages to make him even.

## LET THEM ALONE.

The cheats in this world are abundant. Fortunately the meanest kind may be exposed by simply having nothing to do with them or their line of business. Two arrests have been made this week of scoundrels who make their living by cheating in cards and with dice. As far as these men depend upon gambling houses for their tricks nobody can seriously object, but when they get into the small social games which sometimes happen in hotels and apartment-house groups they are indeed despicable. The incentive to cheating and the danger of coming in contact with persons capable of it destroys the pleasure there might be even in the most inconsequential social games of chance.

## FORTY HEROES.

Forty heroic men, leading residents of Somerset, Pa., dragged George Berard out of his bed, led him into a dense forest and thrashed him with switch-bushes because he did not provide with sufficient liberality for his wife and five children.

## THREE COURTESY.

Three courtesy will now be open to George. One will be to organize a corps of forty whippers to whip in turn each of the forty men that whipped him. Another will be to make his family table groan with luxuries, and fill the family closets with the latest style of clothing, and the third—which he will probably adopt—will be to sell out his Pennsylvania holdings and light out for Utah, where a man can starve his family without molestation from middle-class neighbors.

## A STAY OF IMMIGRATION.

This question of immigration and how we will take care of it in California is not likely to loom largely upon the horizon for many years if the war in Europe is long sustained. Already this dreadful conflict has brought about a composite loss in killed, wounded and captured of anywhere from six to ten millions. The countries which bear these heavy losses will need their people at home for a long time to come. They will need their labor and their taxes. Many who would like to emigrate will not have the money. Whether times will be better for them over there is a mooted question, but they will find it hard work getting away. America cannot make money out of this war without paying a big price. When you deal with world values it is difficult to shift them around so that transposition makes any serious difference.

## YOUR HELP NEEDED.

The whole world agrees that Southern California is the brightest and the loveliest spot on earth. We who have the blessed fortune of living here know how true this is. The world thinks of this as the land of flowers. Our own people know this conception is true and they are happy about it. In his heart every Southern Californian is a gardener. Some of us are not gardeners on a big scale, but most of us do something to help the cause of Nature along. If it is only to pick roses every morning from another fellow's hedge. The man who has as much as a twenty-five foot lot is compelled to have a garden for the simple reason that it would spring up wild if he never planted one.

All of these facts are well enough known to our own people, but it will never do to leave any part of our natural advantage to the imagination of the tens of thousands of visitors who will throng Los Angeles during the month of May. Thousands of people will be coming and going between the two expositions. Others will be here for some one of the many conventions booked for the year. For their entertainment the city has planned a series of magnificent events extending all the way from May 1 to July 23. These will all be as good as money and management can make them. There will be on May 3, however, a floral parade in which every man with a garden in Southern California ought to take part. This should be the most magnificent floral pageant ever to have passed in review. The event should appeal to the pride of every resident of the Southland, because it is for them to show the visitors who see San Diego and its beautiful exposition, and those who see the great fair in the northern metropolis, that our own section is the most wonderful of all.

More than a hundred of our lovely neighbor cities could, single-handed, offer a gorgeous floral parade of their own. Pasadena could do it, and does every year. Santa Monica, Redondo and Venice have the brightest flowers in the world because they live in the sea air. (It takes for roses. The kiss of the fog is like a dew mantle of protection. It is like having flowers with a white perfume. The breath of the fog is the spirit of flowers, as well as of the sea. It tells the flowers the secrets of things down under the sea.) These bright flowers are beautiful because they are themselves, and they are rich because they are near Los Angeles. They should each strive to see which can outdo the other in giving us not only fine civic floats but beautiful individual displays as well. Any man with a garden can afford an automobile. Just due the job it would give him to show what kind of gardener he is, and to contribute his share in a big public function which will give our visitors pleasure and add to the glory and advertisement of our country. Southern California has no greater asset than its flowers, and we cannot do too much on that day to the visitors with what we have. It must be like to live continually surrounded by so much beauty. We have sections like Beverly Hills, Huntington Park, Alhambra, Glendale and Gardena which are all famous for the splendid abundance of their roses. Little Tropic, right at our doors, is a wilderness of roses. In spots it is like an old garden. It is a riot of bloom. Glendale is ever-blossoming. The people of these cities are prosperous. Everyone of them has at least 500 citizens who could afford to contribute flowers for a beautiful float or who might bring their own float and join in the procession.

The point is that this proposition is too large for any one organization to handle. It is even too big for any one city to care for. If it is done in the way that it should be done, it will be because our neighbor cities and the private citizens of Los Angeles and of its suburbs take part with splendid enthusiasm. The action of every locality should be allowed to participate in this procession. They should be rewarded with millions of blossoms and carried in an automobile parade miles in length. There is no background for flowers like the smiles of children.

Surely we have said enough. You should begin conserving your flowers right now, either for your own float or to send to the right committee, and you want to put a red ring in your calendar around the date of Monday, May 3, so that you can be on hand to boost with your good looks and your flowers. It will be a daylight parade, beginning at 10 o'clock in the morning and lasting until 3 p.m., but you can start up a competition with the sun with your shining countenance. Bring your flowers and fall in line, and don't wait for the other fellow. This is where everybody can help.

## WILL ALSACE-LORRAINE BE RE-TURNED TO FRANCE?

Alsace-Lorraine—the Reichsland, as it is designated by Germany—has an area about one-thirtieth that of California and about the same number of people dwell within its borders. The population of California is 15 to the square mile; that of Alsace-Lorraine is 450.  
Alsace-Lorraine was a German suzerainty from the tenth to the seventeenth century. As a result of the Thirty Years' War Germany, in the year 1648, by the peace of Westphalia ceded the principal part of Alsace-Lorraine to France, and thirty-three years later Louis XIV, "the grand monarch," annexed the remainder and added Strasbourg. This he did in a time of peace, without any pretext and in defiance of international law.  
Germany never acquiesced in the loss of this fairest portion of her domain, and in 1814 the nations would have recognized her right to it if it had not been for the opposition of Russia through all changes of boundaries and dynasties Alsace-Lorraine remained a part of France, and her people became French in spirit, in language, in literature and in laws.  
The last Napoleon, who gloried in the title of being "the nephew of his uncle," although Victor Hugo, who was given over to him as a prisoner, asserted that Louis Bonaparte was "neither the nephew of his uncle nor the father of his son," lost at Sedan the prominence which France had held for two and one-quarter centuries, and Alsace-Lorraine was returned to Germany.  
The French people have never acquiesced in being despoiled by Germany of Alsace-Lorraine. It has been their dream and their

## The Wish Bone.

BY CHARLES M. PEPPER.  
Former Trade Adviser, United States Department of State.

SINCE the beginning of the year investors in the United States have absorbed Canadian municipal and provincial loans to the amount of more than \$50,000,000. In 1913, out of total municipal issues of \$110,000,000, they took \$31,000,000. In 1914 they took \$12,000,000 out of \$73,000,000.

Absorption of loans of this character is a practical means of helping the Canadians bear their war burdens. When hostilities broke out the Dominion was in the grip of a severe commercial and financial depression. London was frowning on railway loans, and was indifferent to municipal and provincial issues. Hostilities rendered the prospect for floating loans of this kind hopeless.

Canada has met the war stress, on its economic side, by letting her friends share the burden of increased taxation. Needing more revenue, she has imposed some new stamp taxes and imposes on domestic sources of taxation, such as bank checks and sleeping-car berths, but has placed her main dependence on the customs duties.

The increase on the schedule of the general tariff is 7 1/2 per cent. On the British Empire, which applies to the United Kingdom and the majority of the colonies, the increase is only 5 per cent.

The estimate is that an additional \$22,000,000 will be obtained from the increased customs duties. Out of total merchandise imports of \$614,000,000 in 1914, \$441,000,000 were from the United States. Since \$25,000,000 will be obtained from the increased duties, it follows that most of this will come from American products.

The United States, although at peace with all the world, found it necessary to levy a war tax. This was confined to internal revenue, and therefore Canada was not put in a position of compulsory reciprocity through the exaction of increased tariff duties on Canadian products.

The contrasted economic policies work out in this way: Steel rails from the United States have been shut out of Canada through the duty levied by the latter country. The operation of what is known as the anti-dumping clause. If there were any prospects of setting into the market of Canada the additional tariff would destroy it. Yet, with the home industry so depressed, it would be a marked advantage to the steel mills in the United States if they could contribute to the supply of rails for the Dominion railways.

In order to keep the mills going they might be willing to let the Dominion railways have American rails at a concession price. The price would be low, but it would amount to the increased tariff, the Dominion authorities would apply the anti-dumping clause, and penalize them.

The economic policy of the United States comes out in strong contrast. It has no anti-dumping clause in its tariff, and moreover, steel rails from Canada, as from the rest of the world, are free of duty. Making advantage of this situation, the Alameda mills of Canada secured a large order for rails from a western railway company, with the prospect of further orders.

Whether the Dominion railways will accept the offer of the American company on the part of the railway does not enter into the question. It may fight that out with the domestic steel mills.

The question is whether it is sound economic policy for the United States to give Canadian rail mills opportunities in its markets which are denied to American mills in the Canadian market. It is an important question, because the increased Canadian tariff applies to a large variety of iron and steel products made in the United States as well as to rails.

Another illustration of the economic policy of the United States is afforded in the matter of agricultural products. The melons and fruits of the Southern States and of the Pacific Coast, coming into the market earlier than similar products produced further north, would not be in competition with Canadian fruits.

Moreover, the farmers in the border States with the United States and across the Dominion are admitted into the United States free of duty, while similar articles from the United States are dutiable. They are included in the 7 1/2 per cent. increase tariff, so that the American farmer, in helping to pay the Canadian contribution to the war cost of maintaining the British Empire.

Tariff reduction, as an economic measure, is a very important one. It divides political parties in the United States, and will be imperative whenever the world war ends. When the reduction of duties is made it is very unlikely that the Canadian steel mills and the Canadian farmers will be given concession in the markets of the United States which they are unwilling that American steel mills and American farmers shall have in the markets of the Dominion. Canadian reciprocity will be heard from again.

## RIPPLING RHYMES.

CRITICAL JUDGMENT.

My head ached fierce while I was reading the latest work of Oppenheimer, and, weary of such mental feeding, I said, "Such fiction is a crime. His characters are merely specious human action, and show the author's studied mind. If it would give me satisfaction—but this man's mind is a trifling pen." One day when health again had found me, "I'll read that novel now," I said, for it, of all the books around me, was just the one I hadn't read. I found it then a four-time winner, a rippling yarn that hit the spot, and when they called me in to dinner, I answered, "Scat! I want it not! That man is capable of treason who'd leave a book like this to eat—the red-hot novel of the season, a book that simply can't be beat!"

WALT MASON.

## A Child's Story.

[Harper's Weekly.] Jean longed for a kitten. When illness made it necessary for Jean to go to the hospital, her mother said: "I'll make a bargain with you, Jean. If you will be a brave little girl about your operation, you shall have the nicest kitten I can find."  
Jean took the other, but later, as she came out from under the anesthetic, she realized how very wretched she felt. The nurse leaned over to catch her first spoken words. "What a bum way to get a cat!" moaned the child.

## BEING GOOD TO CANADA.

(CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.)  
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## Pen Points: Byline.

Has the Editor's pen been used?

A revised edition of "The Times" is about due.

Will Mrs. Thayer kindly lend me a pen?

Will Mr. Higgins?

If the worst comes, the pen of the Editor is in the hands of the Editor.

The big job in a lot of hands is a lot of hands.

Morning is to gather up the pen of the Editor.

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# Points: By the Sea

Belgian quit running? edition of "Who's Who in Belgium" has been published. The book is a valuable reference work for those interested in the country. It contains biographies of prominent Belgians and is well illustrated. The price is \$2.50.

Thieves kindly locate the money. The Los Angeles police department has received information from a confidential source that a large sum of money has been hidden in a safe in the city. The police are now searching for the safe and its contents.

Job in a lot of homes. The Los Angeles police department has received information from a confidential source that a large number of jobs have been offered to men in the city. The jobs are for various positions in the police department and are well paid.

Capital public indebtedness. The Los Angeles police department has received information from a confidential source that the capital public indebtedness of the city is increasing. The police are now working to reduce the indebtedness and to improve the financial condition of the city.

Line, that was high in the morning. The Los Angeles police department has received information from a confidential source that the line of the city is high in the morning. The police are now working to reduce the line and to improve the condition of the city.

Really four branches of the Los Angeles police department. The Los Angeles police department has received information from a confidential source that there are really four branches of the department. The branches are for different parts of the city and are well organized.

hundred years since the city was founded. The Los Angeles police department has received information from a confidential source that the city was founded hundred years ago. The police are now celebrating the anniversary and are holding a large festival.

ment that Gov. Johnson has received. The Los Angeles police department has received information from a confidential source that Gov. Johnson has received a letter from the president. The letter is about the condition of the country and the police are now working to improve it.

And we saw many of the city. The Los Angeles police department has received information from a confidential source that many of the city are now in the police department. The police are now working to improve the condition of the city and to reduce the number of people in the department.

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# AN EDUCATION COMES HIGH

Cost of Running the Schools Grows Enormously. Military Spirit is Strong Among Douglas Boys. Officials Hunting for Dope Sellers Along Border.

Arizona. fall when succeeded by L. W. Oakley, cashier in the Phoenix postoffice and before that a member of the San Diego postoffice force. A number of secret orders, especially including the Knights of Pythias, Red Men and Eagles, are forming the Auditorium Building Association, which plans the construction of a \$75,000 theater and lodge building in this city.

A. B. Richardson has become general secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in Bisbee, transferred to this point from Pocatello, Idaho. TRAINING WOMEN FOR WAR. The Women's Volunteer Reserve Organized in England to do Things Men Usually Do in Times of Peace.

Officials Hunting for Dope Sellers Along Border. The Los Angeles police department has received information from a confidential source that officials are hunting for dope sellers along the border. The police are now working to reduce the number of dope sellers and to improve the condition of the border.

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# Observing Us.

will endeavor to arrange for their appearance in the high and intermediate schools of Los Angeles. After a stay of about a week in this community the boys will go on to San Diego, where they will be guests of the Panama-California exposition. Wherever they travel, they are entertained by the Chambers of Commerce or other civic bodies and are given every opportunity of fulfilling their mission. No definite arrangement as to where the band will appear in this city has been made.

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# Twenty-three Good Saturday Specials

- 35c Wool Finish Suits; 36 inches wide; in black and white checks; all washable. 12/2c
- \$2 Princess Slips; hand embroidered. \$1.00
- \$4 Princess Slips. \$2.25
- \$5 Princess Slips. \$3.00
- \$3.50 B. & J. Tricot Corsets in the newest models; high or low bust. \$2.50
- \$1.25 Maudie Union Suits; best quality cotton; high neck, long sleeves and knee length. 95c
- 35c Novelty Handkerchiefs; crepe de chine, organdie, satin chiffon and voile in shaded, ombre and Dolly Varden effects; three for. \$1.00
- \$1 Lining Satins; 36 inches wide; in full range of colors. 85c
- 10c Crepe Paper; assorted colors; roll. 5c
- \$7.50 to \$15 Switches; a stock adjustment of real wavy hair, 20 to 28 inches long, now. HALF
- 35c Shinola Polishing Outlets; including brush, dauber and either black, white or tan polish; set. 25c
- 15c Elite Talcum Powder, perfumed, can. 10c
- 35c Bath Towels; very heavy; double thread, with red or blue borders. 25c
- \$1.50 Lingerie Waists; 1915 spring and summer styles; long or short sleeves. 95c
- \$1.50 Dresses for infants; hand-made; size 6 months to one year. 95c
- \$1 Stamped Pillow Tops and Centers; including values up to \$1. 25c
- 45c Camisole Laces; 12 to 15 inches wide; in Valenciennes and shadow effects; values 35c to 45c, yard. 25c
- \$10 Automobile Robes; for warmth and service; unusually rich patterns. \$7.75
- 20c Pillow Cases; Coulter's Special; torn size 45x36; extra heavy muslin. 15c
- \$1.25 Inlaid Linoleum; choice of any of our attractive tile patterns; guaranteed not to wear off, yard. 89c
- \$1.50 Flower Special; including roses, daisies, violets, forget-me-nots, verbenas, fruits and field flowers. 50c
- \$10 Ostrich Ruffs; including plain colors, two-tone combinations and many novelty effects; values up to \$10.00. \$5.00
- Men's \$1.50 Shirts; special. 95c

All Silk Remnants, Dress Goods Remnants and Lining Remnants; also Velvet and Corduroy Remnants—in various lengths, colors and prices, out on sale Saturday at. HALF (Silks; Dress Goods; Linings; Broadway Annex)

Turkey Luncheon Today, 50c Served from 11 to 3 o'clock Vegetable Soup Head Lettuce, Mayonnaise Roast Young Turkey; Celery Dressing Fresh Applesauce Drained Butter Mashed Potatoes Lemon Cream Pie Dessert Tarts Cafe, Fourth Floor

Handsomeness at \$25 There are smart little novelty suits for better wear; there are trim models for school and college girls; there are simple, well-tailored suits for business girls—all together it is a particularly fine collection. There are navy and Belgian blue gabardines and serges, these in good, mannish weight, for sturdy service. All are carefully tailored, and finished with great care, to conform to Coulter standards. At twenty-five dollars they are unbeatable values. And pretty black-and-white check suits, plain or fancy models, may be had in sizes 16 to 42, all the way from \$25 to \$46. (Garments; Second Floor)

Clearance Sale Children's Muslinwear, Today! Broken sizes and slightly soiled goods, but wonderful values! Skirts—size 2 to 4; were 50c to 75c, to be closed. 25c Skirts—size 10 to 14 years; were \$2.50 to \$3.50, now \$1.25 to \$2.50. \$3.50 and 95 skirts now \$1.75 and \$2.50. Skirts with waists—5 to 10-year sizes. Were 50c, 75c and \$1.75—now 25c, 50c and \$1.25. Drawers—10 to 14 year sizes; plain tucked ruffles; formerly 35c, now. 25c 10 to 14 years; embroidery or lace trimmed; for merely 75c, now. 50c 10 to 12 years; Swiss embroidery and lace. 85c Two to 3 years; were 25c to 50c. 25c Were 50c to 75c; now. 35c (Underwear; 2nd floor, Bldg.)

Notions Specials Guaranteed Dress Shields; odd lots, assorted sizes; shirtwaists and regular styles; formerly 30c to 50c, now, pair, 10c. 10c Cotton Elastic; assorted widths, black or white, two yards for 15c. Your Given Name—for marking your linen; full assortment, dozen, 50c. 25c Box Shell Hairpins; shell or amber; box, 15c. 15c Girde Foundation; assorted sizes, for high waist effects, 10c. 15c Curved Skirt Basting; 1 1/2 inch; assorted black or white, yard, 10c. 10c White Linen Corset Laces; 5 yds. long; new 5c. (Notions; South Albe)

Leather Bags Now \$1.95 Brand new styles; some 200 in the lot; every good leather shape; with gilt, gunmetal and nickel silver frames; values here to \$4.50, specially purchased to sell at, each \$1.95. (Leather Goods; Main Floor)

# CHARITY TEA TODAY.

The Board of the Neighborhood Settlement Association will hold its annual tea and charity sale today from 2 to 7 o'clock p.m. The affair will be held in the Ethel Club House. Fancy dances are scheduled.

GOOD OLD BEANS. Boston baked beans and brown bread will be the place of resistance for dinner at a reunion of former residents of the Bay State at 6 o'clock p.m. on the 24th inst. at Federation Hall, No. 313 West Seventh street.

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## SIXTH ANNUAL ORANGE SHOW.

DATES NEXT YEAR SAME AS THOSE OF LAST.

San Bernardino Committee are named to take up Exposition Work of Citrus Production. "Love-act" Case Goes to Higher Court.

(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

SAN BERNARDINO, April 16.—With the fixing of the date and the selection of the date and the committee, preparations for the Sixth National Orange Show have begun. The exhibition will be held on similar dates as the fifth show, February 17 to 24, 1914.

The officers who will work with President Joseph H. Wilson, elected some time ago, are Joseph Ingersoll, vice-president; E. D. Roberts, treasurer; and F. M. Rendo, general manager.

The chairman of the various committees are announced as follows: Finance, E. D. Roberts; Publicity, George N. Haves; Fruit Exhibits, John Anderson; Citrus Production, Herman Harris; Awards, C. M. Grow; Admission, J. H. Boyd; Concessions, M. C. McNabb; Decorations, R. L. Holmes; Illumination, W. M. Parker; Installation, W. W. Swing; Amusement, S. W. McNabb; Invitation, J. E. Gill; Entertainment, J. E. Gill; Transportation, J. E. Gill; Program, Joseph E. Gill; Advance Ticket Sales, J. E. Gill; Comptroller, J. E. Gill; Special Advisory Committee, W. W. Swing, M. C. McNabb, J. E. Gill, J. H. Boyd, R. E. Swing and S. W. McNabb.

William Tully, real estate operator, has been bound over to answer to the Superior Court on a statutory charge filed against him by Leslie W. McInerney, a neighbor, who resides next to the house owned by Tully. Tully is charged with the section on Sixth street to be a "love nest." Tully, the evidence at the preliminary hearing proved, is a married man, but he has been spending much of his time, day and night, at the home in question, the residence of Mrs. Anna Phillips, alleged to be his partner in the real estate business. Witnesses testified as to the scenes witnessed through windows where the curtains had been pulled down, and it is declared that these would not have been given by the owners had they been real modest citizens. Tully deposed that the "love nest" had been in existence for several years.

Former Chief of Police Al McInerney testified that he had conducted a raid on the house two years ago and that Tully had been there. Tully maintained that it was necessary for him to go frequently to the house to confer with Mrs. Phillips on business matters.

DEBATE ARRANGED. Harry Keith and Bruce Sherman, representing the San Bernardino High School, will debate against the team from the Napa High School for the State Intercollegiate debating championship.

Napa won the championship of Northern California while San Bernardino swept the south a week ago, the local forces championing the Pullerton and Coalinga in one night, defeating both the Napa and the San Bernardino teams.

This question will be debated at Berkeley on May 6 by San Bernardino and Napa. San Bernardino will have P. L. Richter, Citizens' Committee.

Theaters—Amusements—Entertainments

CLUNE'S BROADWAY THEATER—528 S. Bdw.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday

SPECIAL—

Charlie Chaplin

In "THE TRAMP"

Earl Williams & Anita Stewart

In "HIS PHANTOM SWEETHEART"

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER—LAST PERFORM

ANCE TONIGHT.

M. Jane Cowl in "Montmartre"

BEGINNING TOMORROW MATINEE

"The Wild Olive"

FIRST APPEARANCE OF A. E. BLOCH ALICE FLEMING AND WINIFRED KINGSTON REAPPEARANCE OF WALTER CATTELL, LILLIAN ELLIOTT AND JAMES CORBETT

PRICES: Nights, 25c, 50c and 75c. Mats. Sun, Thurs. and Sat., 15c and 50c.

PANTAGES Broadway Vaudeville—10c, 20c, 30c, 50c, 75c, 1.00

Matinee 2:30

10c—20c—30c

3 Shows Tonight Starting 6:30

MASON OPERA HOUSE—TONIGHT, MAT. TODAY AND ALL

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF THE WORLD-FAMED WHITE MAHATMA.

THE GREAT ALEXANDER

And his own company of his class artists in a novel and interesting program, including Alexander's celebrated SIMLA BEANCE.

PRICES: Nights and Matinees, 15c, 30c and 50c. Seats now selling.

HIPODROME—Our Best Show 10c

Mat. Sat. 2:30 P.M.

CONTINUOUS TODAY

FROM 1 UNTIL 11 P.M.

SUPERBA THEATER—520 So. Bdw.

Positively Last 2 Days "HYPOCRITES"

Monday, the World Film Corporation presents "BALAMBO"—Gorgeous Spectacular Film Production of Blanche Walsh's famous stage success, "Daughter of America."

MARCUS LOEW'S EMPRESS

MATINEE TODAY AT 2:30

CLARICE VANCE

Cosmo-Biograph and Biograph

—OTHER FEATURE ACTS—

HAVE YOU Ever Visited the Cawston Ostrich Farm—

South Pasadena, the great ostrich farm, the only one of its kind in California. A beautiful day's outing. South Pasadena cars at P. R. Station. ADMISSION TO FARM ONLY. 25c

REPUBLIC THEATER—VAUDEVILLE ACTS—12

NEW POLY. Continuous Performance 1 to 11 P.M.

QUINN'S GARRICK—CECILE SPOONER

The Nited Broadway Stage in a new and exciting 3-act comedy

the negative, according to the announcement received here today.

BOULEVARD PLANS.

The beginning of proceedings for the conversion of E street into a boulevard as far north as the new Polytechnic High School and the purchase of a site for the new City Hall are the projects which Mayor Catick has started during the remaining days of his term, which ends on May 10.

The purchase of a lot on F street between Third and Fourth, now owned by the Board of Supervisors, and its use as a site for the City Hall, is proposed by Mayor Catick, and the Council is expected to take some action next Monday night.

OFF FOR THE FAIR.

The San Bernardino county delegation to the San Francisco exposition for San Bernardino Day, Saturday, left tonight via the Santa Fe. Supervisor R. L. Riley, county commissioner at the exposition, and Supervisors Horton and W. J. Kincaid will accompany the party.

SEEKING TO CURB THE POLITICIANS.

CASA VERDUGO GIVES STERN ADVICE TO GLENDALE TO ATTEND ITS OWN BUSINESS.

(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

GLENDALE, April 16.—As a result of the bitterly contested annexation election that was held last Saturday in an effort to annex Casa Verdugo to Glendale, all of Glendale's merchants and business men have been served with the following notice by the Citizens' Committee of Casa Verdugo:

For the third time within a few years, Casa Verdugo has decisively defeated an attempt to annex her to Glendale. There is not now, and never has been, any real desire among the residents of Casa Verdugo to become part of Glendale. A careful investigation of the different annexation campaigns shows that politicians of the city of Glendale have been the leading spirits in trying to create such a sentiment. To accomplish this object before this last election they made many visits at night to residents of the district, and by holding out promises impossible to fulfill have succeeded in stirring up some trouble in the district.

In the election just past, as in all previous annexation elections, prominent men and politicians of Glendale, the constituent and continuous antagonists of the different annexation campaigns, have been the leading spirits in trying to create such a sentiment. To accomplish this object before this last election they made many visits at night to residents of the district, and by holding out promises impossible to fulfill have succeeded in stirring up some trouble in the district.

The people of Casa Verdugo wish to live in peace with their neighbors and with the people of Glendale, but the constant and continuous annoyance of having politicians of a neighboring city visit us with the object of stirring up some trouble in the district, has become a serious matter.

Glendale merchants receive from residents of Casa Verdugo many thousands of dollars in payment for goods purchased of them. Can you merchants of Glendale have these tactics continued? Can you afford to have ill-feeling constantly aroused against you among the people of Casa Verdugo?

The politicians of Glendale are rapidly increasing the number of their constituents. They are rapidly increasing the number of their constituents. They are rapidly increasing the number of their constituents.

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CHORAL RECITAL PLEASES.

Delightful Programme Given in Aid of Library of Local Knights of Columbus Council.

A delightful programme was given at the choral recital in aid of the library of the Knights of Columbus Los Angeles Council Thursday night at Columbus Auditorium. A large audience was present.

The programme included selections by Joseph's choir and orchestra, among these the prologue and first word from the "Seven Last Words" by Theodore Dubois, with solos by Miss Orth and Caspary. These numbers were directed by J. L. Jung.

Mr. MacDonald-Hope gave several artistic piano selections, and pleased her audience with some charming Irish ballads.

The "Sanctus" and "Benedictus" from Gounod's St. Cecilia Mass, were given by St. Thomas's choir, with Mrs. W. Colby, Miss Lily Scanlan and John Carlisle, the soloists. W. F. Colby directed.

There were also violin selections by Mr. Schonberger, with Donita Lane accompanying, and a whistling song "The Dragon Fly" by Miss F. Jung.

SCIENTIFIC ENTERTAINMENT.

Well-known Electrician and Inventor to Give Demonstration of New Appliances Monday Night.

Monteville M. Wood, known among the scientists as the gyroscopic and mono-rail man, will appear at Trinity Auditorium Monday night to give a demonstration of his new and very entertaining character, it is said.

The very subject of his demonstration, namely the gyroscopic, mono-rail car and the ultra-violet ray, at once suggest the newness of the programme. The demonstration he gives with these machines can be plainly seen from all parts of the large auditorium. He shows how the mono-rail car works in mid-air. There is also a gyroscopic wrestling match, and hand-writing on the wall, secured by using the violet ray.

Prof. Wood already well known to scientists throughout America, especially in the electrical field. The audience which will be present will number over 100, the majority of which are in practical use today.

Every time a new machine is turned on or off with the familiar two-button snap switch, one thinks of Wood, his invention, and by holding out promises impossible to fulfill have succeeded in stirring up some trouble in the district.

Popular prices will prevail.

Follows Strange Paths.

MYSTERY OF SEA TEMPERATURE.

AN UNACCOUNTABLE VARIATION OF ONE-HALF DEGREE.

Exploration of the Abstruse of the United States Fisheries Service, Which Seeks the Unfrequent Places and Seeks Information with a Fish Line Six Miles Long.

(Cleveland Moffett in American Magazine.) The Abstruse of the United States fisheries service fishes with a line three miles long, often four miles long, sometimes six miles or more, a line of slender cable, wonderfully strong, rolled off a deck which by a sputtering steam engine, that will bring up from the bottom of the sea a haul of sponges, crabs, jelly fish, sea urchins, giant crabs, long white worms that break in two if you touch them, phosphorescent animals and other things.

As to the reason for this, the Abstruse is definitely known, except that some species, like sharks, have very little light while others seem to get on excellently, perhaps by feeling, in dark and muddy waters where eyesight can be of little use.

The Abstruse follows no beaten paths of commerce. She goes where other vessels rarely go. She explores forgotten corners of the sea, and by night, takes hundreds of miles of uncharted waters and after a cruise of months brings home her trophies for study and labeled with Greek and Latin names. This sort of work is not done by a single vessel.

It is worthy of note that the Abstruse was the first steel steamer built in America.

The Abstruse makes records of deep sea temperatures. These temperature observations prove that the ocean has a far more limited range of heat and cold than we know. The maximum surface temperature being about 85 deg. Fahrenheit and its minimum about 25 deg. Fahrenheit. The most frigid depths, the "cold pools" between Greenland and Norway. The average ocean temperature at depths of six or seven hundred fathoms is 35 deg. Fahrenheit.

One of the mysteries of the sea is a regular nightly temperature rise of 1 deg. at a depth of 100 fathoms. This unaccountable temperature variation has been observed by the Abstruse over and over again.

I inquired of Dr. Austin H. Clark of the Washington National Museum how this daily rise of temperature is found, and the scientist replied that while soundings have been taken to a depth of six miles, no traces of life have been found much below the four-mile level, and oceanographers believe that at the bottom of the great ocean abyss, no life exists or can exist.

Because of the immense pressure. "No, because of the lack of food. You might think that food would sink to the bottom, and some of the deepest areas are near the shore, notably north of the West Indies, east of Japan, south of the Philippines, and deepest of all, east of the island of Guam. Undoubtedly there is an abundant food supply on the surface of the ocean at these points, yet none of it sinks to the bottom, for the reason that whatever is not devoured on its way down by creatures of the sea, is dissolved in the lower levels, where the solubility of water is greatly increased, owing to the increased pressure.

"Not only is it believed that practically all animal and vegetable matter is dissolved at a depth of five or six miles, but the softer bones of animals, the leathery skin of fish, and only the very hardest ones to reach the bottom. Thus, the travel nets bring up from the bottom of the sea teeth and the ear bones of whales, which are extremely hard, but very rarely other bones.

Experiments by Prof. Agassiz on the Abstruse, and by other oceanographers, have clearly demonstrated that various species of deep dwelling fish practice an up and down migration from the surface of the water where they pass the day, a mile or two below the surface, to a depth of five miles, half a mile, or a mile, or two miles higher, to which levels they rise in order to eat the food which is a regular scheme of existence, up at

## Post-Graduate Arithmetic



1 + 1 = 2

1 + 1 = 1

Save Millions.

BIG FUTURE IN COAL PRODUCTS.

FABULOUS FORTUNES HAVE BEEN WASTED ANNUALLY.

The Pittsburgh Region, with its thousands of coke ovens, will add by-product plants for the manufacture of benzol and other chemicals.

[Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.] Activity in manufacturing by-product coke in the Pittsburgh district, together with the by-products themselves, has forced upon the coal and steel industry of the district the conclusion that coal contains a lot more than just plain fuel; that some of the by-products of coal are of enormous greater value than the coal, and are taken from it without impairing the fuel quality, and that the coke industry of the district is a vast waste of chemicals that could be used for the manufacture of benzol and other chemicals.

A relatively small plant for extracting benzol from the coal that is being made into coke at Johnstown, Pa., for the Cambria Steel Company, has been recently completed, its product being intended exclusively for the manufacture of benzol and other chemicals. Its successful operation has determined the Cambria Steel Company officials to build immediately a similar plant, but three times larger, which will produce benzol and other by-products for the open market. This second plant is already under way. It will have the product of a coke plant containing 164 by-product ovens to draw from.

In the meantime the Carnegie Steel Company has undertaken an addition to its great by-product coke plant at Farrell, Pa., which will produce benzol and other chemicals from coke, and will have to draw from a coke plant consisting of 113 by-product ovens, which will cost approximately \$2,000,000.

THE HITTMAN GASOLINE PLANT, TOO. The Hittman process for extracting gasoline from coal has been developed for development under the direction of the United States Bureau of Mines, and is being tested in a large plant at Johnstown, Pa., which will have to draw from a coke plant consisting of 113 by-product ovens, which will cost approximately \$2,000,000.

WAR'S EFFECT ON STATUE. The Next Generation of Europeans will be smaller and will be of lighter weight. [Philadelphia Ledger.] War will make the next generation of Europeans smaller than the present one. Men and women will be of shorter stature by from half an inch to an inch, and they will weigh perhaps four or five pounds less.

Apparently much more trifling things than sending 12,000,000 of the strongest and most vigorous young men to war to kill each other affect the size of a human being. Dr. W. C. Hollister has made an extended study of the effects of food.

"Ten years of an excessive starch diet," he tells me, "took half an inch off the English race and two pounds off their weight."

The doctor spent a great deal of time in London looking into this question of human diet, and that is one of the things he discovered.

Measurements made at Smith College show that the girls are larger than their mothers. The parents were of the Civil War generation, and who knew the effect produced upon the size of people born during the twenty years following Appomattox?

Look, Not Too. [Puck.] Filmmaker: Met Unborn down today. He'd just bought a tin horn, a triangle, some blocks, a rattlebox, some sticks and two snare drums. He didn't know he had a baby.

Flammion: He hasn't. He's a vaudeville stage drummer. These things are part of his outfit.

## By Sara



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WAR'S EFFECT ON STATUE. The Next Generation of Europeans will be smaller and will be of lighter weight. [Philadelphia Ledger.] War will make the next generation of Europeans smaller than the present one. Men and women will be of shorter stature by from half an inch to an inch, and they will weigh perhaps four or five pounds less.

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Look, Not Too. [Puck.] Filmmaker: Met Unborn down today. He'd just bought a tin horn, a triangle, some blocks, a rattlebox, some sticks and two snare drums. He didn't know he had a baby.

Flammion: He hasn't. He's a vaudeville stage drummer. These things are part of his outfit.

## By Sara



1 + 1 = 2

1 + 1 = 1

Save Millions.

BIG FUTURE IN COAL PRODUCTS.

FABULOUS FORTUNES HAVE BEEN WASTED ANNUALLY.

The Pittsburgh Region, with its thousands of coke ovens, will add by-product plants for the manufacture of benzol and other chemicals.

[Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.] Activity in manufacturing by-product coke in the Pittsburgh district, together with the by-products themselves, has forced upon the coal and steel industry of the district the conclusion that coal contains a lot more than just plain fuel; that some of the by-products of coal are of enormous greater value than the coal, and are taken from it without impairing the fuel quality, and that the coke industry of the district is a vast waste of chemicals that could be used for the manufacture of benzol and other chemicals.

A relatively small plant for extracting benzol from the coal that is being made into coke at Johnstown, Pa., for the Cambria Steel Company, has been recently completed, its product being intended exclusively for the manufacture of benzol and other chemicals. Its successful operation has determined the Cambria Steel Company officials to build immediately a similar plant, but three times larger, which will produce benzol and other by-products for the open market. This second plant is already under way. It will have the product of a coke plant containing 164 by-product ovens to draw from.

In the meantime the Carnegie Steel Company has undertaken an addition to its great by-product coke plant at Farrell, Pa., which will produce benzol and other chemicals from coke, and will have to draw from a coke plant consisting of 113 by-product ovens, which will cost approximately \$2,000,000.

THE HITTMAN GASOLINE PLANT, TOO. The Hittman process for extracting gasoline from coal has been developed for development under the direction of the United States Bureau of Mines, and is being tested in a large plant at Johnstown, Pa., which will have to draw from a coke plant consisting of 113 by-product ovens, which will cost approximately \$2,000,000.

WAR'S EFFECT ON STATUE. The Next Generation of Europeans will be smaller and will be of lighter weight. [Philadelphia Ledger.] War will make the next generation of Europeans smaller than the present one. Men and women will be of shorter stature by from half an inch to an inch, and they will weigh perhaps four or five pounds less.

Apparently much more trifling things than sending 12,000,000 of the strongest and most vigorous young men to war to kill each other affect the size of a human being. Dr. W. C. Hollister has made an extended study of the effects of food.

"Ten years of an excessive starch diet," he tells me, "took half an inch off the English race and two pounds off their weight."

The doctor spent a great deal of time in London looking into this question of human diet, and that is one of the things he discovered.

Measurements made at Smith College show that the girls are larger than their mothers. The parents were of the Civil War generation, and who knew the effect produced upon the size of people born during the twenty years following Appomattox?

Look, Not Too. [Puck.] Filmmaker: Met Unborn down today. He'd just bought a tin horn, a triangle, some blocks, a rattlebox, some sticks and two snare drums. He didn't know he had a baby.

Flammion: He hasn't. He's a vaudeville stage drummer. These things are part of his outfit.

From the Cocoa Bear Chocolate</







## ANGELS TAKE FOUR STRAIGHT.

Ninth-inning Rally Defeats San Francisco.

McMullen Rushes Home with Winning Run.

Both Sides Kick Ball About in Easy Manner.

BY HARRY A. WILLIAMS.

The Seals were again working in their well-known form yesterday, and the Angels copied their fourth straight by the fifty score of 5 to 2.

In some respects it was a lousy game, both sides kicking the ball and otherwise heaping abuse on it. Still, it was interesting, and had the pitchers been left to their own devices with no interlopers to interfere with them, the pastime would have been up to a high standard of merit.

The finish was very exciting and served to plunge Ben Berry in gloom up to his ears.

Los Angeles won out in the ninth with a rally. Schmidt and Jones of San Francisco also joined in this rally, which helped Chicago along.

UP AND DOWN.

San Francisco scored a run in the third. Los Angeles answered the lead in the fifth, when McMullen singled happily, scoring two. Then in the ninth the combat was renewed, some where the ball got into the game long enough to tie it up with a single. Leard started the ninth with a chemically pure single to right, and Charles sacrificed. Schmidt's fly-rooked one into McMullen's misadventure second out. Thus Westerton found himself face to face with a crisis. In order to meet it he sent a single to left for Charles Smith. Corhan, although having been out of the game for quite a spell, quickly recognized the ploy of the old friend, and hit it cleanly to left. Leard rushing home with the tying run. Fitzgerald drove toward left and was robbed by Zeb, who made a masterful stop and hurried the ball along to McMullen.

This prolonged the day's work and placed the Angels under the necessity of scoring another run.

SOOTHIES BARHAM.

The Barham boy was sent in to pitch until Killian could get up to bat. Jack was warming up to beat the band, but his temperature was not yet sufficiently hectic to meet the exigencies of the occasion. A pitcher to be exactly right should have a face of at least 100 deg. in his throwing arm.

Barham didn't seem able to govern the ball. He tossed three balls to right, the first man up. Wolverton then called him over to the side line. Some opinion that he was going to rank Barham. Others thought that he simply wanted to borrow a chew of tobacco. His real object was to get the first man out. He sent a few kind words to the boy and sent him back. Barham then hit him for a double. Had not Wolverton talked to Barham and steadied him down the chances are that Barham would have hit the ball for three bases instead of two.

Barham was then removed, and Killian, his fever not entirely subsided, went in. Whereupon the Seals gracefully kicked the game away. McMullen dumped the ball to Killian, who threw to center in time to get Magner. But Jones dropped the ball during the disturbance that Magner made coming into the base.

ZEB HIT.

Killian hit Zeb on the left elbow, hitting the bases. Pa Dillon rushed out and accompanied the injured athlete to first base, all the while muttering to himself. Pa's act, while well intended, is likely to cause some professional jealousy on the part of Dr. Finley, who is the only licensed manager connected with the club. This will never do. We must have absolute harmony on the team.

Anyway, with the bases full, McMullen slammed to Killian, who slammed the ball right back to Schmidt, forcing Magner at the plate. Schmidt had a double, and the Seals were in too great for him, and he hit McMullen on the space usually reserved for the big center. The ball bounded therefrom to right field, and McMullen rushed home with the winning run. Fitzgerald hit McMullen on the plate calculated to prove that his arm is perfectly sound, but Mac beat the heavy by a couple of steps.

THE PITCHING.

Smith unfurled a high grade of ball. Burns also did far better than the ten hits off him would indicate. With a right support he would have equaled the Seals down to one run.

Bill started under discouraging circumstances. Fitz opened the game with a weak fly just out of Abstein's reach and chased it into a double, and a hard-fought game marked by blue-league ball on both sides, Oakland today scored a single run that was enough to defeat Salt Lake. J. Williams, pitcher for the Bees, is charged with the tally that lost the game for his team. He allowed nine hits as against three by his opponent, Pruselt.

The score:

LOS ANGELES..... 5  
SAN FRANCISCO..... 2

Runs..... 10  
Hits..... 15  
Errors..... 1

Left on base..... 10

Strike outs..... 10

Base on balls..... 10

Umpire.....

Time.....

Weather.....

Wind.....

Temperature.....

Humidity.....

Barometer.....

Direction of wind.....

Force of wind.....

State of sky.....

Amount of rain.....

Direction of rain.....

Force of rain.....

State of sea.....

Direction of sea.....

Force of sea.....

State of air.....

Direction of air.....

Force of air.....

State of land.....

Direction of land.....

Force of land.....

State of water.....

Direction of water.....

Force of water.....

State of sky.....

Direction of sky.....

Force of sky.....

who had started for third. Bill threw the ball to McMullen, who threw to Terry and so forth. After quite a bit of excitement Zeb threw wild to McMullen, and everybody was safe. Fitz later scored on an out by Jones. Downs fouled to McMullen.

The Angels picked up two in the sixth after two ways out, and nobody was prepared for important developments. Ellis singled, and walks by Abstein and Magner filled the bases. With two strikes on him, McMullen connected for a line single over short, scoring two. Magner was thrown out by Fitz trying to reach third on the hit.

Everything then remained calm until the ninth.

The score:

LOS ANGELES..... 5  
SAN FRANCISCO..... 2

Runs..... 10  
Hits..... 15  
Errors..... 1

Left on base..... 10

Strike outs..... 10

Base on balls..... 10

Umpire.....

Time.....

Weather.....

Wind.....

Temperature.....

Humidity.....

Barometer.....

Direction of wind.....

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State of sky.....

Amount of rain.....

Direction of rain.....

Force of rain.....

State of sea.....

Direction of sea.....

Force of sea.....

State of air.....

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## NATIONALS WIN FROM YANKEES.

Brown's Wildness Contributes to New York.

Athletics and Red Sox Play to a Tie.

White Sox Drop Game to the Browns.

BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—Washington won the final game of the series from New York today, 4 to 2, making the most of Brown's wildness in the box for the visitors. He allowed nine bases on balls, which forced in one run in the first inning and produced another in the sixth, when coupled with a sacrifice and a hit. A single and triple in succession in the second made another tally. The score:

WASHINGTON..... 4  
NEW YORK..... 2

Runs..... 10  
Hits..... 15  
Errors..... 1

Left on base..... 10

Strike outs..... 10

Base on balls..... 10

Umpire.....

Time.....

Weather.....

Wind.....

Temperature.....

Humidity.....

Barometer.....

Direction of wind.....

Force of wind.....

State of sky.....

Amount of rain.....

Direction of rain.....

Force of rain.....

State of sea.....

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## Los Angeles County News.

## Contest

SOUTHERN SOULS  
FOR PASADENA.Singer to Follow  
Christ's Footsteps.Singer to Follow  
Christ's Footsteps.Singer to Follow  
Christ's Footsteps.Singer to Follow  
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Christ's Footsteps.Singer to Follow  
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Christ's Footsteps.SLAYS MOTHER,  
THEN HIMSELF.Son Despondent Over Poor  
Health and Love.Girl Back in Missouri the  
Innocent Incentive.Aged Woman Killed by Car  
in Long Beach.LONG BEACH, April 16.—Driven  
temporarily insane after brooding for  
weeks over ill-health and unrequited  
love, Ulysses Roscoe Clarkson, aged  
30, killed his mother at 2:15  
o'clock this afternoon and then ended  
his own life, using a revolver.The cause of the double tragedy was  
the love of the young man for a girl  
at the Clarkson home at Eleventh street  
and Orinda avenue.J. B. Clarkson, the father, whose  
life was spared by the son in order  
that he might hear a message of love  
to his sweetheart back in Missouri,  
believes that his son killed the mother  
because he thought she could not live  
without him.The sole survivor of the family aware  
that there were few  
people who thought more of his mother  
than he. The son was nurse for his  
bedridden mother during the last few  
months, and the aged woman, it  
seems, worried continually when  
"Jack," as she called him, was out  
of her sight.The father was dining in the bed-  
room when he heard the sound of a  
revolver shot. He started up and met  
his son, a revolver, still smoking, in  
one hand and two sealed letters in the  
other.Instantly he saw the body of his  
wife, and Mr. Clarkson started back.  
He rushed to the door and found his  
son going to kill himself. Here are two  
letters I want you to deliver," he  
said.The younger Clarkson then went into  
the kitchen, where he turned the  
muzzle of the revolver to his fore-  
head. He rushed from the house and  
gave the alarm.On the back of each seal which  
was sealed, was a short message.  
On the letter addressed to his father,  
in part, he wrote the following:  
"I take mother with me and go my-  
self because I have shot mother and I  
don't want her to be tortured. Now,  
please give up a nice burial. I have  
a letter to deliver to you."On the letter to Miss Alpha Hudson  
of Wellsville, Mo., was the following:  
"Alpha, I know you have been told  
that I pack a gun to kill you, but it  
is not true."The father states that for weeks  
the son has been brooding over ill-  
health and a failure to get answers to  
his letters from Miss Hudson. He be-  
lieves that his son was temporarily  
insane when he slew his mother and  
himself.The Clarkson, father, aged 53;  
came to this city from Missouri last  
June. They came chiefly to cure  
Ulysses of his nervousness and to  
improve his appetite for drink, but suffered  
considerably from the effects.Mrs. Roscoe, aged 35, was 55 years  
of age, with Miss Blanche Doull of the  
same Los Angeles address, her niece,  
caught throwing rubbish away from  
their machines within the city limits.  
It is believed that a few ar-  
rests under the measure  
will do much to curb such carelessness.What the penalty under the pro-  
posed law will be has not yet been de-  
cided. South Pasadena, says attorneys,  
is one of the first cities of the south  
in California to propose such a  
drastic measure.ANNEXATION TALK.  
C. F. Dorland has delivered the last  
of a series of speeches on annexation  
arranged by the Chamber of Com-  
merce. The subject of the talk was  
"Why South Pasadena Should Refuse  
to Annex to Any City." The other  
speeches of the series concerned, "Why  
South Pasadena Should Annex to Los  
Angeles" and "Why South Pasadena  
Should Annex to Pasadena."The Chamber of Commerce ar-  
ranged for the series of talks with the  
idea in mind of giving local citizens  
an opportunity to hear and analyze  
arguments on all sides of the annexa-  
tion controversy. That a large ma-  
jority of the people of South Pasadena  
have become intensely interested in  
the question is to be judged from the  
large number of people present at last  
night's banquet.It is quite possible that the after-  
noon of the group of speeches will be  
an election of some sort at which the  
question of annexation as it concerns  
South Pasadena will be threshed out  
for all time.Arrowhead steam and mud bath  
give relief to many ailments.—[Ad-  
vertisement.]ALLEGED BLIND-PIGGERY.  
SAN GABRIEL, April 16.—Today  
for either the fifth or sixth time in  
the last few years, Nick Ochoa was  
arrested for conducting a blind pig in  
the heart of the city. Tonight Nick  
is out on bail. Night before last Mar-  
shal Munner and one of his deputies  
were rewarded in their watch by see-  
ing Nick deliver beer in small batches  
to several patrons. The Marshal  
gave a warrant against the man,  
but City Attorney Earl Wakenman,  
consulting the ordinance, was con-  
siderably put out, and finally said that  
the ordinance was hardly strong  
enough to result in the man's conviction.  
For a while it looked very much  
as if the ordinance would be dropped,  
a blind pig could sell liquor in any  
quantity, at any time, and at any  
place, while other places holding a li-  
cense and paying taxes could sell only  
a certain amount during certain  
times and in a certain way. Today the  
City Attorney decided, on further con-  
sideration, that the ordinance would  
hold, and the complaint sought by  
Constable Munner was issued."Hotel del Coronado" is delightfully  
situated on the Beach across the  
Bay from San Diego. It is a beautiful  
minutes from Exposition Grounds.—[Ad-  
vertisement.]BEES PULL  
DOWN TREE.(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH)  
SAN BERNARDINO, April 16.—Bees swarmed so thick on  
an oak tree, six inches in  
diameter on the J. L. Hater  
ranch at East Highlands today  
that the tree was uprooted with  
the weight of the insects and  
toppled over. Several swarms  
of bees picked the tree for a  
resting place and lighted on the  
branches on one side, their  
weight pulling the tree over.SALARY QUESTION  
STIRS UP FIGHT.VENTURA MAY DISPERSE WITH  
CONTRACT SUPERINTENDENT  
OF HOSPITAL.(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE)  
VENTURA, April 16.—There is a  
hot fight on in this county over the  
appointment of a superintendent for  
the County Hospital. There are now  
four candidates in the field and a  
promise of more when the matter  
comes up for consideration by the Su-  
pervisors on the 22nd inst.The incumbent is A. L. Cagnoni,  
who has held the place for several  
terms, and is a candidate for re-  
appointment. There is no serious ob-  
jection to his filling the place, but  
there is an intimation on the part of  
the board to make the office a sal-  
aried one instead of letting it by con-  
tract, as has always been the system.  
There are only three counties in the  
State not running on the salary basis.  
Ventura being one of them.Introduction of the question  
brought up the question of expenses  
and figures for a year's running were  
asked for and produced. These show  
that from July, 1913, to July, 1914,  
the first six months of the present  
year, the institution, while for the  
next half of the fiscal year it cost  
\$161,751; daily number of patients, 54;  
cost per patient for six months,  
\$2,110; cost per patient per month,  
\$35.17.The opening up of the question has  
caused considerable excitement and  
has been put over by the Super-  
visors until the 22nd inst., to  
give the Good Roads Committee time  
to complete its petition.The names of five school districts  
in this county have been changed to  
Bakersfield, where the schoolhouse is  
located.Ex-Senator Orantes Orr, long in the  
legal business here, has returned to  
the Ojai Valley for his health.An action to recover damages in the  
sum of \$16,000 has been begun by  
John Cotter and Mary Cotter against  
the Southern Pacific for an accident  
to J. Cotter, which it is alleged causedBITTERNESS BREWING  
FOR REDONDO BEACH.(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE)  
REDONDO BEACH, April 16.—A  
feeling as of the "day after" is  
apparent here on every side fol-  
lowing yesterday's lively election, but  
bitterness still attends the meeting of  
political foes. So intense is the feel-  
ing yet that rumors of retaliatory  
measures, such as recalling any active  
opponent who is too active, are threat-  
ened.Rumors of the circulation of peti-  
tions for the recall of Trustee Harry  
Broloski have been heard for the past  
week, but so far no such petitions are  
in circulation.At an early hour this morning, just  
after the election returns were count-  
ed, a meeting was held in the office  
of City Attorney Frank L. Perry. At  
this meeting a proposition was put  
to the forty or fifty present to recall  
Broloski. It was agreed that such a  
petition should be started, but so far  
the petition has not been circulated.On the other hand, the adherents  
of the pro-recall candidates are ear-  
nestly urging Harry Broloski to begin  
a campaign for a "wet" and "dry"  
election, measures which are against  
the saloon men of the city  
who they allege aided Trustee Tom-  
linson. Hasm and Thompson in fightingThe arraignment today of Trustee  
William J. Hasm at Venice before  
Judge Rennie, on a charge of crim-  
inal libel against Trustee Harry Bro-  
loski, was the occasion for a large  
number of interested persons making  
the trip to that city. The prelimi-  
nary hearing was set for April 22, at  
3 p.m. Bail was set at \$1000, and  
was furnished.The official count shows that Trustee  
Hasm was recalled by a majority of  
8, while Trustee Thompson de-  
fied the recall by a majority of 103,  
and Trustee Tomlinson by 141.A feature of the election is that  
James R. Richardson was elected by  
a vote of 639, while 660 voted to re-  
tain Mr. Hasm in office. Thus Mr.  
Hasm received 11 more votes in his  
favor than Mr. Richardson.His death. His skull was fractured  
by flying rock from a blast on Jas-  
per st. near Chatsworth.The City Board of Education has  
named all the old teachers excepting  
Miss Genevieve Bognart, resigned, and  
Miss Edson and Riddell, who did  
not file applications.DIES AT UPLAND.  
(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE)  
UPLAND, April 16.—Mrs. Susan G.  
Bunnington died today at the home of  
her son, Frank C. Bunnington, 800  
avenue and Sixth street. She had  
resided here thirty-two years and was  
49 years old. She was a member of  
the Ontario Society of Pioneers. She  
leaves two sons, Charles of Los An-  
geles, and Frank here. The funeral  
is to be held tomorrow afternoon, 2 p.m.,  
at the residence of the deceased, Mrs.  
Charles C. Wood, pastor of the  
First Methodist Episcopal Church, as-  
sisted by the Rev. S. S. Sampson, will  
officiate. Interment will be in Belle-  
vue Cemetery.Private Piazmas and Sleeping  
Porches at "Hotel del Coronado."—[Ad-  
vertisement.]

## Inside Information

AFTER all, a twelve and a twenty-five dollar suit of clothes are made fundamentally the same. A pair of shears, a bolt of cloth, and needle and thread go to make up each.

But there is no mistaking the two. Men will appreciate quality tailoring.

So with your underwear. All are knit on much the same kind of a machine. All are cut and seamed. But what a difference they present!

**Richmond**  
CLOSED CROTCH  
UNION SUITS  
PATENTED OCTOBER 6, 1912

It's the way they are knit, the full patterns over which they are cut, the flat, sturdy, lock-stitch seams binding them together, which make them stand out from the rank and file of ordinary union suits.

The inner workmanship plainly marks them "tailored to wear."

Then, add to this, that bigger idea of comfort which the RICHMOND gives the wearer, and you will understand

why it outsells all other undergarments.

On the Pacific Coast, more men wear RICHMONDS than all other union suits, because they have found in them this tailored finish and tailored fit, at the very prices they formerly paid for other underwear.

Most dealers in men's wear sell the RICHMOND. All can, without delay, obtain them for you. Be particular—insist on Richmonds!

Wear them once—then always!

**LEVI STRAUSS & COMPANY**  
DISTRIBUTORS, SAN FRANCISCO

Mystery Shooting  
OF LA CANADA MAN.(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE)  
April 16.—Mystery  
shooting and  
murder of a man  
at the Canada late Wed-  
nesday night. The  
shot was fired while  
the man was in the  
garden of his home  
at 1111 E. T. Lane, an  
Englishman, who was  
wounded and lay for  
some time before he  
was killed. The scene  
was reached at the  
house at 11 o'clock.  
According to the  
dead man's statements  
the man who shot him  
was a man of about  
30 years of age, who  
was dressed in a dark  
coat and light trousers.  
The man who shot him  
was a man of about  
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of her husband, Mrs. Murphy stated  
that he had gone to the garden with  
his shotgun in search of a big white  
cat which he wished to kill. While  
he was in the garden he saw a man  
who must have slipped from his  
hand to the ground, striking the  
hammer of the gun as it was dragged  
to the ground. As soon as the shot was fired and  
he knew that her husband had been  
wounded she rushed to her neighbor,  
Rev. Mr. Lane, who rushed to the  
dying man, whom he claimed charged  
him with having fired the fatal shot.

The charge of the shot penetrated  
Murphy's abdomen. At first he and  
his wife are said by neighbors, includ-  
ing D. J. Green and A. T. Smith, to  
have been interested in her neighbor.  
It is believed that an investigation will be  
made, especially since the statements  
of Murphy were so contradictory. The  
murder came here five years ago  
from Nevada.

En Canada.

STORE BURGLARIZED.  
(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE)  
ALHAMBRA, April 16.—The store  
of William Gribble at South Garfield  
avenue and Garvey road, was entered  
by burglars last night and merchan-  
dise worth \$10 was taken. The men  
gained entrance to the building by  
boring a hole in the rear door and  
then turning the key from the inside.  
A drill and a jimmy was left behind  
them and it is believed that the men  
were professional cracksmen who in-  
tended to loot the safe. There was  
no safe in the store, as a large sup-  
ply of choice cigars and tobacco and  
other things were taken.

ALHAMBRA, April 16.—Extensive  
preparations are under way for a for-  
mal banquet to be held here on May 13  
and 14. The dinner show which is the  
first to be held in the history of the  
city, was first considered by the mem-  
bers of the Wednesday Afternoon  
Club, then interested in the project,  
and movement has grown until the  
Chamber of Commerce and other civic  
bodies are anxious to assist in the  
venture. If successful the affair will  
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Grain.

EUROPE BUYS  
OUR NEW CROP.

## DAILY EASTERN CITRUS MARKET QUOTATIONS

| TRY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH                               |       |        |                   |
|--|-------|--------|-------------------|
| NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, April 18. Weather: calm, variable. |       |        |                   |
| navels, two budged, three lemons sold.                           |       |        |                   |
| navels, two budged; lemons unchanged.                            |       |        |                   |
| weather fair.  |       |        |                   |
| NAVELS.  |       |        |                   |
|  | CO.   | AVGS.  |                   |
| Lucid, Growers Pt. Co.   | ..... | \$2.70 | From Horn, O.     |
| Uplanders, Growers Pt. Co.                                       | ..... | 2.60   | Buck, O.K.        |
| Uplanders, Imp. Growers Pt. Co.                                  | ..... | 2.45   | Pine Cone, R.H.   |
| Rosemont, Growers Pt. Co.  | ..... | 2.30   | Uplanders, R.H.   |
| Uplanders, Imp. Growers Pt. Co.                                  | ..... | 2.20   | Arrowhead, R.H.   |
| Standard, Imp. National Co.                                      | ..... | 2.50   | Carrier, R.H. Ex. |
| Standard, O. Standard Co.  | ..... | 2.40   | Pointer, A.C. Co. |
| Honor Bright, S.B. Ex.   | ..... | 2.25   |                   |
| Stock, S.A. Ex.  | ..... | 2.65   |                   |
| Stock, C.K. Co.  | ..... | 2.65   |                   |
| BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH                                |       |        |                   |
| ST. LOUIS.   |       |        |                   |

|                               |      |        |
|-------------------------------|------|--------|
| *Sunnyheights, R.H. Ex. ....  | 2.65 | NAVERA |
| *Golden Circle, R.H. Ex. .... | 2.55 |        |
| *Parrot, R.H. Ex. ....        | 2.50 |        |

|                              |      |                           |      |
|------------------------------|------|---------------------------|------|
| *Golden Cross, O.K. Ex. .... | 2.80 | Gladiola, Covina Ex. .... | 2.80 |
| *Red X, O.K. Ex. ....        | 2.45 | Red C, Covina Ex. ....    | 2.45 |
| *Cornell, S.A. Ex. ....      | 2.30 | Cougar, Covina Ex. ....   | 2.30 |
| *Highway, O.K. Ex. ....      | 2.45 | Pointer, A.C.G. Ex. ....  | 2.45 |
| *Quail, O.K. Ex. ....        | 2.65 | Cornucopia, R.H. Ex. .... | 2.65 |

|                                  |      |                        |
|----------------------------------|------|------------------------|
| *Black Crusader, A.C.G. Ex. .... | 2.35 | Lochinvar, R.H. ....   |
| *Prong Horn, Imp., O.K. Ex. .... | 2.00 | Balt. R.H. Ex. ....    |
| *Buck Imp. O.K. Ex. ....         | 2.35 | Cardinal, Or. Ex. .... |

|                               |      |                       |      |
|-------------------------------|------|-----------------------|------|
| P'rong Horn, O.K. Ex.         | 2.75 | S.S. Brand, O.K.      | 2.75 |
| "P'uek, O.K. Ex.              | 2.45 | Lechivay              | 2.45 |
| "San Lait, R.H. Ex.           | 2.45 | "S'eng, O.K. Ex.      | 2.45 |
| "S'eng, R.H. Ex.              | 2.45 | Carmenita, S.T. Ex.   | 2.45 |
| "Don Quixota, S.T. Ex.        | 2.00 | Colombo, S.T. Ex.     | 2.45 |
| "Monopola, A.C.G. Ex.         | 2.15 | Las Palmas, S.T. Ex.  | 2.45 |
| "Hawk, S.A. Ex.               | 1.90 |                       |      |
| "Gus, Banner, S.T. Ex.        | 2.35 | Fico, S.T. Ex.        | 1.90 |
| "Native, Sutherland Fl. Co.   | 2.35 | Gatway, C.C. Ex.      | 2.35 |
| "Gold Medal, G.O. Groves      | 2.63 |                       |      |
| "Silver Medal, G.O. Groves    | 2.55 | Philadelphia          |      |
| "Gold Medal, G.O. Groves      | 2.55 | INT DIRECT WFL        |      |
| "Golden Rod, Highgrove O.G.A. | 2.50 | PHILADELPHIA          |      |
| "Fruits                       | 2.25 | care sold. Market was |      |
| "Partridge                    | 1.85 | unchanged on loan     |      |

BUDED.  
\*Mission Bella A.B. Chapman \$2.30 San Antonio Blue S.A. Co.

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| *Mission Memories, A.B. Chapman.   | 2.20   |
| *Do Palmas, Basilio Geronzi.   | 2.20   |
| LEMONS.  |        |
| Hewes Park.  | \$2.25 |
| Castellanos.   | 1.90   |
| St. Francis C.   | 1.80   |
| Miramar.   | 1.75   |
| *Do Palma Spent Fl. On.  | 1.10   |
| Circus.  | .75    |
| "Feed."  |        |
| Kansas City Market.  |        |
| BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.   |        |
| KANSAS CITY, April 16.—Sugar and warm. Attendance good. Market steady on oranges; good demand for lemons. One new Kansas City Fruit Auction Company. |        |
| BUEDED.  |        |
| Kings River.   | Ave.   |
| LEMONS.  | \$1.98 |
| Commodore.   | 2.05   |
| "Buckley."   |        |
| BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.   |        |
| BOSTON, April 16.—Seventeen cars of lemons from California arrived today.  |        |
| SAN ANTONIO, S.A. Rd., Apr. 16.  |        |
| Atlatles, O.T.M.   |        |
| Black Crusader, Alameda.   |        |
| Quail, O.K.  |        |
| Cornelia, S.R.   |        |
| Colombia, B.S.   |        |
| Las Palmas, L.T.M.   |        |
| Arab, S.D.   |        |
| Pup.   |        |
| Duck.  |        |
| THE MICHAEL.   |        |
| Fleet.   |        |
| BLOODS—HAWK.   |        |
| Bear.  |        |
| Quail.   |        |
| Chickens.  |        |
| BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.   |        |
| CINCINNATI, April 16.—Good market for lemons.  |        |
| NAVIRA.  |        |
| Partridge.   |        |
| King, R.A.   |        |
| Atlatles, O.T.M.   |        |
| Diablo, E.C.U.   |        |

Market is very strong for oranges, unchanged on lemons. No sale Monday account holiday.

[illegible]

April 15 ..... 392  
TULARE COUNTY

| NAVELS.                      |       | Apr 14 | Correction—Bureau           |
|------------------------------|-------|--------|-----------------------------|
| Tren Top, Mtn. Slope Groves  | ..... | \$2.45 | as averaging \$1.60 in part |
| Green Top, Mtn. Slope Groves | ..... | 2.25   | town wine should have been  |
| Golden Orange, A. H. Ek.     | ..... | 2.15   | count, Dalrymple            |
| Falder Chicken, A. H. Ek.    | ..... | 2.10   | \$2.00.                     |

|                                |       |      |                         |
|--------------------------------|-------|------|-------------------------|
| M. & P. naphtha, cases, 2 50s. | ..... | .17% | China, new, \$401; Yuen |
| and Crown and Gasoline         |       |      | 12.                     |
| iron bbla. and tank wagons..   | ..... | .11% | Drafts and money        |
| Chairs and Union molles.       |       |      | into A. P. market       |
| cases, 2 50s                   | ..... | .18% | SAN FRANCISCO           |

might 44 drafts, telegrams

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

FRUIT, FRAIN AND PRODUCE.  
[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

SAN FRANCISCO, April 14.—Sugar, 14c;  
 red, 1.50c; 1.52c. Oats, red, 1.53c; 1.55c.  
 Beans—California—Flour, 1700 quarters; bar-  
 ley, 9, 6400 cents; beans, 1700 sacks;  
 potatoes, 3805 sacks; hay, 230 tons;  
 in numbers, 38 in number; wine, 800 gal-  
 lons.  
 Fruit—Lemons, 1.50c; 1.60c; oranges,  
 1.25c; 1.30c; bananas, 1.50c; 1.60c;  
 apples, 1.50c; 1.60c; pears, 1.50c;  
 pines, 1.50c; 1.60c; peaches, 1.50c;  
 1.60c; apricots, 1.50c; 1.60c; plums,  
 1.50c; 1.60c; cherries, 1.50c; 1.60c;  
 1.70c; 1.80c; 1.90c; 2.00c; 2.10c; 2.20c;  
 2.30c; 2.40c; 2.50c; 2.60c; 2.70c; 2.80c;  
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|--|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| K. 4.30 @ 4.25; California Bayou, 4.50 | 4.40 | 4.30 | 4.25 | 4.20 | 4.15 | 4.10 | 4.05 | 4.00 | 3.95 | 3.90 | 3.85 | 3.80 | 3.75 | 3.70 | 3.65 | 3.60 | 3.55 | 3.50 | 3.45 | 3.40 | 3.35 | 3.30 | 3.25 | 3.20 | 3.15 | 3.10 | 3.05 | 3.00 | 2.95 | 2.90 | 2.85 | 2.80 | 2.75 | 2.70 | 2.65 | 2.60 | 2.55 | 2.50 | 2.45 | 2.40 | 2.35 | 2.30 | 2.25 | 2.20 | 2.15 | 2.10 | 2.05 | 2.00 | 1.95 | 1.90 | 1.85 | 1.80 | 1.75 | 1.70 | 1.65 | 1.60 | 1.55 | 1.50 | 1.45 | 1.40 | 1.35 | 1.30 | 1.25 | 1.20 | 1.15 | 1.10 | 1.05 | 1.00 | 0.95 | 0.90 | 0.85 | 0.80 | 0.75 | 0.70 | 0.65 | 0.60 | 0.55 | 0.50 | 0.45 | 0.40 | 0.35 | 0.30 | 0.25 | 0.20 | 0.15 | 0.10 | 0.05 | 0.00 |
|--|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|

25; Oregon, 1.50@2.00; Idaho, 1.0@  
 2.00; new, 1.0@.  
 Vampires - Pass, 2@4; summer  
 wash, 1.00@1.25; string and wax  
 nans, 6@124; hothouse cucumbers,  
 60@2.50; Arizona, 3.50@2.50; Los  
 Angeles lettuce, 90@1.00.  
 Poultry - Hens, 16@19; roosters,  
 24@25; broilers, 20@24; squab,  
 60@3.00; pigeons, 1.50@2.00.  
 Coldwater Sales.  
 [BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]  
 SAN FRANCISCO, April 16.—Barley,  
 winter; December, 1.53; May, 1.53. Af-  
 ricanized season; Barley, 3rmer; Decem-  
 ber, 1.534; May, 1.52.

**San Francisco Dairy Market.**  
[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

SAN FRANCISCO, April 18.—Butter, 15c; eggs, 22c; fresh fruits, 21c; eggs, 15c; fresh fruits, 21c; selected pullets, 15c.

FIRST MORTGAGE NOTES  
 ON PAYMENTS OF \$5 OR \$10 MONTHLY  
 8% on your money as paid by. No interest on cash.  
 BANKERS' TRUST AND SAVINGS CO.  
 Name 6533. Washington Building.

Wm. R. Staats Co. Dealers in Manila  
 and Corporation  
 ALSO EXECUTE COMMISSION ORDERS IN STOCKS AND  
 BONDS  
 SAN FRANCISCO  
 PARADISE

German American Trust and Savings

FINANCES EXCEED \$75,000,000.00

SPRING 1957

**CLEARING HOUSE BANKS**

| NAME   | OFFICERS   | Capital and Surplus                   |
|--|--|---------------------------------------|
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MONDAY, APRIL 17, 1915

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles Times

# Illustrated Weekly

Unique Magazine from out the Open Gateway to the Sensuous Southwest.

1781 1915

*Among the Oaks and Mistletoe above Oak Glen.*





# ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY (THE TIMES MAGAZINE)

16th Year—New Series. (Single Copies, by mail or at  
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## OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIMS.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures the Home, the Garden, the Farm, and the Range.

Not partisan-political in character or affiliations. It is an independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, exploitation and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of Liberty, Law and Freedom in the industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization.

California in tone and color; Southwest in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sun, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of the Sunday Times—more than 103,000 in number—and being complete in stock, is also served separate and apart from The Times news sheets when desired. Advertising rates based on circulation. Write or ask for them.

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To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found suitable; otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

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## THE CITY AND THE COAST.

**E**MPLOYMENT agencies between Chicago and Denver want ten thousand unskilled laborers for railroad work. There should not be a great deal of trouble in getting them now because so many free lances like an excuse to get into the mountain countries during the summer. The trouble is that they won't stay when they get there and the worse trouble is that they will all drift to Southern California next winter and call themselves the army of the unemployed.

**L**ET us all boost for the proposed automobile road the length of the aqueduct and thence to Goldfield and Ely to join the Lincoln highway from San Francisco. It is probable that the latter will be closed to the northern city on account of bad weather for many months every year and Los Angeles might as well have that extra travel and trade.

**T**HE Women's City Club has capital punishment for its subject the last Monday in this month, with two ministers in favor of it and one opposed to it. They say that the men are breaking their necks to secure invitations for the occasion.

**T**HE Sierra Madre Flower Show managers certainly know what time to give their exhibition. The festival they have just closed was one of the finest a Southern California town ever put forward.

**T**HE Matinee Musical Club in this city is doing an excellent work in its composers' department. A large majority of the music creators of the city have associated themselves with this active organization.

## Canal, Railroad Business.

**T**HE opening of the Panama Canal, as was foreseen, is revolutionizing radically the commerce of the world, and with this revolution business in various nations is affected, and in various parts of our own country very much affected. And it is not all an effect for the better. There are some interests that are suffering gravely from this revolution in commerce, and some parts of the country are being affected by it.

The railroads are feeling the competition of the big cut more severely than perhaps any other interest in the country. A great deal of freight that used to cross the continent by rail is coming by canal, and the roads are losing the business. This is affecting the whole country, for if the railroads are unprosperous railroad development cannot go on, and general prosperity in this country has always been intimately linked with railroad development. The conditions referred to here will force the railroads into a great development of the Middle West in order to build up business there not reached by ocean-going ships. This is an effect not foreseen generally previous to the opening of the canal.

There is another way in which this change in the routes of commerce is affecting various parts of the country. Before the opening of the canal a great deal of freight destined for the Orient came across the continent and was transhipped at various ports on the Pacific Coast of America. Much freight from the Orient bound in the other direction also followed the same courses in an inverse way. The opening of the canal makes it possible for this freight going both ways to be put on board ship at various ports, taken through the canal and unshipped at the port of destination. The Oriental business both ways amounts to a great deal, and the diversion of it from different ports must affect those ports in a depressing way.

How happily Los Angeles is situated! With the best harbor in the world, the safest to enter and the cheapest in which to do business on the highway between Occident and Orient, nearly all lines of steamers are touching at our harbor. This is all new business, and must affect us in a favorable way in every instance. We can lose no business that we did not have, and every bit of new business is a stimulus to every industry in the section.

## What is Wrong with Business?

**T**HE people of the United States are all very much like the boy passing through the graveyard at night whistling to keep up his courage. If the depression in business were psychological it would pass away like a high fog before the ardent rising sun of Southern California. We are all hollering "Prosperity! Prosperity!" and to parody the immortal words of Patrick Henry, there is mighty little of the thing in existence.

Of course, a great many interested parties are pointing a long index finger across the Atlantic Ocean and laying the blame of the whole industrial depression in the United States upon the war in Europe. This claim will not stand in the face of a glance at the facts. It is an argument that will not hold water for a minute. As a matter of fact, our exports have been vastly increased by the war. We have had to finance no debts abroad. Even the cotton crop is finding a market, at a little lower price, to be sure. The banks are full of money seeking investment, as is evident by the rates prevailing in New York and Chicago, where call money is to be had at 2 per cent. and less.

It is to Washington that we must

look, and not across seas, for the causes of the present depression in American business. We wish to be entirely fair and recognize that some of the government interference with business is justified. For example, the banking laws of the country were in a condition of chaos only properly characterized by the use of the slang world "rotten." It is a different matter when we approach the tariff schedules imposed upon foreign goods brought into this country. There the result of the administration's interference is decidedly detrimental. It is a fact that the American people never fully grasp, or frequently forget, that government can touch neither the financial nor fiscal systems of the country without bringing on slackness if not depression in business.

If the administration's interference in business affairs had ceased with the two measures mentioned above, the result would have been less disastrous than it is, would have passed away already or soon would have done so. But these are only the beginning of the sorrows of the American business man. We have traveled a long way from the position occupied by Thomas Jefferson, farther than the man at either pole would be from Tipperary. He is a bad Democrat who questions the wisdom of the sage of Monticello, and yet there is not one member of the party in a thousand who does not hold views diametrically contrary to those of that great statesman. His ideas were that the less the government had to do with business the better for business, the better for the people and the better for the government.

The administration directing Congress has been particularly active in interfering with every man's business in every branch of industry in the United States. It has been investigation heaped upon investigation, commission piled upon commission to pry into every affair of every business concern in the country, and this not in a friendly mind, but in an absolutely hostile disposition. The idea sank deep into the mind of every politician in the country and in the minds of a great many of the public that every big business is necessarily a dishonest business and that every successful man is necessarily a thief.

The members of Congress are mostly men of very little business experience, most of them none at all, and the commissioners they pick out are less capable than they. They are a lot of men that never succeeded in anything except politics, and yet they pretend to think that they can tell bankers how to manage finance, exporters how to carry on overseas trade, and manufacturers of every kind how to run their affairs.

It is a hopeful sign of the times to see a change in this respect working out in the minds of the people generally, for the politician from the constable up to the President is simply an echo of public sentiment.

G. Carl Bronson's Scenic Allegory of California was revived at the Gamut Club Friday and Saturday nights. It is good to have these beautiful pageants to remind us of the early history and first glory of our State.

Four hundred acres of tomatoes around Garden Grove. No wonder they want a new packing-house! They will also want their own limousines soon, and they will probably get them.

The city is to have an exceedingly fine new high school building on a sixteen-acre site between Pico street and Wilshire boulevard. Nothing is too good for young Los Angeles.

## A Commercial Revolution.

**W**HEN the colonies of America achieved their independence from their mother country the foremost thought in the minds of our statesmen was to achieve for the United States commercial independence following the same kind won by the war. Federalists of that day were for a country with an autonomous policy they intended to put a duty on stuff made abroad to encourage infant industries. Thomas Jefferson in the other camp met that announcement with these words: "For every Federalist take in the American achieving commercial and industrial independence for the country a publican party will take two." This industrial and commercial dependence has been a handicap to win than the political handicap by the Revolutionary War. The population was small and engaged in agricultural pursuits. A vast area of land spread out before the eyes of the new nation invited operations, and with a market for all they could produce the investment of small capital, naturally led all other industries.

But little by little our manufacturing enterprises multiplied and increased as population grew, gave a home market, and, as capital accumulated to finance these enterprises. Of course, business, which follows the line of least resistance and so there was an economic crisis and followed in the development of American industries. With the advent of coal, plenty of iron ore, the industry and all its cognate industries naturally developed rapidly. The largest supply of raw cotton in the world, with plenty of wool, naturally the textile industry grew. With our great live stock industry yielding many hides and skins, tanning and leather industries multiplied. The finer industries lagged behind. They were stimulated almost by the presence of large capital, by the presence of a home market, and by the intelligence produced in high schools and universities.

With the outbreak of the war nearly a year ago our market was off from many of these fine products of industry, and the lack of them jeopardizing many of our enterprises. As an example, we saw dyestuffs imported from Germany. The war had paralyzed the organization of industries in Germany and the subordination of intellectual pursuits to material necessities gave the Germans a pre-eminence in this respect. With the German ports our supply of dyestuffs, and other necessities of an industrial thralldom, was cut off. World in this respect also was as we were in every respect since the Revolution closed.

The raw material is here, but the intelligence. All our efforts are to do is to follow the example of German universities and institutions of their students in the ing-out of chemical problems connected with our industries. This is being done, and capital is collected to finance the manufacturing these dyestuffs.

So other industries, the cotton, for example, heretofore monopolized by European countries, is being developed at home. So will others.

This is one of the beautiful things sure to come out of this war in developing our material resources and winning for us a larger share of industrial and commercial independence.



**The Wagging Tongue.**  
 A husband is not always a  
 to be blamed for setting them  
 to be always the responsible  
 wife may have initiated  
 They have a court of do-  
 in Chicago. It is a  
 kind of cross be-  
 tween a divorce  
 mill and a suicide  
 club. It is a sort  
 of buffer against  
 the shocks of  
 matrimony. In-  
 cluded in the  
 of the judge is that of pouring  
 troubled waters, of patching up  
 differences, of terrifying  
 couples without the use  
 of the prison. Naturally he  
 has a bunch of experiences, and is  
 of his kind.  
 article in a recent magazine the  
 fall out of the woman in  
 He figures that if the aver-  
 who comes before him is a bad  
 of the dames are peevish  
 The judge says that he  
 his native gallantry and  
 about the lady. He says  
 blamed it on the woman—  
 right.  
 of domestic broils gath-  
 a cloud of witnesses that it is  
 of the wife that starts most  
 records in American homes.  
 husband comes home all tired  
 walking seven miles around a  
 He also lost the drinks at  
 and all in all has had a  
 unprofitable day of it. When  
 his home does wife have his  
 hot dinner and the evening  
 him? Not so as you  
 of greeting him with kiss or  
 gives him a long stare of re-  
 in querulous tones inquires  
 become of the steak she spoke  
 he left in the morning.  
 explains that he forgot it in  
 of business, she petulantly  
 his business consists  
 smoking poor cigars with  
 and flirting with mani-  
 and if he thought more of  
 his wife's steak she had bet-  
 home to her mother.  
 growls that he doesn't  
 if she does, and so for the  
 evening they sit and glare at  
 over the rival newspapers.  
 or  
 goes  
 to  
 pool  
 goes  
 declares  
 woman is the pioneer  
 and that many a man  
 an important and serv-  
 of society but for the  
 of a shrewish wife—a wife  
 his misdemeanors and  
 his carelessness.  
 with unpleasant epi-  
 which kings have been goaded  
 and unreasoning  
 have gone forth on cam-  
 which arson and man-  
 were a part of the day's  
 old Socrates was so  
 the exasperating Xantippe  
 glad to lick up a growler  
 and cross the River  
 is the woman's eyes that  
 man's moral downfall it  
 tongue that scrapes and  
 mental processes.  
 of the house would keep  
 from becoming a human

grizzly she must start him off right.  
 He wants to have his plumage  
 caressed and his faults forgotten. She  
 may vote as she pleases and go to  
 whatever church she wishes if she  
 will but lend him car fare and keep his  
 trousers pressed.

This being a woman entails a lot  
 of responsibilities that are often over-  
 looked, and among them is the impor-  
 tance of being cheerful under any and  
 all circumstances.

This is the deduction of a Cook  
 county jurist, who after pawing over  
 several thousand matrimonial misfits  
 finds that the dame with the tantaliz-  
 ing tongue is a prime factor in the  
 home wrecking industry.

We wouldn't have the nerve to say  
 this ourselves, and so we pass it up to  
 the judge.

### A Glean of Sense.

IT IS perfectly delightful to read an  
 editorial in an English journal of  
 standing and influence pleading with  
 its readers for sympathetic considera-  
 tion for the United States. This plea  
 is the more remarkable in that it is  
 founded upon an alleged lack of intel-  
 ligence on the part of its readers with  
 regard to American affairs. It would  
 be an excellent thing and augur much  
 for the peace of the world in the fu-  
 ture if we could all take this logic to  
 heart and act upon it.

The day is one of great intelligence.  
 The schoolmaster is abroad and very  
 much abroad in nearly all nations of  
 the world, and the greatest of all  
 schoolmasters is the modern news-  
 paper. In spite of the numerous  
 schools and almost as numerous  
 journals maintained and published in  
 all nations among all people, inter-  
 national knowledge is far from  
 reaching flood tide. The people of  
 one country know very little about the  
 affairs of those of another. This,  
 speaking generally. Even when it  
 comes to the statesmen those of one  
 country know all too little about the  
 affairs of the other countries to give  
 them a clear light to follow in their  
 path when dealing with international  
 affairs.

It is about fifty years since that  
 great French genius, Victor Hugo,  
 published his famous book, "Les  
 Travaillieurs de la Mer," anglice "The  
 Toilers of the Sea." In the book he  
 makes one of his characters express  
 great astonishment at the familiar way  
 in which the American people of that  
 time were accustomed to speak of  
 their great men. This Frenchman, in-  
 telligent above the average of his  
 countrymen, went into ecstasies of  
 humor learning that in America Ste-  
 phen A. Douglas was called "the little  
 giant," William Henry Harrison "old  
 Tip," Lewis Cass "the great Michi-  
 gander," Seward "little Bill," Martin  
 Van Buren "the little sorcerer," and  
 so on. But now mark the depth of  
 degradation of this most educated  
 Frenchman. He had read of Henry  
 Clay being called "the mill boy of the  
 slashes." Now listen to how he con-  
 verted this into French: "The mill  
 boy of the balafré." The French word  
 "balafré" means a scar left after a  
 wound is healed on a man's body. He  
 evidently thought that the "slashes"  
 meant wounds healed into scars on the  
 great Kentuckian's face. Another  
 Frenchman some time previous to this  
 date, translating the works of Feni-  
 more Cooper into French, came across  
 a passage representing a man riding  
 up in front of a house and tying his  
 horse to a locust. A foot-note in the  
 work explained that this insect in  
 America must grow as big as an ox if  
 not as large as an elephant.

These may be extreme cases, but re-  
 member they are mistakes made about  
 American affairs of the simplest nature  
 by the most intelligent of foreigners.  
 If such mistakes were made by men

## Bury the Past and Don't Visit the Grave.

By Herbert Kaufman.

Bury yesterday and don't visit  
 the grave. Even if you could resur-  
 rect your dead the chances are they  
 aren't worth the reclamation.

A hard loser compounds his loss.  
 Don't mope over bad luck—cheer  
 up and grope for better. Forget  
 your setback and plan a getback.  
 Regret eats enough vitality and  
 imagination to nourish success.

Keeping your mind on a misfor-  
 tune doesn't reduce it any more  
 than paying stable rent for a  
 stolen horse will bring the animal  
 back to his stall, or throwing a gold  
 watch after a purse recover it from  
 the ocean.

Everybody else is ready to for-  
 get the moment you set the exam-  
 ple, but as long as you wander  
 around with a crape trimmed face  
 and decorate your conversation  
 with a pillow of immortelles, they  
 will naturally recall the late de-  
 ceased venture and finally conclude  
 that you aren't interested in any  
 proposal for the future.

Few men accept failure lightly;  
 not to be sobered by adversity evi-  
 dences a flighty and irresponsible  
 nature; but you're overstretching  
 the period of mourning and begin-  
 ning to act as if your backbone  
 went with your bank balance.

We will soon suspect that your  
 spunk is gone—that you're bank-

rupt in character and in courage—  
 utterly cleaned out.

If you have retained initiative  
 and enterprise show your goods.  
 A shop with lowered shades might  
 as well be closed. Whether your  
 stock is merchandise or talent,  
 you'll find no customers without  
 making some effort to attract  
 trade.

About the one thing more use-  
 less than an obsolete calendar is the  
 man who persists in living by one.

Time is still on the job and man-  
 ufacturing a very much superior  
 article than formerly.

The past is not equipped with  
 nearly so many devices of oppor-  
 tunity.

These recent sixty-horse power  
 days with their self-starters and  
 shock absorbers are vastly prefer-  
 able to the slow, creaking, rattle-  
 trap years you are bemoaning.

The latest chariots of progress,  
 pluckily driven, can recover the  
 ground lost in a dozen false starts,  
 but they're built to go forward—  
 that's the only direction in which  
 the travel is safe.

You'll keep smashing if you  
 keep looking over your shoulder.  
 Speed isn't dangerous if you hold  
 your nerve and hold the road.

Get into a six-cylinder frame of  
 mind and overtake yourself.

[Copyright, 1915, by Herbert Kaufman.]

### Mexico.

Out of the hell of Mexico—Mexico—Mexico—  
 Out of the hell of Mexico—

There lifts the sound of wailing,  
 Starving children who cry for bread,  
 Women tortured and worse than dead,  
 Maidens ravished—their fathers sped,  
 Homes but masses of embers red.

Out of the hell of Mexico—Mexico—Mexico—  
 Out of the hell of Mexico—  
 A prayer lifts with the wailing.

"Star-crowned mother of liberty  
 Turn thine eyes from the sunrise sea,  
 As homeless, as hungry, as weak are we,  
 The smoke of whose ceaseless agony  
 On the southern sky is trailing.

"Yea—and daughters and sons thine own,  
 Robbed and murdered, in prison thrown,  
 Given by thine high priest for bread a stone,  
 Waiting—waiting—alone—alone—  
 The star of whose faith is palling.

"Thou hast saved them, have saved a world  
 From night's grim legions against it hurled,  
 Over the sea neath thy flag unfurled—  
 A light in the storm clouds around it  
 whirled—  
 Thy ships of mercy are sailing.

"Save us, star-crowned, 'the least of these  
 Thy brethren': not far across the seas,  
 But pressing thy doorstep with bleeding  
 knees,  
 Wasted by hunger and shot and disease,  
 The strength of whose hearts is failing!"

Out of the hell of Mexico—Mexico—Mexico—  
 Out of the hell of Mexico—

This prayer lifts with the wailing.  
 Bullet holes in the form divine  
 Hanging over each wayside shrine,  
 Altars stained with life's dark wine,  
 Church bells silenced, the Cross supine:  
 Out of the hell of Mexico—Mexico—Mexico—  
 Out of the hell of Mexico—  
 Shall it be unavailing?

—[Frances Bartlett, in Boston Transcript.





**C**HRISTIANITY a failure? Don't you ever let that get lodged in the back of your heads, my friends, and don't let it get utterance in between your lips.

Already I hear some high-browed human rise to his full height and say: "What does an Eagle know about religion, anyhow?" Nothing at all, dear friends. He is more agnostic than Charles Darwin himself. He only looks at things from the standpoint of you humans as your affairs pass through his Eagle mind. He hears from every side questionings about the failure of Christianity. He is an awfully old bird, and he has heard this question from the lips of believers and unbelievers as far back as he can remember.

The particular inspiration out of which this question arises at the present moment is the awful war that is devastating one-half of the world, and surely there is something in this horrible war to give temporary rise to the question. But to the really thoughtful and deeply reflective mind the thought can never be more than a passing one.

It is true the Founder of Christianity has been proclaimed time out of mind as the Prince of Peace, and he came to establish peace in the world. It is true that war is contrary and repugnant to every religious sentiment worthy of the human mind. It is also true that the war that for so many months has been creating so much sorrow and suffering in Europe is being fought in the main by professed Christian people. After twenty centuries of preaching of Christianity and of the bringing up of generation after generation in Christian doctrine, it surely is a terrible arraignment of something or somebody that such a war should exist.

But what is to blame for this war? What should be arraigned for its existence, and

upon what should the crime rest? Surely not upon the relation that proclaims all men as brethren and whose mission is one of peace in the world. The blame must lie in human nature. It is the impossibility of reforming our degenerate hearts that makes this war and has made every war possible.

If the human heart, then, is impossible of reclamation, was it not a mistake to try to reform it? Now we reach the crux of this question as to the failure of Christianity. The purpose of that religion is to do away, not with war alone, but with every wrong committed among men. Its purpose is to make men honest, to make them pure, to make them loving, to make them helpful to one another. It came to uproot every evil passion from the heart of every man, and to implant there the spirit of Almighty God.

If Christianity is a failure because it does not stop wars it has always been a failure because it has not accomplished its purpose in eradicating these passions from the human heart and in replacing them with divine sentiments. It is just as well to recall that Christianity and its predecessor, the Jewish church, are the only religions that ever taught peace. There is not a heathen theology existent that does not recognize the propriety of war by setting up a god of war. There is not a heathen hierarchy that has ever recognized the right of peace to exist in the fact that no heathen hierarchy ever knew such a thing as a goddess of peace. Christianity is an offshoot of Judaism, and the Jews in their own land, when they met morning after morning, saluted each other with the Hebrew word which is equivalent to "peace." The root of the name of their capital city is "peace." And although brave warriors when the necessity of fighting was put upon them, they have always been people of peace. The Hebrew and Christian scriptures are the only sacred writings known to your Eagle, my friends, that ever taught peace.

The only heathen people engaged in this war are the Turks, and they are the followers of Mohammed, a cousin of the Jews who founded the religion known by his name. The Mohammedan religion from its inception was bloodstained as grossly as the worst savagery ever known among men. Its aim was the conquest of the world, and the conquest was to be won, not by persuasion, not by the forum, but by the scimitar. Christianity a failure? It is the most

gigantic success ever known among men. It has done more to reform humanity than all the other influences that ever preceded it. Before Christianity was known in the world anywhere outside of Judea woman was either a plaything or a slave. In the Hebrew and Christian systems she is in all respects excepting the limitations of sex coordinate and equal with man. Every time you enter a Christian or a Jewish household and see the position of the wife, of the daughters, mother and sisters, you see an unspeakable proof of the success of Christianity.

Before Christianity was known in the world there never was such a thing as an orphan asylum among men. Go to China today and see pools of water with a notice planted in them forbidding the drowning of female babies in the water because it is used for drinking purposes, and side by side with that behold a Christian mission to rescue these unfortunate waifs from premature death to bring them up and give them an opportunity of leading happy lives. Every orphan asylum on the face of the earth is a testimony to the value of Christianity and a proof of its enormous success among men.

Slavery is practically an unknown thing in the civilized world today, and popular government is the order on nearly the whole face of the earth. Here is another proof of the unmeasurable success of Christianity. No, friends, your Eagle is not ignorant of the history of Greece and Rome, but is more intimately acquainted with the stories of those nations and races than any of you who points to them as examples of popular government. They were simply oligarchies as the nearest approach to a republic known among them. The few governed and the many obeyed. In Sparta most of the population was slave, and so it was in Rome. Every election day in America and in other parts of the world where the employer and the employee vote together as independent the one as the other, where the millionaire and the pauper exercise the rights of suffrage, proclaim in trumpet tongues the all but infinite success of Christianity.

Look here at home, the magnificent school system maintained in Los Angeles. It is a little more elaborate, a little more nearly perfect, a little more efficient, than elsewhere in America, and the American schools are only a little farther advanced than those of other Christian nations. The poorest

child in Los Angeles has the same opportunity to become educated as the child in the schools as the child of the poorest. Before Christianity came into the world there was no such thing known as a public education. The few who were many toiled; the few who were many were steeped in the darkness.

The Eagle is limited weak by the amount of screeching he may be able to utter, but beloved, he could not utter without intermission the evidence of human life under the heathen system as compared with the Christian system, and every time he would be in favor of the Christian system and condemnatory of the heathen system. He could take you to the heart of the matter and show you a heathen mother her child into its damnable death, devoured by a crocodile. He could take you to the heart of the matter and show you a heathen mother her child into its damnable death, devoured by a crocodile.

Of course, unbelievers have pointed to the un-Christian behavior of the Christian men as a proof of the failure of Christianity. They have themselves and others who are living blameless lives as compared with the Christians who live in sin and claim they have proved the contention that Christianity is a failure. And all the time they have been in their hearts by a Christian and Christian grandmother, and the simply inheritors of Christian faith.

No, The Eagle ends as he began. Christianity is the most remarkable thing the world has ever known. It is more than ever, and will be more so than today. If anyone thinks Christianity is a failure he could not have known of the Christian place of worship. Sunday morning where thousands of minds, honorable living men and worshiped Christ as God.

Yours for clear thinking and

*The Eagle*



**A** LADY READER has made me happy. In a caustic letter she flays me for the most insufferably conceited man she has ever come across. She says the way I criticize women is thoroughly mean and will I please give the men a turn.

As regards the men—that is too easy. Being such a conceited man I could not demean myself by writing on so trite a subject as the foolishness of men more often than I can help. Everybody knows men are foolish and incredibly silly, to belabor them is to belabor the obvious. One does not sneer at the frog for jumping.

But it's different with women. They are the goddesses of creation and one naturally expects a little sense from them. They are understood to embody all the virtues and are legitimate comment when they don't.

Which is why I am delighted to be called conceited. Man, knowing his weaknesses, has a hard job of being thoroughly and healthily conceited nowadays. Only the really superior ones can achieve anything approaching a satisfactory conceit of themselves. It's a great blessing when they can and a matter for much self-congratulation. I have been assiduously cultivating my conceit for years. A thoroughly conceited man thinks too well of himself to stoop to the smaller vices, the common sins. Comfortably assured that he is a superior person, he finds it easy to avoid inferior behavior.

If women could be induced to cultivate

a higher conceit of themselves, the chances are they would not stoop to the vulgar and specious artifices for improving their personal appearance. There is evidence of a pitiful modesty in that. They know their charms need augmenting in nearly every department and they publish the fact to a cynical world. The most flamboyantly conceited people are those who think they can afford to wear old clothes, omit the small attentions to the toilet, behave with an affectation of crudeness, rub along on what small amount of knowledge they have picked up without study. A most comfortable state of mind and highly economical of both purse, time and intelligence. My lady reader has flattered me. I am still modest enough to give myself no end of extra and superfluous trouble in these departments.

#### A Matrimonial Asset.

**T**HE most tiresome kind of people are those who are conceited of not being conceited. The slovenly man is usually that. The woman who would pick a really delightful sort of a husband should be careful to select one that has numerous well-defined conceits and never pretends to humility.

I, for instance, would make an ideal husband. I am much too conceited to be negligently. I would scorn to admit that I could not afford to be generous. I would be much too conceited not to endeavor to prove that I had an ideal disposition, that I could afford to be gracious, afford to make concessions.

But this, of course, is only what every woman knows. How often does she select the humble, slavishly devoted lover in preference for the conceited, debonaire fellow? Precious seldom—and then she is mostly sorry and treats him like a dog.

That is the chief trouble in modern times. Men have been gradually losing their conceit, so the women begin to realize that they could not only demand equality but superiority and they proceed to do it. Suffragists are all conceited, necessarily. And watch how it pays. American men have lost their conceit and are according women the vote

at a fearful pace. Englishmen still have most of theirs, while the majority of English women are still humble; hence the vote continues to hang fire over there in spite of everything.

The bravest soldier is essentially conceited, for does he not consider himself physically capable of overcoming his adversary and morally capable of dying like a gentleman?

We hear a great deal about the modesty of the truly great. But that is a charming ideal, like keeping the peace with preparedness for war. Generally it only means that the great wear their conceit under their shirt instead of over their coat.

#### The Pyramids.

**T**HE poor old Pyramids have been passing through a horrid time of it since John Bull's Australians and New Zealanders have been quartered in Egypt. Every son of them has felt it his duty to inscribe his and his sweetheart's name on the ancient tombs for the edification of posterity. Can't you imagine the souls of the Egyptian potentates writhing in wrath as the sentimental Tommies produce their jack knives and proceed to carve their plebeian and inglorious cognomens on their proud tombs?

And when he gets to Constantinople, he will probably scratch his name on the Mosque of Sophia, too. And this naive fellow is probably satisfied that he is adding something to their luster. That is the difference between the English and American temperaments. The American always wants to bring home a bit of something and cares not how he mutilates so long as he has a memento to show for it. That is his innate modesty. He knows no one will believe he has been there if he hasn't some evidence to show. But the Englishman, in his glorious conceit, scorns to take away. He is satisfied to add to its beauty by inscribing his own initials and he is comfortably assured that he has added much interest to an ancient relic by so doing.

Thus have the English left their mark on the four corners of the earth.

Bennett of Pomona.

**I**T IS with grief that we see the student Bennett of the Pomona has frowned upon the middle school girls. After all the much dress and fashion his schools, when mothers and Pomona had exhibited a little common sense and decided that a middie and a slim skirt were for graduation day, when their sighing with thankfulness that at least reigned in their town to a sidious male and declared that like the idea at all. I will be a year, but we must make other next year. In my opinion as attractive in a middie. At the most girls are growing and slim and lacking in grace and so on, proceeding to the girl should set apart \$4 for a middie allowed to carry out her blouse is youthful, and from blouse covers all the lack of curves which the supermodel What then does he require fashion clothes that will curves for the edification of student? Is the specimen of a maker to take the place of plicity? It has long been schoolgirls adopted the beauty all too soon, and peculiar sense and discretion ing her girls like girls, not fashion plates. Each up charms and the schoolgirl is part of her youthful maturity. Too many grand school girl look like a school We are of opinion that Bennett would be better were to give his attention minds and characters of the of Pomona and leave their good sense of their parents.



# California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

and the Hollywood High School if he wanted to carry back anything like an adequate impression of what was being done for education in Los Angeles. The friend who was showing the New Yorker the city added to the list the new Normal School. Another thing that surprised and delighted this intelligent New Yorker was in a little sketch presented by Mr. Francis of the work of the intermediate schools and the programme being carried out for vocational education. The gentleman comes of a family of school teachers, and is intimately acquainted with the public-school system in many parts of the country. As he went out of Mr. Francis's room he remarked to his friend: "I think that is just fine. You know I have been impressed for years with the thought that most of our education was time and money thrown away and wasted, but this is all remedied wherever vocational education is carried on."

**Developing Agriculture.**

**WE** HERE on the spot, even those of us to the manner born, are wont to dwell upon the great development of agricultural industries in the State and in the Great Southwest particularly, and to hear most of us talk one would think this development was all accomplished. It is a long stride from the days of the "cow counties" to the day of the orchard and of the intensively-cultivated garden farm. It was a long stretch from the live-stock period of California to the period of cereal production. This began about forty years ago and about ten years later began the development of the orchard industry of the State, a development which is not half accomplished. In the stock-raising period the country was still divided, not subdivided, into the great Spanish grants of hundreds of thousands of acres each. When the cereal period came, the cutting-up of these great grants began, but even then hundred-acre patches were scarcely the rule, but the grain farms were in several hundred acres each. With the orchard period came the first real subdivision, and this process is now pretty well begun, but by no means finished. However, the work is going on rapidly. Every issue of The Times, particularly every Sunday issue, contains many items of subdividing the land and the establishing of more orchards.

Last Sunday we read of a tract of 5000 acres in the Antelope Valley near the Little Rock district being put upon the market by the Little Rock Bartlett Pear Development Company.

The same issue contained numerous items from Porterville of subdividing in the San Joaquin Valley. A newcomer from Montreal, Canada, has just secured a controlling interest in the Porterville Alfalfa Farms, operating a 320-acre alfalfa ranch near the city of Porterville. The newcomer's purpose is to develop a herd of high-grade dairy cattle on the ranch. In the same paragraph was an account of a deal closed by which a man from Oakland bought 100 acres of orange property near Porterville, thirty acres of it planted to orange trees twelve years old. The next paragraph gave an account of the transfer of eighty acres in alfalfa to a Los Angeles woman who paid \$16,000 for the tract. Then comes a man from Tuolumne county who secured a fifty-five-acre alfalfa tract for the purpose of raising fine stock.

A Covina farmer let contracts for trees to plant ten acres in early navel oranges, thirty acres in pickling olives. Side by side with him came a Pomona man grading twenty acres to prepare it for the planting of olives and peaches. A resident of Porterville started work on setting olive trees on 100 acres of a tract of 640 acres belonging to Los Angeles people, which will all be developed as fast as possible. With these were several other transfers of small and large tracts in the neighborhood of Porterville.

Similar activity in farming lands is reported from other parts of the Southwest. A nine-acre orange grove in Redlands is reported sold for \$15,000, and from Redlands also comes the story of the purchase of 846 acres near Fresno for \$70,000, most of it already planted in barley and beans, the remainder in fruit. Another transfer was at Redlands of a five-acre orange grove for a consideration of \$10,000.

At Corona, the Corona Farms, a tract of

5000 acres, is to be subdivided into five, ten and twenty-acre tracts, with water to each place.

**There's a Reason For it.**

**T**HERE is a reason and a good one for this activity in subdividing and investing in California lands. From Chico, under a date line of April 6, came the story of the first ripe cherries, picked on that day from a tree only three years old. If there is another place on earth where cherries are ripe in the early part of April few of us have ever heard of it. Under a date line one day earlier, from Orange, we had a story of nearly 200 pounds of green string beans shipped by an Orange-county rancher to San Francisco, which brought 30 cents a pound, or \$60 for the shipment. Now there is no doubt of that being a transaction unmatched in the world.

But these may be put down to the credit of exceptions outside of the general rule. The general rule is that in the cold-storage houses in Los Angeles city annually go 3,000,000 dozen eggs representing a total value of \$750,000; in another compartment are stored 5,000,000 pounds of butter valued at \$1,250,000, the annual storage of this commodity. These are only two cold-storage products, and as everyone knows represent less than half the annual consumption of the city. It is a fact that most of the eggs going into cold storage here are produced in Kansas, Nebraska and other Middle Western States, while a good deal of the butter comes from the same part of the country. Into all parts of California come apples, poultry, beef, mutton and pork, alive and butchered, for immediate use and for cold-storage purposes, to feed the population. The population is growing rapidly, and with it comes a widening of the home market here. Until we produce enough for home use, the agricultural resources of the country will still need development, and then when that point is reached we shall need to go on developing for foreign markets.

**Los Angeles' Little Sisters.**

**A**S TOLD in the first article on this page, Los Angeles is proving an eye-opener to the many visitors from the East who are crossing the continent in this year of jubilee for the Great West. Among other things that they wonder about is the magnificent school system maintained in the city. Those of them who wonder about the country have more surprises in store for their astonished eyes. Glendale, for example, is completing a group of buildings for high-school purposes as handsome as anything in the country east or west. The total cost of the group will run high, for the two newer buildings are costing \$75,000.

At Huntington Beach there will be erected soon an E-shaped building with a frontage of 250 feet, the central wing 150 feet and each of the end wings 130 feet, for grammar-school purposes, at a cost of \$45,000.

**The New Era Upon Us.**

**W**ITH the rapid development of the orchard industries and fruit growing now well in hand comes the opening of the next industrial era in Los Angeles and the Great Southwest. A forward step in this direction was made a week ago in the opening up of the plant of the Southern California Iron and Steel Corporation at Fourth and Mateo streets. On that occasion the first open-hearth oil furnace for melting iron in Southern California was blown in. The process had been tried in San Francisco, where it is said to have been entirely satisfactory. The furnace blown in on this occasion is stated to have a capacity of 1500 tons a month, and the company is planning to expend during the next few months \$250,000 in the erection of extra units. As each unit of the iron works is opened, another oil furnace is to be installed until the output is increased to 200 tons a day. The first furnace will give employment to 350 men, and as the thing is developed three times as many men will be required. The value of the output of the first furnace is estimated at \$750,000 a year.

**On the Up-Grade.**

**I**MPROVEMENT in business conditions is the most notable and the most encouraging note of today. Both heaven and earth

know that business conditions needed improvement. The pace to this moment is not a neck-breaking one, but on the whole is pretty satisfactory. The Western Metal Company has just purchased a tract of six acres at Harbor Industrial City, where it will at once erect a plant for metal refining. Redondo Beach is about to spend \$120,000 in the building of a V-shaped pleasure pier. Whittier has voted \$18,000 in bonds to provide additional school room for the growing population. The Burger Van and Storage Company has signed a lease for a new storage house on Pico street near Normandie avenue, agreeing to pay in thirty years \$150,000 in rent. The building is to comprise a floor space of 30,000 square feet. A permit was issued by the building department of the city recently for a three-story brick warehouse at Palmetto and Alameda streets to cost \$45,000. A tract of 240 acres near Van Nuys in the San Fernando Valley has been secured to subdivide into five-acre tracts. A permit has been issued for the First Universalist Church to be erected on South Alvarado street near Pico, to cost \$20,000.

**Los Angeles City Schools.**

**W**HILE building is generally quiet in Los Angeles now, there is one form of this industry that is going on at fever heat. The school department of the city has \$6,500,000 with which to construct new schools during the coming summer. It is planned to construct twenty new buildings for school purposes during the coming vacation in order to relieve the pressure felt for a year by the ever-increasing army of children seeking school room. Thousands of children have been forced to attend over-crowded schools, some of them traveling miles from their homes by street car to reach a building where a seat was to be had. The School Board has been compelled to resort to all sorts of expedients, including the use of tents, temporary buildings, and in some cases even shacks.

The School Superintendent is a great advocate for the intermediate school. Several of these are already in use in the city, and a new one is to be constructed at once on the corner of Fourteenth street and Naomi avenue. This building will have a frontage on Naomi avenue of 245 feet, and 165 feet on Fourteenth street, and will be three stories high. It will be L-shaped, each wing having a depth of about forty feet. In architecture it is to be of the modernized Italian style, constructed of brick and concrete, the walls faced with buff brick made up in white mortar, with a roof of a red-clay tiles. The cost is estimated at \$125,000.

One of the high schools is to be on a slightly piece of ground on Avenue 54, which will cost \$160,000. At North Broadway and Pritchard street an auditorium is to be added to the Lincoln High School group at a cost of \$90,000. The harbor district is to have a grammar school which will cost \$75,000.

**Notes of Progress.**

**A**T REDLANDS a business block has changed hands at a cost of \$55,000. At South Pasadena a fine residence has been sold at a reported price of \$35,000. The Janas Company report sales within a few days of about \$20,000 in acre lots in the new Ramona Acres addition. Fred W. Forrester reports the sale of lands amounting to more than \$50,000 during the month of March at the Angelus Mesa Land Company's holdings in the San Fernando Valley. At Porterville in the San Joaquin Valley a 320-acre tract of grazing land has been sold, an eighty-acre tract of orange land at \$12,000, and a number of other lesser transactions. At Eagle Rock the new Carnegie Library has been opened at a cost of \$7500. Ontario reports a growth in population of ninety new residents a month, or more than a thousand a year. At Glendora a ten-acre citrus fruit tract has been sold at \$18,000, a seven-acre tract at \$14,000, and a residence property in the city at \$14,500. The contract has been let for an eleven-room residence on Manhattan street near Fifth, Los Angeles, for \$12,000. At Escondido egg shipments are averaging \$500 a day.



# Argentine Railways. By Frank G. Carpenter.

## Big Dividends.

ONE OF JOHN BULL'S BILLION-DOLLAR INVESTMENTS.

HOW ARGENTINA LEADS THE CONTINENTS IN NEW RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION—HER MILEAGE NOW ONE-TENTH OF ALL EUROPE—THE NEW TUBE SYSTEM—A BIG PASSENGER TRAFFIC—QUEER FEATURES OF TRAVEL—THE EMPLOYEES AND THEIR WAGES.

### From Our Own Correspondent.

**B**UENOS AIRES.—The Argentine railways have been badly struck by the war. The people are economizing in every possible way. There is a decrease in the sales of season tickets, family tickets and also in freight. During the three months following the advance of Germany into Belgium the receipts of the Central Argentine Company fell off more than \$2,000,000, those of the Buenos Aires and Southern Railway \$1,500,000, and those of the Buenos Aires and Pacific about the same. The ordinary freight volume has shrunk and all of the railways show large decreases in traffic.

It will seem strange to many who look upon the Argentine as a wild pasture land with scattering grain fields, that the railways should be a big factor in its prosperity. The fact is this country is fast becoming one of big businesses, and it takes thousands of miles of railways to carry its traffic. Argentina has now almost one-third of the railway tracks of the world. Its mileage is equal to one-tenth that of all Europe, and more than all the railways of Africa. Taking out the India roads and the Trans-Siberian system, it is about equal to that of all Asia, and it is 40 per cent. of that of South America. Brazil is three times as big as Argentina, but it has only two-thirds as much track, and Chile, that long shoestring of a country, with its long-

falls tracts as big as a township of Ohio or Indiana. The population numbers somewhere between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000. Intensively farmed the country would support several hundred millions, and it might feed the United States and Europe. In the far future it will be cut up into garden patches and gridironed with tracks like the prairie lands of the United States.

Today the railway traffic is small in proportion to the area. Nevertheless, the freight carried last year was over 40,000,000 tons, and the railway passengers numbered more than 75,000,000. The most of the freight was made up of food products, carried from the farms to the railroads in wagons. It included about 300,000,000 bushels of corn, something like 200,000,000 bushels of wheat, and tens of thousands of cattle. The factory products were small and the merchandise shipped from city to city did not compare with that of the United States, although the Argentines are man for man among the great spenders of the world.

The trouble is that most of their people live in the cities, and that one-fifth of the whole population resides at Buenos Aires. The money is made in the camp and on the farms, and it is spent at the capital. The result is that this city is the Paris, the London, the New York and the Washington of Argentina, and it is the great railroad center to which everything contributes. The density of the traffic may be known by the fact that more than 500 passenger trains go out of the city every day.

### British are Biggest Owners.

The most of the railways of Argentina belong to the British. They have something like 1,000,000,000 of good hard gold dollars invested in such properties, and their roads are paying dividends of 6 per cent. and upward a year. Many of them were built upon a guarantee from the government of 7 per cent. and they have been

the Calle Rivadavia and other streets, covering the business parts of the city.

The railroad systems of the Argentine are not small in either their extent or their business. One of the largest is the Buenos Aires Southern. This connects the capital with some of the best lands of the Argentine, going south to Bahia Blanca and covering a large part of Southern Argentina. It has branch lines into Patagonia, and it will eventually connect with new railroads across the Andes, opening up Southern Chile to Argentina. This road has a capitalization of \$245,000,000, and its net income is about \$15,000,000 a year. It has paid 7 per cent. on its common stock since 1900. The Buenos Aires Southern has more than 3500 miles of track, and it carries something like 27,000,000 passengers a year. Much of the road is double-tracked, and it has fine terminals here at the capital. Its chief depot is at the Plaza Constitucion, from where 350 passenger trains go in and out daily.

The passenger traffic of the Southern Railway is an important revenue producer. It is now carrying 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 of live stock a year. About one-half of all the cattle that go to the freezing establishments come from the south. It has also a valuable summer-resort traffic. It has the chief line from Buenos Aires to Mar del Plata, which is the fashionable seaside city of Argentina, and is about 250 miles away. During the season there are afternoon express trains with parlor cars only and three trains of sleeping-cars that run nightly. One has to engage his sleeping accommodations some time in advance. The rates of travel are high, as is everything connected with the town of Mar del Plata.

### From Ocean to Ocean.

The Buenos Aires and Pacific Railway is connected with the trunk line which crosses the Andes from ocean to ocean. It takes passengers from Buenos Aires to

Valparaiso, a distance of 1000 miles. The Chilean part of the road is about 700 miles of the trip, the Argentine part being on Argentine territory. Buenos Aires and Pacific Railway has a total mileage of about 3400 miles, and its capitalization is about \$110,000,000. It is well managed. Its fares are high, just about the same as from New York to Chicago, and my fare between these places was \$65, or about three times as much as for a similar journey in the States.

Another important railway of Argentina is the Central. This has a capitalization of \$253,000,000, and its gross revenue is something like \$32,000,000 a year. It is operating about 3000 miles of track, and annually carries about 21,000,000 passengers and about 10,000,000 tons of freight. The road began building in 1864 to connect Rosario and Cordoba. It now has lines from Buenos Aires to Rosario and there to Tucuman, and it will be a part of the system which will connect the continent to Antofagasta in Chile. A few miles of this line is now built, but is not an impossibility but that it is completed this year. The road has the highest gross earnings per mile of any in Argentina. It pays dividends 10 per cent.

Other railways which are doing business are the Buenos Aires Western, which has a capitalization of \$1,000,000, and it has gross revenue of \$14,000,000. The other is managed by the Farquhar-Pearson syndicate, and is an American company, although part of its money comes from Buenos Aires. The Argentine road has a station at Maine. It has lines in Cordoba and Rio and in Northern Argentina, together has more than 2700 miles of track, and is leased or controlled. A large part of the narrow-gauge and one section is a



From steamer to train with immigrants' baggage.



In the Patagonian desert. Beyond the railway.

tudinal system, has a railway mileage of only a little more than 3000 miles. The railways of Argentina are now more than 20,000 miles, and if joined end to end would go seven times across the United States from ocean to ocean. Laid upon the spider web of iron tracks that cover Great Britain, they would, with a few exceptions, cover every line in that network, and multiplied by ten would equal the total railway tracks of all Europe, and by twelve would surpass the mileage of the United States, which is by far the greatest railway country of the world.

Notwithstanding this, the Argentine railways are on the edge of their beginning. They are mainly long trunk lines running from one end of the country to the other. The towns are far apart, and one may ride for miles without seeing a house. A large part of the country is pasture lands, which will some day be cut up into small farms and intensively cultivated. At present the holdings are enormous. There are wheat farms of tens of thousands of acres, and al-

given many other favors in concessions and in the remission of duties. As it is now, all railway materials come in free, and the government is encouraging the building of new roads and the extension of the old ones. Up to the time of the war, about \$100,000,000 a year was coming from Europe for railway construction. Nearly every road was improving its system, and that not only in the country at large, but here at the capital. Some of the suburban roads were being electrified, and among them those of the Central Argentine Railway Company, whose suburban lines are now carrying something like 15,000,000 passengers a year.

The Western Railway has constructed two tube lines which take passengers right into the heart of Buenos Aires. In the beauty of their equipment these tubes are superior to anything we have in New York, and in efficiency they are fully equal to any tube lines of the world. In addition, a tube has been made for freight trains. This passes under the Avenida de Mayo to the plaza of that name, and then goes under



Railroad store car and storekeeper, Southern Railway.



to Paraguay. I have  
of the latter road and  
They are now begin-  
to make from Paraguay to Bue-  
and the stock may in the future  
part of the traffic. The trains  
to Asuncion are ferried  
to La Plata and the Parana

of the railways of Argentina are  
The most common gauge is five  
feet and there are also 7000  
feet gauge is a meter.  
gauge originated from the fact  
in the country was built  
locomotive whose wheels  
and one-half feet apart. The  
of the future have been  
width. Our roads  
and one-half inches  
is known as the standard  
of the railways of the  
are ballasted with dirt or clay.  
have steel ties and in some  
on disks of iron connected by  
plates of pressed steel so  
they fit down into the earth. The  
changed to them. In one year  
worth of steel rails were

of this is important. There  
at the great pampas, and all  
must be imported. The  
of the Parana and Paraguay  
and some woods are so  
a single tie will weigh 200  
there are so tough that spikes can-  
into them, and holes have to  
to the spikes before the rails can

building on the  
is comparatively cheap. The  
and fat, and you can run a road-  
hundred miles or so, without much  
of this is so also in  
Islands, but there the dust-  
that they are liable to  
making, stopping the cars. They  
as we use snow plows. Dur-  
of a few years ago, it took 2000

men to clear the track of one road. There  
are also duststorms further north, and a  
necessity of the passenger's traveling  
equipment is a duster to keep his clothes  
clean.

#### High Fares, Good Service.

I like railway traveling in the Argentine.  
The fares are dearer than those of our coun-  
try, but the cars are good and exceedingly  
comfortable. The seats are wider than  
ours, and those of the first class are uphol-  
stered in leather. They have also chair  
cars and special sleeping compartments.  
On nearly every train tea is served in the  
afternoon, and the passengers universally  
go to the dining-car for their tea. Most of  
the cars serve a table d'hote dinner at  
about 1 p.m. This costs \$1.25, and for that  
one may have a soup, fish, stewed chicken,  
roast beef with vegetables and ice cream,  
cheese, fruit and coffee. The dinner is  
much like the old-style dollar dinner of the  
American roads, save that it is served in  
courses.

The compartment sleeping-cars are such  
that one has all the advantages of the  
drawing-room of our Pullman coaches. If  
he is alone he can have the upper berth put  
up and have a good lying-down place in the  
daytime, and at the same time he has the  
seclusion of a room to himself. On some  
of the trains there is a sleeping-car re-  
served for the ladies, and on all the cars  
there are special compartments for smok-  
ing.

As to baggage, the trains usually carry  
110 pounds free on each ticket, all addi-  
tional weight being charged for at high  
prices. I usually carry several trunks with  
me, and my extra baggage has at times cost  
almost as much as my ticket. There are  
express companies by which one can for-  
ward his baggage, and have it taken from  
his hotel at the starting point to that at the  
landing point for a fixed sum. There are  
excursion tickets and season tickets on  
many of the roads. The one great objec-  
tion to certain trains is the lack of heating  
apparatus during the long winter journeys,  
when the thermometer falls and the high  
winds increase the cold.

The two chief sources of Argentine traf-  
fic are live stock and grain. At almost any  
time of the year you may see long trains  
of cattle and sheep moving in caravans, as  
it were, across the country. The cattle  
cars are better than ours. They open at  
the ends instead of at the sides, and are so  
made that the whole train can be made into  
one street of cars, so that the cattle can be  
driven in single file from one end of it to  
the other. This enables the stock to be  
loaded in a much shorter time than with  
us. The cattle are started in at one end.  
As soon as the first car is filled, the plat-  
form between it and the second car is  
raised and the second is filled, then the  
platform at the end of that is raised, and  
so on. The unloading of the cattle is  
equally simple.

It was at the station of Gen. Campos in  
Entre Rios the other day that I saw them  
loading some thousands of sheep. The cars  
were double-deckers, as long as our longest  
cattle cars. They were joined end to end,  
with platforms between them, so arranged  
that when a drove started in at one end of  
the car it rapidly passed through to the  
other end, each car being shut off as it was  
filled. The loading was one continuous  
process, 4000 sheep being put into the cars  
in a very few minutes. The lower decks of  
the trains were loaded first; after that those  
above.

As to grain, it is usually carried in bags,  
and a great deal of it goes in open freight  
cars, covered with tarpaulins to keep off the  
rain. The grain is piled up in bags at the  
stations, and at harvest times there are  
great sacks of bags so corded up at every  
depot.

One of the big items of grain export is in  
getting the goods to the railroads. The  
most of it is carried upon bullock carts,  
hauled by from sixteen to twenty-four or  
more animals. The average wagon freight  
rate for comparatively short distances is  
1 1/2 cents per mile per hundredweight, so  
that if a man's farm is ten miles from a sta-  
tion, it costs him 15 cents per hundred-  
weight to get his grain there, or something  
like 9 cents for every bushel of wheat. As  
a result of this high wagon freight, the

most of the wheat farms are close to the  
railroads, the extra freight eating up the  
profits of those far away.

#### Foreign Management.

The labor on the Argentine railways is  
largely foreign. The roads are officered and  
managed by high-priced officials from other  
countries. Some of the superintendents  
and general managers receive from \$20,000  
to \$35,000 per year, and all such high-class  
brains are well paid. Farther down the  
scale the salaries are greatly reduced, and  
are seldom as large as similar salaries in  
the United States. There is a labor union  
here of engineers and firemen known as "La  
Fraternidad," or the Brotherhood. It is  
somewhat similar to the Brotherhood of Lo-  
comotive Engineers of the United States,  
and it has had much to do with fixing rail-  
road wages. According to this brotherhood,  
the engineers are classified in grades, and  
should be paid according to the length of  
service. There are now five grades, and  
the wages of engineers ranged from \$30 to  
\$120 per month. Firemen get from about  
\$40 to \$75 per month. The days are gradu-  
ated by hours, and the maximum working  
day under express orders is twelve hours,  
although in cases of accidents or extraordi-  
nary occasions it may be longer.

The most of the road construction is by  
Italian and Spanish labor, and the Italians  
do most of the contract work. In this case  
the captain of the gang takes the contract,  
by the job or the yard, and he is respon-  
sible for the work of his men. Upon one  
of the roads in Patagonia I saw twenty  
gangs of ten men each laying tracks. They  
were paid so much per mile. They carried  
their tents with them, and were supplied  
with their food from a provision car. The  
provision car was a little grocery or de-  
partment store on wheels. It was fitted  
with shelves, upon which were bottles of  
liquor and packages of tobacco, groceries  
and clothes. It has a storekeeper, fur-  
nished by the railway, and its goods were  
sold at reasonable rates. Among the chief  
articles of consumption was the native wine,  
without which the men will not work. This  
was sold at a few cents a bottle.

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## Some Big Ships and Big Guns. By J. L. Balderston.

### THE HIGH SEAS.

March 25.—There is a new  
of the seas flying the white  
flag, though few Britons know it.  
The order of the Queen Eliza-  
beth now on the high seas, but  
has been kept a secret as suc-  
cess was that of the Queen  
Elizabeth's guns thundering off the  
that appraised the world of her  
it is highly probable that with-  
in two of the remaining three  
months will join the British  
in the Malay, Barham, Valiant  
and the names of the four  
of the Queen Elizabeth. Which one  
that has already gone into  
will not be learned.

of the "Queen Elizabeth"  
between the superdread-  
nought Duke class and battle  
cruiser Queen Mary class. They  
are powerful ships in the world  
with 14-inch guns each car-  
rying a range of twelve and  
range of twenty-two miles, but  
as Britain's best battle  
ships make thirty-one knots  
the Queen Elizabeth's twenty-five  
and twenty-two and a half  
the Iron Duke and the  
powerful battleships put into  
before the war began are

the most powerful vessel in  
the world, has a greater number  
than the "Queen Elizabeth"  
the twelve 14-inch guns of  
which would not have the ex-  
tended the British vessels have,  
being as much smaller in di-

the Queen Elizabeth's newly-born  
has been heard from in Turkish  
though she may have joined  
under Jellicoe, but a naval  
guess that the new ship  
being used by Admiral  
with the battle cruisers

Princess Royal, Tiger and Queen Mary in  
this "Flying Squadron," which is charged  
with the duty of intercepting any raid by  
German ships on the English coast. This  
squadron is kept apart from the "Grand  
Fleet" under Jellicoe, which waits in the  
North Sea for the day when the entire  
"High Canal Fleet," as the German "High  
Sea fleet" is ironically styled by the Eng-  
lish, decides to try its fortunes. It was  
Beatty's flying squadron which just missed  
catching the German cruisers which bom-  
barded Scarborough, Hartlepool and Whit-  
by, and which intercepted the second raid  
of the Germans, sank the Bluecher and  
more or less seriously damaged the Moltke,  
Derfingler and Seydlitz. The fact that  
Beatty's flagship, the Lion, was badly dam-  
aged in this battle lends color to the theory  
that the new and stronger Queen Elizabeth  
class ship may now be serving under him.  
It is not thought that the Lion has yet re-  
joined the fleet.

Naval experts are divided whether to  
call the Queen Elizabeth battle cruisers or  
superdreadnoughts. They are less heavily  
armored, and faster, than the biggest of  
Jellicoe's warships, but they are larger and  
have a stronger punch than the Iron Duke,  
Marborough, Emperor of India and Ben-  
bow, the most powerful ships now in the  
Grand Fleet. The latter two ships have  
gone into commission within a few months,  
and all four carry ten 13.5-inch guns, six-  
teen 6-inch guns, have a speed of 22 1/2  
knots, a complement of 950 men, and a  
displacement of 26,400 tons.

With the five Queen Elizabeths, one after  
the other slipping away into the fray,  
speculation has become rife concerning  
the date of completion of the five still  
larger and more powerful monsters—the  
Royal Sovereign, Royal Oak, Revenge,  
Ramillies and Resolution. These ships have  
a tonnage of 30,000, will mount ten 15-inch  
and sixteen 6-inch guns, carry 1300 men,  
and have a speed of 22 1/2 knots. Work is  
being rushed on them, but the widely con-  
flicting rumors as to concerning when they  
will be ready proves that the Admiralty is  
keeping the secret well. The most opti-  
mistic expect the Royal Sovereign to be

out almost immediately, and the others to  
follow at intervals of three months.

German spy stories have been rife in  
these islands since the beginning of the  
war, but one of the most lurid and most  
widely-circulated has to do with the re-  
ported efforts of German agents disguised  
as workmen to destroy the Queen Elizabeth  
as she was about to go into service. I have  
been able to obtain no confirmation or any  
of these reports, but where there is so much  
smoke there may be a little fire. One  
story has it that thirty men were convicted  
by court-martial of plotting to blow the ship  
up, and shot on her decks; another milder  
version says that six men were shot. Most  
of the stories agree that dynamite was found in  
her funnels. A popular variation of the  
story of the shooting of Germans on the  
deck tells how, when a "widow" of one of  
the men executed was informed, according  
to instructions from the Admiralty, that  
the man had been "accidentally killed," she  
managed to penetrate the guarded dock-  
yards, clothed in widow's weeds, and was  
arrested as she tried to climb on board the  
ship. Documents found in her room in  
London, the story goes, proved her to be  
a German agent, although for many years  
she had been living with the man who was  
caught trying to blow up the ship he had  
helped to build, and the man himself—a  
German—had been employed in British  
shipbuilding for seven years.

A word of caution must be added against  
putting too much faith in any stories of  
this kind; the censorship and the conse-  
quent belief among the populace that much  
important news is being suppressed causes  
sensational rumors to find belief among  
intelligent people to an extent amazing to  
an American used to the comprehensive  
news service at home.

#### Thackeray's Belgian Meal.

[London Chronicle:] Starving Belgium  
would have had a special appeal for Thack-  
eray, since it was at Antwerp that the nov-  
elist, who loved his food as well as any man,  
enjoyed one of the best dinners of his life.  
It consisted, he records, of "1. Green pea

soup; 2. boiled salmon; 3. mussels; 4. crim-  
pled skate; 5. roast meat; 6. patties; 7.  
melon; 8. carp stewed with mushroom and  
onions; 9. roast turkey; 10. cauliflower; 11.  
filets of venison; 12. stewed calf's ear; 13.  
roast veal; 14. roast lamb; 15. stewed cher-  
ries; 16. rice pudding; 17. Gruyere cheese,  
and about twenty-four cakes of different  
kinds. Except 5, 13 and 14, I ate all, with  
three rolls of bread and a score of pota-  
toes."

Those twenty potatoes Thackeray enjoyed  
at Antwerp to maintain his six foot three  
of bulk remind one of the dreadful disillu-  
sion of Charlotte Bronte when she came to  
London and sat opposite her literary lion  
at dinner. "Oh! Mr. Thackeray!" was the  
exclamation of the novelist, who had never  
imagined a hero who ate potatoes by the  
score.

#### Stars Hotter than the Sun.

[New York American:] Scientific re-  
search shows that the sun has a tempera-  
ture of 4950 degrees; Aldebaran, that beau-  
tiful star in Taurus, 5150 degrees; the polar  
star, 5200 degrees, and the dog star Sirius,  
7500 degrees. This goes to show that the  
sun is undoubtedly one of the coldest of the  
stars. It also is evidence that absurdly  
low temperatures of the earth which living  
things here consider hot are, as compared  
with the heavenly bodies, regions of frigid-  
ity. Even the electric furnace, with its  
3500 degrees of heat, is as ice compared  
with temperatures in the dog star and the  
others.

#### Would Make Him Laugh.

[Washington Star:] "Now, Silas," said  
the speaker, "I want you to be present  
when I deliver this speech."

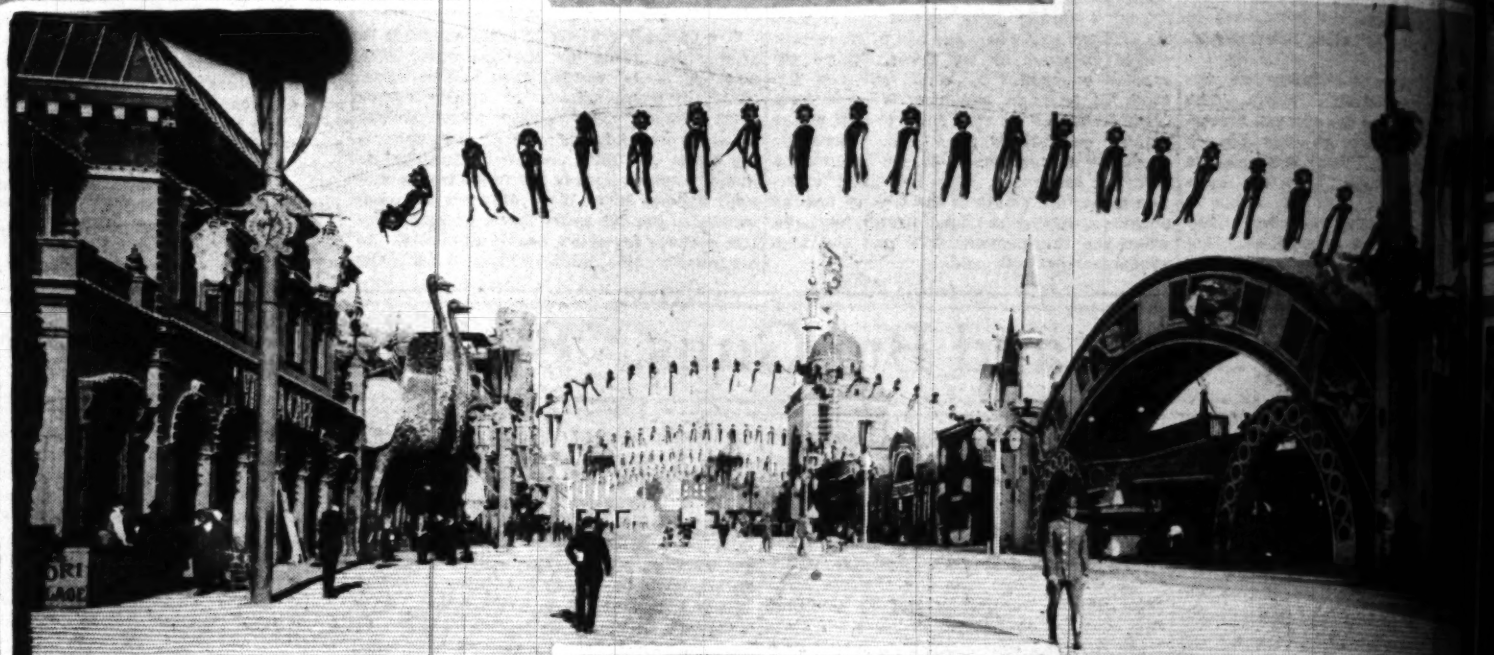
"Yassuh."  
"I want you to start the laughter and ap-  
plause. Every time I take a drink of water  
you applaud, and every time I wipe my  
forehead with my handkerchief you laugh."  
"You better switch dem signals, boss.  
It's a heap mo' liable to make me laugh to  
see you standin' up dar deliberately takin'  
a drink o' water."



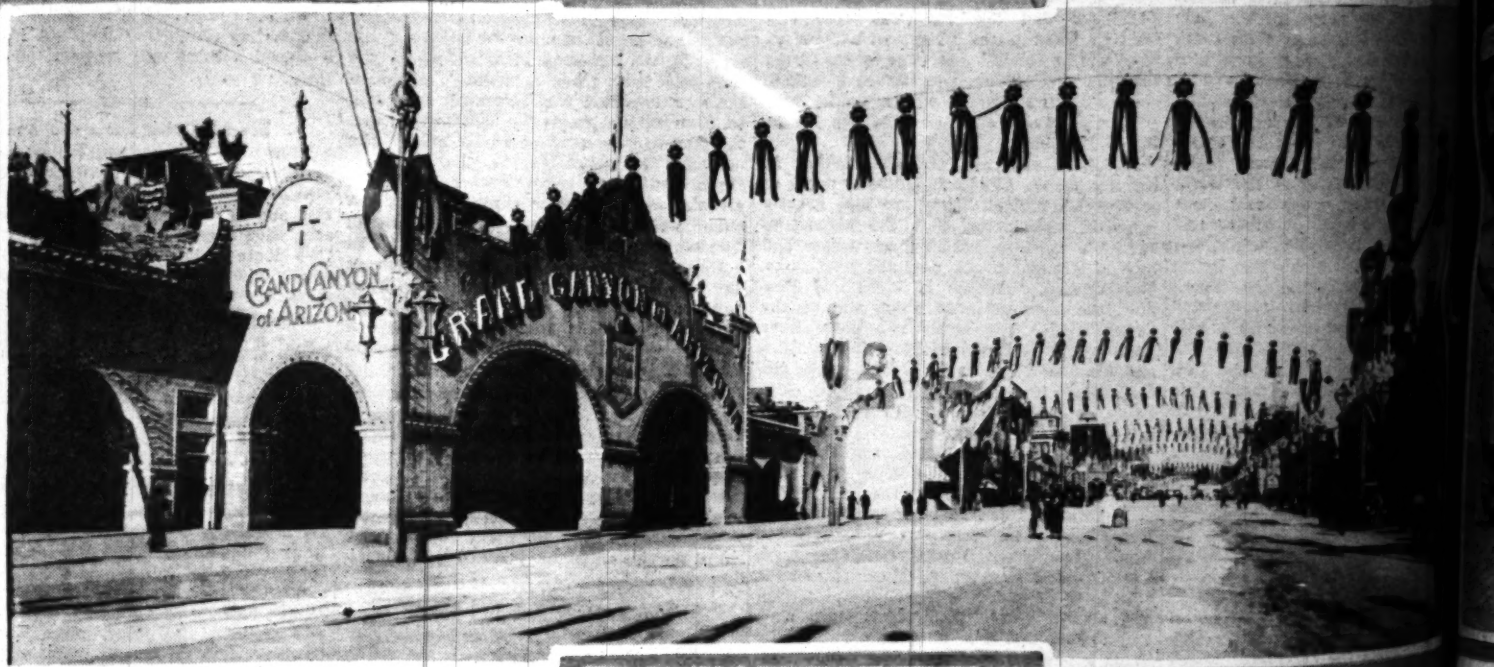
# The "Zone" and Its' Attractions, San Francisco Exposition.



*Panama Canal concession,  
on the Zone.*



*Pleasures for persons  
of all ages.*



*A general view of  
the "Zone".*



# *Some Racial Representatives at the San Diego Exposition.*



*The Japanese tea garden*



*Chinatown, sleeping quarters.*



*In the Hawaiian village.*



*Hopi Indians in "The Painted Desert."*

*Great Panama-California Exposition.*



# The Legend of Lookout Mountain.

By Mary E. Birdsall.

## A REAL PIONEER.

THE found springtime with its vernal blossoms and shy, caressing air wooed us away from the city last week to Los Angeles' loveliest suburb—the Mecca of artists, tourists and homeseekers. The ride to Lookout Mountain carries one through a vale of Arcady. In the heart of Hollywood one crosses El Camino Real, on the violet crown of the hills above gleam the white walls of modern castles in Spain dreaming under turquoise skies. The warm incense of miles of blossoming orange groves and gardens perfume the land like Araby the blest.

An eight-passenger steam automobile and a trackless trolley were waiting at the foot of Laurel Canyon until enough tenderfeet with the needful simoleons arrived, before making the ascent. Meanwhile, I chatted with the alert, friendly little Irishman who owns the route. His passengers usually rode up and sometimes walked down. Sometimes they stayed up evenings and took dinner at the inn.

"Sure, begorry, there's a history to the mountain, but what's the use of tellin' it to the likes of thim?" He nodded to a vociferous party of sightseers with the Middle West shrilling candidly in their voices. "One of thim inquired once if Pico owned the street car line and to plaze show her where Fremont lived."

The blarneying accents of the chauffeur's tongue wheedled the approaching party of five into the automobile and we were off up the canyon. A Minneapolis lumber dealer, sleek, affable and well-to-do, and his comely wife and daughter were being entertained by a California host and hostess. At first I did not hear the women's vehement chatter, for I was entranced by the miracle of the canyon, musically murmurous under its canopy of spring. I listened to hear what the voice of the canyon said; if it whispered the legend of the mountain above. There was romance in the air, in the down of the pussy-willows that drifted in our faces, in the song of the stream that laved the fern-covered rocks beneath us, in the madrigals of mocking-birds to their mates, in the wild lilacs that coquetted wantonly with the sea breeze.

But the voice of the lady from Minneapolis drowned the elfin sounds of the greenwood. She was declaring her intention of going down to Mexico to buy one of those lacy rebozo things (she pronounced it re-baw-so.) "Oh, you mean a mantilla," her California friend elucidated, also publicly executing the Spanish language by pronouncing the word baldly as it was spelled instead of giving the soft sound of long e to i and the lingering sweetness of yah to la.

"Yes, that's the word; and I'm simply crazy about those scrape affairs for rugs. John, we must visit Mexico. I don't care if there is a war. I've got to have one."

"Nothing stirring," replied John hastily. "The Zapatistas will get you if you don't watch out. Anyway you wouldn't be satisfied with one blanket—you'd want the whole darned curio store," replied John with long suffering conviction.

"Why you can get all those Mexican things right here in Los Angeles," observed their host.

We were now at the Inn at the head of the canyon and I persuaded the chauffeur to let me out that I might go gyping up the trail in search of Lookout's legend alone. A luminous, argent haze clung to the hills after the rain. As I entered the mountain's leafy portals, its moist, pungent fragrance received me with the warm caress of a mother. Billows of many-tinted green rolled on the slopes above and everywhere the ethereal, lavender plumes of wild lilacs rioted in drifted cascades—the soul of spring incarnate.

At a sudden turn of the trail, I came in view of a lanky man in patched shirt and buttoned jeans, inches too short. On either shoulder he bore the thick bole of a small log. The way was steep but he marched steadily. My spine felt uncomfortably creepy as I overtook the man. He was roughly clad, and I was suddenly conscious that we were solitary souls in this mountain world. I inquired the distance to the top—as I wanted to find out which way to run—



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

when the stranger in the patched raiment (I noticed now that it was clean) answered me with the cultured courtesy of a college graduate. His accent was unmistakably German and he was of a scientific turn of mind. He informed me that the altitude of Lookout was 1500 feet and that it was most beneficial for the asthmatic ailment which had driven him from his clerkship in the city in search of health. His old mother was his sole companion in a little cabin up the mountain and he was carrying fuel for their fireplace. I imagined the ruddy warmth in the heart of his wood fire on a chill mountain evening and wondered if a story lurked there.

"Do you know the legend of Lookout?" He looked puzzled. "Folk-lore, fairy tales? We have them in the old country about the Tyrol and the Black Forest, also the Italians have their Fra Diavolo. But here? I know none."

The scenic driveway of Lookout was now in full view and the automobile that had borne up the party of the wealthy lumber dealer was humming around like a gigantic top.

"Are you 'all in'?" I inquired, for he was panting from his burden and the steep ascent.

"No, I will recover in a minute. I enjoy exercise. Most people are too lazy to walk these days." He eyed the automobile impartially.

Our ways parted and I climbed through the live oaks, sycamore and laurel to the scenic drive. How De Longpre had loved to paint the graceful clusters of floral beauty on every hand. The gentle spirit of the Prince of Flower Painters seemed to hover over the blossoms, for surely he dwells among them yet in asphodel and life everlasting.

At last—the summit. Spread before me was a wide plain bathed in luminous azure and pearl gray. A sepia etching of trees bordered the shining ribbon of highway that stretched twelve miles westward to the misty sheen of the sea. Idealized mystery dwelt in the emerald vales beneath, in the splendor of the aerial perspective, in the evanescence of cirrus clouds. Turner might have painted such a landscape.

But, withal there was a lack—and I remembered the legend that I had come to seek. The Lookout Mountain of Tennyson with its height of 1700 feet and outlook of seven states, could scarcely be more impressive. Here were a score of cities, and close at hand like a myriad of far-flung blocks was Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles, fairest pueblo of the plain. But the Lookout Mountain of the East had the heroic stories of Daniel Boone and the early settlers who descended its blue wall to the conquest of the wilderness—the shadowy forms of the patriots who fell at Missionary Ridge in "the battle above the clouds" to rend it luster. Was there no such historic interest here—no legendary bandits or tales of hidden treasure?

I made the descent of the mountain in thirty minutes, and by dint of tireless inquiry wended my way to the home of the old pioneer in a neighboring canyon. There was a nobility in the contour of his silvered head and aged face, a gentle hospitality in

his welcome when I made known my quest:

"I have been in California a great many years—sixty-five all told," he began reminiscently. "Forty-five years I have lived in the South near Los Angeles. This is Nichol's canyon where I live, it is named for the first Mayor of Los Angeles. At the head of the canyon is a high bluff of sandstone and beneath is a vein of abella—this whole country is an upheaval from the ocean."

"Yes, it's been about 145 years now since the land was first explored by the Spanish. Two miles east from here as the crow flies is Cahuenga Pass. The Franciscan monk Serra and his followers came through there on their first trip from San Diego to Monterey and said mass over yonder in Hollywood near the spot marked by the bell. Yes, the historic battle of Cahuenga was fought near here and the treaty of peace between Fremont and Pico was signed in a little adobe house I have often seen, but which is no longer standing."

"Robbers, bandits? Bless you, yes. Scores of them in the early days. One evening at the cabin in a gulch up north where I was mining. Murrieta and his band stopped and got provisions from me. They were all handsome rascals, dressed in native costumes, their saddles and bridles all glistening with silver. The bandit leader Vasquez was captured close by here at Sherman."

Buried treasure? Well there is that story about the head shepherd of Simi who was pursued by a band of highwaymen and buried his gold near the old mill on the mountain. Later he was shot by the robbers but before dying he described the location of the gold to a priest who wrote it on parchment. Many people have searched for the spot described in the head shepherd's statement, but they have all been frightened away by a voice that calls, 'Ladron,' (thief.) It is the belief of the Mexicans that the ghost of the head shepherd haunts the mountain to guard the buried gold. Of course there is more fiction than fact in such a tale." The old pioneer smiled tolerantly.

I lingered on while my host chatted of the "days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49." The fires of his far-away youth kindled the old man's eyes as he spoke of his bold, care-free life as an Argonaut—of washing out gold in his rocker, the tool that sifted the gold—of the gambling fever that tempted him to stake his pay dirt—of a hair-breadth escape in a runaway stage. I would have gladly listened indefinitely, but I paused for only one more question.

"How did you come to settle in the South?"

"Well," he replied musingly, "I decided to settle here the first day I came from San Francisco. We were towed in flat boats from the ship to Wilmington, and there, standing on the track was the decorated train that had just made the first run on the new railroad between Los Angeles and Wilmington. As I rode up to the pueblo that day, I was so charmed by the mountains that overlook this valley that I came back later and bought this home. I have never left it since—except for a week or two to visit San Francisco, and once I went to the Oregon exposition."

I bade the old pioneer farewell and as I

sauntered back to the trail, the old pioneer's words came back to me. "Ages ago my summit was an island entwined in the white arms of a beloved, the sea. All day long the music of her floating tresses of long, lacy foam and treasures of pearls and shells. But an evil wind like the evil wind of Pohnono was envious of our love. Furiously he buffeted an aged man further and further away with his might. Her cries and pleadings were of no avail, my mighty strength was powerless to save her."

"The Great Spirit was weak of violence and rescued the woman from the evil wind's embrace and sent her through the air in the form of a dove, deep valley between to gradually descend until I could no longer hear her. The evil wind mockingly watched her tears and shrouded her in their shroud her far-away form in but a shadow. times the roscas tenderness of the old man presses my brow, and I feel the touch of my beloved, the dove, the love tokens of the Sea."

"Many dreams have I dreamed of the Earth People at my feet. For the soil was virgin, untouched by a nomadic tribe of the great chief, Daniel Boone. Then civilization in the wake of the souled Father Junipero Serra came. El Camino Real through Canyons led into the wilderness beyond. The story of a Daniel Boone best under the name of this holy man who was both a pioneer."

"My leafy haunts were the haunts of the dark-eyed Spanish soldiers, the dashing caballeros, the blinding flash of a devil Vasquez, who with his tired band, ranged up my green hills. Robin Hood did Sharrowwood Forest, the antics gave him short shrift and he hid in the guise of a larrikin with a bow and a tyburn tree."

"My seamed and riven skin was liberated to the thunder of cannon, and witnessed the treaty of peace that gave California forever to the pale-faced men, the secret of the lost gold of El Dorado hidden in my bosom. A thousand years Earth People have selected my leafy gentle spirit of the Flower Painter lovingly studied my marks, my signs. Old Pioneer who foretold the present, animate, gold for the living gold, popples and sunlight. In the night face of the latter I trace a shadow of self. From the Great Spirit I have wisdom, strength and peace, and the Great Stone Face, I could tell the stories of those who commune with me."

"But my old friends are not gone, a new generation who have taken of my traditions, destroy my people, their restless clamor. For I have southward toward the valley of the loved and dream of the mountains of her thousand waters, the Great Spirit to annihilate the old and unite me once more with the people of the mountains."

The voice of Lookout Mountain, I reached the carline. The old man's companions on the return journey. The comely wife of the old man.

"John, I think that now is the most splendid sight I ever saw. 'Oh, tut, tut!' replied his wife. 'Hurry up, else we won't get home for dinner.'"

## Glass Illuminated

[Popular Mechanics:] The glass illuminated lamps are being produced in large numbers and are being used for many purposes. One particular use to which they are put is the illumination of the position drawing stations and the serving as an advertising medium. The lamps are built in various sizes and are available in almost any color. A core carrying the electric light bulb, staggered, affords the light that it illuminates the station.



# The Tall Pine on the Hill. By Daisy O'Brien.

## ORIENTAL LOVE.

...the eucalyptus trees through the little garden back of the house, and Osaiki, leaning over the rose-covered pergola, played a melody on the piano that had no other sound but its own plaintive appeal. The Lady, hearing the chatter, smiled as she well pleased. It was not so bad, this idea. Her imagination pictured the pair happily married, the perfect servants, a dream of uninterrupted domestic peace and comfort.

"Osaiki," said the Lady one morning as she stood below him, while at the top of the ladder he clipped Cecil Brunner roses from the roof of the garage.

Hanging on one bare white arm was a brown basket filled with the delicate Dresden-china-like roses, still fresh with dew. Her face upturned to the sun was but another rose.

"Osaiki," she continued, "did you leave a sweetheart back in Japan?"

Osaiki's breath came sharply like a hiss. He looked down at her from his height, his face a sadder mask against the soft pink bloom.

"No, Miss Barton," he answered, and then with the poetic mysterious symbolism which so fascinated his mistress, he went on: "My sweetheart, he is the tall pine on the hill—so far away and so high up I cannot reach."

The Lady looked puzzled, though interested.

"Ah, but Osaiki, there are nice Japanese girls in America. And you must be lonely sometimes." The Lady thought of the little Tomaka.

Osaiki with an enigmatic smile, made no reply. He climbed down from his perch on the ladder, handing the Lady the last sprays of roses and bowing respectfully went into the garage.

"Osaiki, Osaiki," the Lady called one lovely April afternoon, "I have brought a book for you to read."

"Yes, Miss Barton, thank you, Miss," Osaiki stood in the open doorway of his room in the garage.

The Lady glanced beyond him curiously. She smiled suddenly with pleasure.

"Osaiki, how pretty your room is. May I see?"

"Yes, Miss Barton."

The Lady stepped in, looking about her with interest. There was the Japanese artistic touch that transformed the mere sleeping abode into a livable home. On a plain little table were writing materials, a paint box and brushes, a Japanese reading lamp and several valuable pieces of Japanese pottery. A few rare old prints hung on the walls and there was a small hanging bookcase filled with books. The Lady glanced at the titles. Emerson, Schopenhauer, Swinburne. She thought of her modest contribution with a dubious smile.

"Osaiki tomorrow is my birthday and I expect a friend from far away. We will celebrate with a little dinner and I want you to serve."

"Yes, Miss Barton." An indescribable change of expression came into Osaiki's usually inscrutable face—the nostrils drawn in as with a look of pain, a flash of pride in the dark eyes. He bowed politely and turned from her to the table, fumbling with the paint brushes. The Lady moved away, her own sensitive nature alive to some subtle difference in the boy's manner. She had gone but a few steps when Osaiki called to her:

"If you like, Miss Barton—I make table nice for you tomorrow."

The Lady smiled graciously.

"I shall be very glad, Osaiki."

"And—" Osaiki seemed embarrassed, "if you like I paint some card for you."

"Thank you, I should like it very much. We want to have the dinner very nice, Osaiki."

The boy bowed ceremoniously, but there was no answering smile on his face.

But Osaiki had the soul of a poet. He worshipped at the shrine of beauty. So all that afternoon and the following day he worked to make the Lady's dinner a triumph of art. The guests freely and enthusiastically expressed their admiration. Osaiki, immaculately white-coated, his face proudly inscrutable, served perfectly the perfect dinner, many of Tomaka's dishes bearing his final decorative touches. His own observant eyes and ear took in every detail of the scene, seeing every effect, hearing every word, while he silently moved in and out.

It was a charming picture—the Lady's

more responsive and the nightly talks became a habit.

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"Thank you, I should like it very much. We want to have the dinner very nice, Osaiki."

The boy bowed ceremoniously, but there was no answering smile on his face.

But Osaiki had the soul of a poet. He worshipped at the shrine of beauty. So all that afternoon and the following day he worked to make the Lady's dinner a triumph of art. The guests freely and enthusiastically expressed their admiration. Osaiki, immaculately white-coated, his face proudly inscrutable, served perfectly the perfect dinner, many of Tomaka's dishes bearing his final decorative touches. His own observant eyes and ear took in every detail of the scene, seeing every effect, hearing every word, while he silently moved in and out.

It was a charming picture—the Lady's

silvery-haired, lace-capped mother clad in delicate lavender at the head of the table, the Lady's lover, debonair and handsome on her left, the Lady, herself at the other end, a radiant vision in white satin—like an angel, thought Osaiki.

The table was gay with yellow daffodils, purple iris and asparagus vine. Osaiki's cards, exquisitely painted, greeted each guest. But the real triumph came with the entrance of the dessert and a cake, a veritable masterpiece, frosted in pure white with white-lighted candles and ornamented with perfect reproductions of the white camellia, even to the shining green leaves.

This was a surprise for the Lady, and she turned impulsively to thank Osaiki.

"It is beautiful!" she cried and her guests echoed her praise, looking with envious eyes at the ideal servant.

This Osaiki inwardly resented. His nostrils drew in and his breath came sharply like a hiss, as he hurriedly left the room. Tomaka glanced at him wistfully, while he sullenly ate his dinner without response to her timid advances, lighted a cigarette and went out to the garage.

It was an enchanting evening. The dinner guests had gone and the Lady and her lover walked in the garden. The moon was high and flooded the place with light. A soft breeze stirred the bamboo leaves with a curious dry rustle that was like the whispering of wild, eerie things. The cypress trees swayed gently, the roses nodded their heads and the tall lilacs bowed low.

The air was filled with the fragrance of orange blossoms. From the vine-covered garage came the sound of Osaiki's flute. The Lady and her lover paused and listened, the Lady's flower-like face upturned to the moon.

The Lady's long silk scarf slipped from her bare shoulders to the ground, and her lover picked it up, gathering the soft folds closely around her. Holding her thus firmly, he bent, kissing her on the mouth.

The flute playing had ceased. From the open door of the garage came the sound of a sharply indrawn breath like a hiss.

"Oh, the tall pine on the hill! Sayonara! Sayonara!" cried Osaiki.

The lovers, all unconscious, turned and went into the house.

Osaiki did not sleep that night. Neither could he read nor study. He tossed on his bed, smoking countless cigarettes—thinking, thinking.

The Lady came home from a tea the next day to find Tomaka looking the picture of woe, a forlorn little thing—all her youth and brightness gone, her low forehead wrinkled with distress, her dark eyes ridiculously tragic above the small turned-up nose and child-like cupid's-bow mouth.

"Oh, Miss Barton—Osaiki—she gone."

"Osaiki gone? What do you mean? What did he say?"

"She no say. Just go."

"Strange."

Although the Lady had grown accustomed to the vagaries of Oriental loyalty she had cherished the opinion that Osaiki was different, and the repetition of an old experience was a real disappointment to her.

But she resigned herself to the inevitable with a stoical smile.

As she went to her room to remove her hat and meditate on the complications of simple, every day life, she noticed a letter addressed to her, lying on the white counterpane of her bed. Opening it with some curiosity she read:

"My respectful and dearest Miss Barton, please let me send to humble letter you. Oh, the shadow of a tree and the running of a stream, a peoples say there is some connection. Alas! I must leave from your sweet home at present. Oh, I think I can't see you for sometime. Oh, no, for life already longs to your mild face. Soon I go back to my country. Therefore if you travel to look to Japanese landscape, please I shall doubly wish you shall visit at my home—Tamera village, Higo State. Some day, may be you come and I show you cherry blossoms, Oh, the tall pine on the hill! Sayonara! Sayonara!"

The Lady dropped the letter, looking out of the window toward the rose-covered garage with a smile of pity in her soft, blue eyes.

"And so," she whispered, "I am Osaiki's tall pine on the hill."

That night as the Lady braided her hair,

she heard a peculiar moaning, a weird wail like the sound of wind through the trees. She went to the casement windows and looked out into the moonlit garden. A small, huddled figure sat on the stone bench near the rose-covered pergola. It was the little Japanese girl. The Lady watched the abject form in wonder and distress. What had happened to the merry-hearted Tomaka? As the eobs gradually ceased the Lady's eyes strayed to the garage and the puzzled expression left her face.

"So," she murmured slowly. "Here was Osaiki's little flowering shrub near at his door and he would let it wither and die, while he gazed at the tall pine on the hill." Her slight ironical smile changed to a look of pity for the pathetic figure crouching on the stone bench.

She turned from the window and her glance, straying to the dressing table, rested on the photograph of her lover. A look of great content came into her eyes. She took the picture in her hands, kissing it.

From the garden came a soft, dying wail like the sigh of wind through the pine trees.

"Sayonara—sayonara," it seemed to say.

When the Lady awoke the next morning, the sun was high and the linets were singing in the garden. The perfume of orange blossoms came through the windows. She stretched her arms lazily, with a smile of one who is glad to be alive.

As she slipped out of her bed to go to her bath, a slight frown crinkled the smoothness of her forehead. The thought of the loss of Osaiki had returned to her. Ah, but there was still the little Tomaka. She smiled as she thought of the dainty breakfast tray that the little maid would soon bring to her mother's room. Oh, yes, there was the little Tomaka.

The Lady put on a rose silk dressing gown and peeped into the adjoining room. Her mother was sleeping quietly. In fact there was a curious stillness all through the house. The Lady glanced at her watch. It was eight o'clock, and there were no signs of life below. A sudden look of suspicion came into her face. She ran down the stairs to the kitchen. The place had an air of desolation, immaculate, yet cold. There was no breakfast and there was no Tomaka.

The Lady hastened to the maid's room. All was spotless and in order, but there was no Tomaka.

Deserted was the tall pine on the hill. No longer was there the plaintive sound like the pipes of Pan, borne by the wind through the eucalyptus trees in the moonlight. No longer bloomed the little flowering shrub by the door.

As the Lady prepared the morning grapefruit and coffee, a cynical smile marred the usual serene beauty of her face.

## All Honored De Lesseps.

[Fall Mall Gazette:] Turkish threats on attacking the Suez Canal add interest to the twentieth anniversary of the death of Ferdinand de Lesseps. The great French engineer—who had Scottish blood in his veins—went as a youth to Asia Minor on diplomatic service and conceived the idea of the canal fully twenty years before, in 1854, he had an opportunity to lay his plans before the world. He had to overcome enormous difficulties, diplomatic as well as financial, before the first clod of the canal was cut in 1859, but on the completion of the great work, ten years later, all Europe vied to do him honor.

## The Supply of Indigo.

[New York Times:] Despite an increase in the price of vegetable indigo of 500 to 600 per cent. as a result of the European war, the leading planters of India say they will not increase the acreage under indigo this year unless they are guaranteed a better return than has been obtained for some years. Some large producers are understood to be in London now, according to the commerce reports, with a view to negotiating some arrangement of this sort with the British government.

About one-third of the vegetable indigo supply of the world comes from the Madras presidency of India, this being about one-third of the total acreage under indigo in that empire. The 1914 planting was estimated at 54,500 acres.



# Recent Cartoons.



New York World.

ANOTHER RUN.

"THE SICK MAN OF EUROPE"



St. Joseph News-Press.

OUR CHIEF COACHERS



Des Moines Register & Leader.

"PRESENT ARMS!"



PERISH THE THOUGHT!



ANOTHER SICK MAN OF EUROPE.

New York Sun.

EMPTY IS THE FEED BOX, PERKY'S GONE.



Washington Star.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

MAKING LIFE MISERABLE FOR THE OLD RETIREES



St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



*Temptation, Just Before It's Too Late.*

*Drawing by Charles Dana Gibson.*





# Eskimo Story of the Creation. By J. V. Geary.

## IN THE BEGINNING.

**D**URING the long, dark winter nights at Icy Cape, Alaska, time passes slowly with the Eskimo people, and when the spears, boats, etc., which are necessary for hunting purposes are completed the people gather in some warm igloo and the old men tell stories that hold their audiences in open-eyed, open-mouthed wonderment.

Among such stories their account of the creation is among the most interesting. The following translation of the Eskimo "Genesis" is presented as narrated by a bright Eskimo girl now in school in Southern California.

The Man was lying asleep on the ground. There were no hills.

Where the Man was lying, the ground was a little above the level, and dry, but everywhere about him it was wet and muddy.

Not a living herb could be found anywhere. Not a tree, not a shrub, nor a blade of grass.

The Man was the only living thing in the whole place.

He had been asleep for a long time, and was now awakening. He turned over on his back and stretched out his arms. He rolled over again and tried to sleep, but rolled into a wet place. He sat up and looked around. Everything was wet and muddy. Only the place where he had been lying was dry enough to sleep upon.

He sat down and played with the sand, letting it run through his hands. He poured it over his head and it ran through his hair. He put some in his mouth and blew it far out into the wet places around him. His breath raised the water in great waves, and he laughed loudly. He threw handfuls of mud and sand in every direction, and soon there were mountains and hills all over the place.

The water ran down the hills and mountains, making rivers of clear, sparkling water which spread out on the level plains, and beautiful lakes were formed every here and there.

The Man got up and ran about from place to place, uphill and down, and the sand that had lodged in his hair and about his body, fell on the ground as he ran, and soon there were many trees, and much grass growing where he had passed over.

He ran through the shallow lakes, and the sand washed from his body and became seeds from which fish of different kinds grew and multiplied.

Beneath the trees that had grown he saw strange-looking animals of every species. The dust that had blown from his hair had changed into birds of all kinds.

The Man named them all and played with them. They ran about over the grassy plains and meadows. The birds were flying about, eating the fruit that grew on the bushes and trees.

Flowers were blooming and the air was sweet with their perfume.

Peace and quietness reigned in this garden and the Man was happy. He went about from place to place eating of the fruits and berries that grew in abundance. The animals followed him everywhere. They also ate of the fruit and berries.

There were no flesh-eating animals in that land. The mountain sheep and moose ate the moss and grass that made such a nice carpet under their feet.

Many snows came and passed and the Man was happy with his animals, but at last a change came over him, and he became restless. He wandered about from place to place, up hill and down, but did not play with the animals as heretofore.

One day he discovered a hole in the top of the mountain, and wondered what there was at the bottom of it. He dropped large stones and listened to hear them strike, but no sound ever came from the dark depths.

He wondered what made it so dark down there. It was a mystery that must be solved. How could he get down to investigate? It was too deep for any rope that he could make, and he puzzled over it for many days, but could think of no way to reach the bottom.

One day a raven flew over his head as he was looking down into the darkness, and he wished he could change himself into a raven so that he could fly down into this

mysterious hole and find out what was at the bottom of it.

To his great astonishment, he immediately found himself transformed into a raven!

His wish had transformed him! Now he could fly wherever he wished to go!

Away he flew over the mountain to try his wings! Up and down he soared and swooped! Over hill and vale he flew, rejoicing in this very pleasant mode of traveling! Now he darted into the hole, flying round and round, always descending, by instinct avoiding contact with the sides as he flew. The darkness increased as he descended, and the hole grew smaller, so that he could no longer keep his wings outstretched. He tried to stop his descent and fly back, but it had become too narrow, and he was obliged to fold his wings and fall to the bottom, if there was any bottom to it!

Down he went; down, down, for days and days, or nights, or both, he could not tell which, as the darkness was so dense that he could not tell how long he was falling, until at last it grew a little lighter, like the early dawning, and he could see the hole was growing larger and could use his wings once more.

Down he went; down, down, for a long time, until at last he saw an island far below in a very large ocean.

The light did not grow brighter, and everything looked gloomy and dark as he descended.

He lighted on the island in a very sorrowful frame of mind. He missed his beautiful country where everything was so pleasant, but repentance came too late and he could not return.

He looked about him and saw a low, wet, muddy land all around, something like the land above before he had created the animals.

He took some dry sand from a slight elevation of ground near by, and scattered it as he had done in the higher land, and watched to see it changed to animals and birds, but nothing came of it!

Now he discovered that he had been changed back from a raven into a man again, but just when this change occurred he could not tell!

He wished himself transformed again into a raven, but the wish did not have that effect this time as it had done above. He still remained a man!

Oh! how he regretted the inquisitiveness that prompted him to look down that dark hole! Why did he fly down into such a dark place? Why did he need to know what was at the bottom of it?

He sat down on a lump of dirt, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, and mourned for his lost animals in that higher land where everything was so beautiful. He was hungry, too, but he knew not where to go to find something to eat.

He had never eaten flesh, but now he was so hungry that he thought of the nice rabbits and seals, and wished there were some here that he could get to eat!

He picked up some mud and unconsciously fashioned it in the shape of birds, rabbits, and other creatures, and placed them around as if they were real animals.

After a while he grew restless, and picking up a handful of mud, walked along the beach, making mud seals, walrus, whales, and fishes of all kinds, and threw them into the water.

In this way he used all the mud that he had picked up, and having nothing else to do, took handfuls of sand and gravel and scattered it about in the mud puddles near the beach.

He walked many miles in this way, scattering sand on land and water as he went along in the dim light, and sighed for the bright light in the lost country above.

Becoming weary at last, he sat down on a dry spot to rest, and fell into a deep sleep. He never could tell how long his sleep lasted, but knew it was a long one, and was awakened by hearing bears growling and quarrelling over the carcass of a walrus they had killed and partly eaten!

He jumped to his feet and gave a great shout, and the bears ran away as fast as they could go!

All around, as far as he could see, the ground was covered with grass and flowers, and in a valley through which a river flowed, many trees were growing and bearing fruits of different kinds. Many animals

were on the grass-covered meadows, and everything looked very much like the land above, except the light, which was very dim.

He went about among the trees, eating of their fruits, and his heart grew light once more as he looked upon the beautiful flowers that were blooming and making the air fragrant with their perfume. The birds were singing in the trees, and it seemed as if they were grateful to him for creating them. He wondered at this, and could not understand it until later on when he fashioned a lump of clay into the shape of a dog, and it became alive and frisked about with the joy of living. Then it flashed upon him that those mud-fashioned animals had become alive, and the sand and gravel were seeds that gave life to the birds, grass, and trees. To satisfy himself of this, he went back to the place where he had made them and looked, but they had disappeared.

He remembered that he had not made a caribou, so he fashioned several images of them and placed them carefully on the ground, and returned to the trees in the valley.

He made himself an ax out of a sharp flint and cut down a tree, from which he made a canoe, and every day much of the time was occupied in traveling about on the lakes and river fishing and hunting.

The animals did not follow him about as they had done in the higher land, but on the contrary, were very much afraid of him, running away if he came in sight. The seals, walrus, and whales also were very timid, and it required considerable skill to get near any of them.

Once while drifting lazily along with the current, he noticed that the animals and birds had mates, and the birds were building nests in the trees, and this caused a feeling of loneliness to creep over him, as he had no one to talk to. He went to the place where he had made the animals and found that the mud caribou images had become alive and were feeding on the moss near by.

He made two images of himself and placed them carefully on the ground, intending to return to the river, but even as he turned the images sprang into life, shouting and singing in grateful praise of their creator.

He was delighted with the companionship which he now enjoyed, and many days were occupied in preparing a home and planting a garden for them. They would work a while and then go about gathering fruits, nuts, and flowers.

Many days were passed in this way, and the man and wife had a nice house and garden, and to their great delight a little son arrived one morning to take charge of affairs.

Many years passed and sons and daughters had come to gladden the heart of their creator.

Houses had been built and gardens planted, and the population increased until there was little room to spare on the island, and it became necessary to have more land. There was so little room for gardens that the people quarreled with each other and the women fought for every inch upon which vegetables might be grown.

Longing eyes searched the horizon in every direction, hoping to find another land upon which they could dwell.

The hunters went out long distances on the sea on voyages of discovery for many years without success, but at last one day a hunter returned with a report of a large body of SOMETHING floating far out at sea, which was dense enough to build houses upon, but it would have to be towed to the island and tied so that it might not float away again.

Many hunters went out next day with spears and long ropes of walrus skin, and tried to fasten their spears into the mass, but strangely enough, their spears passed through it as if there were nothing there!

Day after day passed by, but no spear or rope could be made fast to the floating mass, and the hunters gave it up in despair and returned sadly to their overcrowded island.

Nobody had asked the Man for assistance or help in any way, depending upon their own skill and strength. The Man said nothing until the hunters returned, and then calling a meeting, told the people that he would give them the floating mass for a land to

live upon, if they would promise to

peaceably with each other. This made many of them laugh at the crazy man, as they called him, but the very old men told of having seen from their grandfathers, of the Man to create things, and they agreed harmoniously if he would give them another land upon which to dwell.

Many people had grown old to old age and passed away, but they had the same youthful appearance never changing in the least, alone in a small hut, and when there were few people in his walks about the island, he watched the increase of people, and grieved him when the people were taken a long rope of grass, in his canoe and had no trouble in floating mass securely. He saw where the assembled multitude were on the beach shouting and their joy of having this additional island.

The Man bade them all go home, main in their houses overnight, and did, and the next morning, to his joy, there was a new land, a grassy meadow and forests of trees as the eye could see. Great was the rejoicing! The Man was not a crazy now! They ran about the land as if THEY were crazy! There was no end to the land! Enough for gardens and playgrounds, quarreling ceased. People spoke to one another when they met, and he was pleased at the change.

Things went along smoothly for generations, until a love of gain entered the hearts of the people, and they began again. Sometimes people were seen fighting and killing each other, possession of some favored spot. Man's heart grew sad over this thing.

He called a meeting of all the people, begged them to cease fighting and but the young people heard a different tone, treated him so shamefully that he went to go away from them and leave themselves.

He took a spear and a piece of walrus skin, and while on his way to the hut, came upon two men, their wife, and a child, who were fighting and quarreling over a piece of land.

He got into his canoe and paddled fully away from the land and he had created.

He paddled for a long time, and came upon a land low and wet, and same as the others before he had created, and he was sad indeed.

A new land of flowers and grass must be created. Another people must be created. Another people. But hold! Would they not be the same as the others had been? He remembered the angry words of the men fighting on the land, and resolved to create another people and call them Eskimos.

Instead of flowers and grass, snow and ice would cover the land, there would be no sun, no wind, no rain.

The people could live upon the walrus, seals and bears, and other animals for their food and clothing.

The men's faces would be white, but browned from the cold winds.

Accordingly this was done. Many Eskimos filled the land, and seemed as if fighting and quarreling not be kept out of the crowd, and the Man took the quarreling from the community and placed it by themselves.

At last the Man had all people called the people together and told what he had done for them, and he had quarreled in spite of his efforts to be peaceful.

He told them why he had done this, men, and now he must leave the land, also, on account of their evil deeds.

He told them he was very sorry they changed their ways and were fully together while he was away, and give them another land when he returned.

So taking his spear, he paddled swiftly out of sight.

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# Doc Horne (of the Alfalfa Hotel) and His Friends.

By George Ade.

## A HUSTLER.

Doc Horne of America a hustler who is busy, persistent, resourceful and combative, usually that he is a hustler. The term is frequently used in one who talks rapidly and with much activity. Hustling may be defined as the art of making money.

Doc Horne of the Alfalfa Hotel was a hustler. He wore a business suit of dark cloth and a derby hat was set on the back of his head. The members of the colony first noticed him in the office adding to his memorandum book and looking at his watch. His coat sleeves were rolled up as to expose the full width of his arms. He put away the memorandum book from the inside pocket and took from his breast a small drawing. The members of the colony were watching him.

Doc Horne had regarded the pencil drawing of a man's length he handed it toward the members of the colony and asked: "How would that suit you?"

"I don't believe the city authorities would allow you to take elephants through the street," suggested the book agent, staring thoughtfully at the hustler.

"They wouldn't, eh?" demanded the hustler. "Why wouldn't they? Don't they let a circus parade, huh? If they stopped me, do you know what I'd do? I'd apply for an injunction and take the case into the courts. I'd get advertising out of it some way. They might stop me, but I'd have everybody talking about 'Champion Tablets.' Do you know what I'm going to do with one of them elephants? I know where I can find the man that painted the white elephant for Barnum. I'm going to have him paint one of the elephants red, white and blue in stripes, all except on the sides, and there I'm going to have 'Champion Tablets' in big letters, black on white. What do you think of that?"

"Don't you go to leading any red, white and blue elephants past this hotel," said the hustler. "I saw a green one with pink legs go past one night and I didn't get over it for a week."

"An elephant is not dangerous if he is properly handled," said Doc Horne. "I remember distinctly—"

Doubtless the company would have had an elephant-taming story had not the fire engine come thundering around the corner.

Next night the hustler happened to be sitting near when Doc told the book agent about the Indian herb treatment. For a week or more the book agent had complained of an anguished sensation. He sat near the steam-heater, with his coat collar turned up, and took little part in the conversation, now and then interjecting something doleful in the way of verse.

"I was just thinking," began Doc Horne, gazing at his friend as if in solicitude, "that if all the ingredients were accessible I could prepare you a mixture that would set you right in twenty-four hours. So far as I can judge from your appearance you are suffering from malaria, and possibly you are weakened by some nervous strain. I don't know where I could get the herbs or I'd fix up something for you."

"Can't you get them at the drug store?" asked the hustler.

"I'm afraid not. Some of the herbs are very rare. Did I ever tell you of how I happened to learn the secret of that Indian remedy?"

The hustler, who had been pulling letters out of his pockets and then putting them back again, squared around and listened alertly.

"It was on my first or second visit to this part of the country," said Doc. "I did a great deal of overland traveling about that time, and up near Waukegan, on one of my excursions, I met a very interesting old Indian doctor named Okobonee, which means 'voice of the night,' as it was supposed that this medicine man went into the forest at night and held communication with the Great Spirit."

"The circumstances of our meeting were rather peculiar. I was on horseback and overtook him hobbling through the woods. It seemed that he had climbed a tree in order to pluck some of the green leaves growing at the extremities of the branches—and, by the way, these leaves happen to be

one of the ingredients of the remedy of which I have spoken. He had climbed the tree and had crawled out to get these tender leaves, which were full of the vegetable juice, and in so doing he lost his hold and was quite lame when I overtook him. I dismounted and assisted him to get on my horse, and we proceeded to his cabin, or tepee, as you might call it."

"He was very grateful to me, and insisted that I should remain with him over night. I did so—in fact, I remained several days. He taught me how to collect and prepare the ingredients for this remedy, to which I have referred. It seemed that this remedy had been famous among the Indians for years. I took away quite a bundle of the herbs and leaves with me, and after I got back home I studied out their botanical names and made up a rough formula of the compound. I used it with remarkable success, occasionally; but, as I say, I can't prepare it unless I get out in the woods and find the ingredients. You can't buy them."

"Say, Doc, you're foolish," said the hustler, pulling up his coat sleeves. "See here! If you've got that remedy you're a sucker not to do something with it, and I'll tell you why."

"Oh, I don't want to go into the patent-medicine business," said Doc, smiling and shaking his head.

"Oh, rats! There's no need of throwing away a good thing. See here! Put it up in packages—understand? 'Horne's Healing Herbs'—one big H to do for all three words. Then your picture—the goods would sell on the strength of your picture—fine-looking, gray-bearded old gentleman, with the autograph, 'Doc Horne,' below."

"But I'm not really a doctor?"

"What's the difference? Here, I'll tell you what'd be better still—your picture on one side and the picture of the Indian on the other side—what's his name?"

"Okobonee," replied Doc, unwillingly.

"The secret of Okobonee for the succoring of humanity." What I'm stuck on is the story about this old Indian, and how you met him and learned the secret. That'd make a great pamphlet. Do you think you could put us on to the formula so we could make the stuff?"

"I suppose so," said Doc, with no enthusiasm.

"Well, that wouldn't be so important. We could fake up something, but the name and story ketch me. 'Horne's Healing Herbs'—the story of Okobonee's secret, and all that kind of stuff. Say, Doc, on the dead, I'd like to talk it over with you, and I'll make you a proposition. We've got to have you in so we can use the big H and have somebody to fasten the Indian story to. The more I think of that Indian story the better I like it."

"I'm not seeking notoriety," said Doc. "It was all I wanted I've had plenty of chances to figure in the newspapers. You can go ahead and get up all the patent medicines you please, but I can't have anything to do with it."

He spoke with such emphasis that the hustler said: "Oh, well, if you feel that way, all right, but just the same, I want to talk to you again about this business."

Two days later, much to Doc's surprise, the hustler came with drawings and typewritten literature intended to show how "Horne's Healing Herbs" could be advertised. There was a newspaper "ad" with a big H and a sample label such as would be placed on each half-pound package of the remedy. The label had pictures of Okobonee, with war bonnet and paint, and "Doctor Horne" with long whiskers. The hustler explained to Doc and the others that the "jays" always had more confidence in a doctor with long chin whiskers. When the drawings were passed around the hustler congratulated Doc and predicted that he would make a fortune.

"I know I want a package as soon as you put any on the market," said the hustler. "Doc's picture alone is worth the price."

This irritated Doc, but encouraged the hustler, who read the advertising circular which a literary friend had outlined under his direction:

"Strange that the greatest secret of the twentieth century should be guarded by one

man for nearly fifty years! Strange that there should be living today an eminent physician who has at command all the mystic knowledge gathered from Nature by the medicine men of the aborigines! Stranger still that the priceless remedy, the healing herbs of Okobonee, should be freely offered to suffering humanity by the guardian of this secret!

"In the lonely forest, beneath the rustling trees, where every whisper through the branches was as the voice of the Great Spirit, Okobonee, the healer and physician, spent many hours in study of Nature's bountiful resources. He learned the manifold secrets of vegetable creation, and out of his knowledge compounded a sovereign remedy more potent than any drug or mineral poison that ever came from the laboratory of chemist."

"He used this remedy among his own people—the noble red men of the forest. The cures were marvelous—almost miraculous. The fame of Okobonee spread from tribe to tribe, and all the sick and ailing from far and near came to receive his ministrations. He waxed old in the service of humanity, but still he continued in the study of Nature and Truth."

"How fortunate that his knowledge did not die with him! What a blessing that the great boon was not lost to mankind! It was surely nothing else than providence that directed Doctor Horne, the eminent physician, to visit the primeval forest in which Okobonee held silent commune with the forces of Nature, and that greater and immutable force which the savage tribes held in vague reverence as the Great Spirit."

"Imagine the meeting between these two great men. One, the silent student of Nature, the primeval man of simple knowledge such as comes from a contemplation of God's handiwork, although lacking that fine culture imparted by modern civilization; the other the representative of advanced thought; of all that is modern and progressive in science, a student whose researches have penetrated every department of human knowledge."

"Yielding to the solicitation of many friends, who know the unprecedented virtues of the remedy of Okobonee, Dr. Calvin Horne, the renowned practitioner and master of materia medica, has consented to send the magic preparation into all parts of the world, that suffering and disease-ridden humanity may take hope. Horne's Healing Herbs are put up in uniform packages of one-half pound each, and the price is—"

"I'm in favor of makin' it two dollars," said the hustler. "The more you charge 'em, the better they think it is."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Doc, with a smile and a slow shake of the head.

"I can find plenty of capital to back it," said the hustler, putting the papers into his pocket.

"Let's not be in any hurry," said Doc. The hustler winked at the dentist. They could see that Doc was yielding.

The Okobonee Medicine Company, when organized to manufacture Horne's Healing Herbs, was to receive the financial support of a capitalist whom the hustler was not at liberty to designate until all the terms had been arranged. Doc continued to listen to the generous promises made by the hustler, but he never agreed to become a responsible partner in the medicine company. At the same time he dallied and doubted, remembering that other men had made large fortunes by the manufacture and sale of proprietary remedies.

The hustler announced that he had given up all plans in relation to Champion Tablets and was devoting his entire time to "interesting" the capital which was to enable him to put a full-page advertisement in every metropolitan newspaper in the United States. His projects were large but indefinite, and his talk, when well prolonged, had a hollow sound. One day, when he sought to borrow two dollars, Doc lost faith in him and said:

"My dear sir, it occurs to me that there is no need of any further talk regarding this medicine enterprise. As you know, I have permitted you to outline your plans to me, and have hesitated to put a final and definite

man for nearly fifty years! Strange that there should be living today an eminent physician who has at command all the mystic knowledge gathered from Nature by the medicine men of the aborigines! Stranger still that the priceless remedy, the healing herbs of Okobonee, should be freely offered to suffering humanity by the guardian of this secret!

"In the lonely forest, beneath the rustling trees, where every whisper through the branches was as the voice of the Great Spirit, Okobonee, the healer and physician, spent many hours in study of Nature's bountiful resources. He learned the manifold secrets of vegetable creation, and out of his knowledge compounded a sovereign remedy more potent than any drug or mineral poison that ever came from the laboratory of chemist."

"He used this remedy among his own people—the noble red men of the forest. The cures were marvelous—almost miraculous. The fame of Okobonee spread from tribe to tribe, and all the sick and ailing from far and near came to receive his ministrations. He waxed old in the service of humanity, but still he continued in the study of Nature and Truth."

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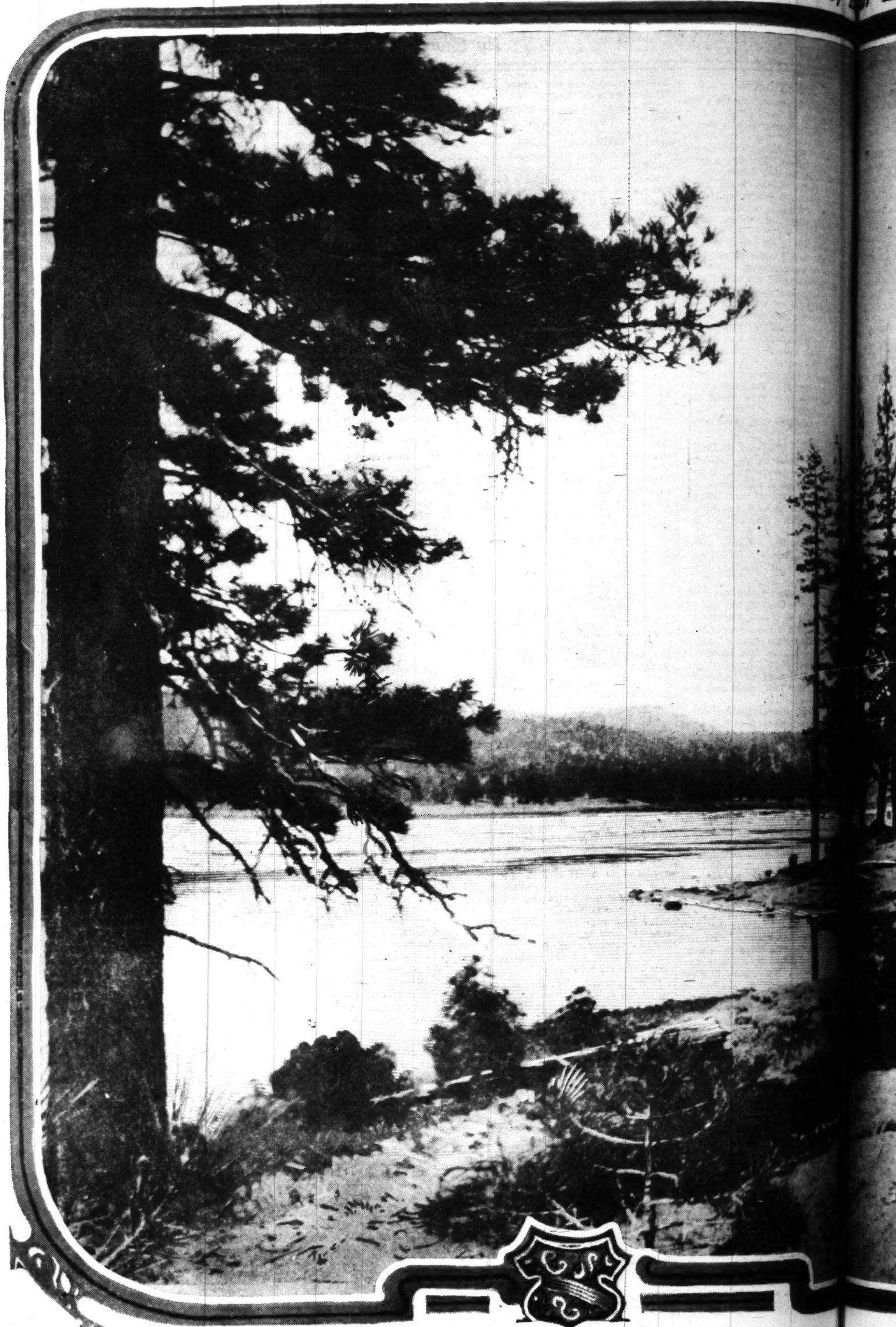
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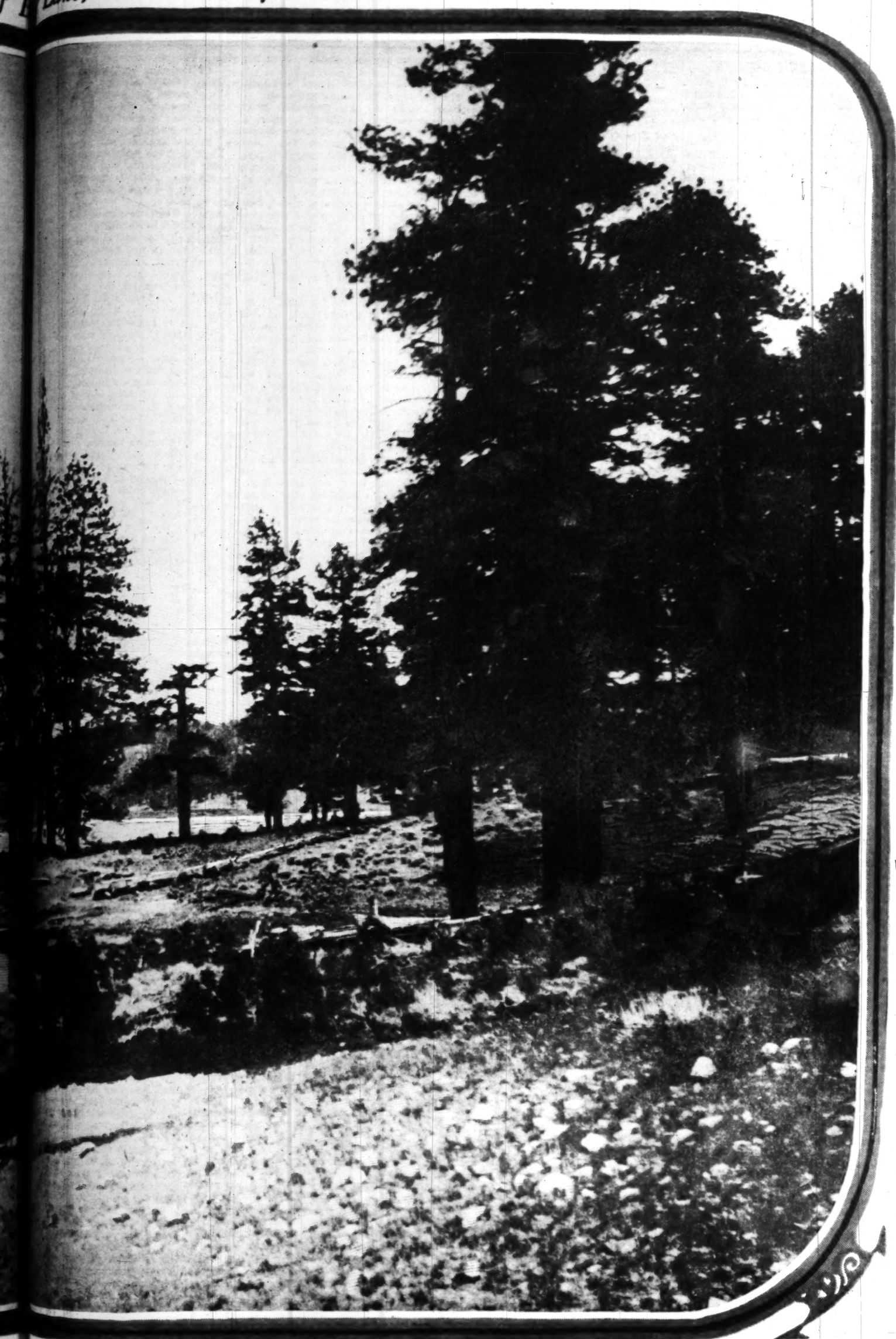


*Looking Across the Foot of*





Lake, Elevation 6700 Feet.





# The Way Out. By Mary Blanche Ferguson.

## A HAPPY SOLUTION.

FOR days the sun had been sizzling hot and the air full of humidity. The night brought no relief from the insufferable heat and in the morning the hotel was stuffy and unbearable.

Mr. Kelton came from breakfast thoroughly uncomfortable. He stopped at the news stand, lit his cigar and with the Sunday paper in hand went out and across the street to a shaded bench on the edge of the park, in front of a clump of shrubs. He had been seated but a short time—hardly long enough to become absorbed in the news of the day—when his attention was attracted to an earnest conversation between two women on the other side of the bushes through the mention of his name. He judged, from what he could gather, that they had been separated a considerable number of years.

"Whom do you think I saw on the street one day last week?" questioned one.

"I can't imagine. Who?"

"Mr. Kelton."

"I shouldn't have thought you would have recognized him after all these years," returned her friend, moving uneasily.

"Well, I did. He's still fine-looking, but much heavier and quite gray."

"Did you speak to him?"

"No, I knew he'd never recognize me, or even remember me. I'll never forget his loving devotion to his wife. He came every morning and evening all the time of her stay at the hospital. You surely remember what a dainty, lovable little body she was, with light fluffy hair, a delicate oval face, large blue eyes, pearls of teeth and a smile that lit up her whole face when she spoke?"

"Yes, I remember her well, but the thought of that time has always haunted me like a nightmare."

"Why, pray?"

"Because I've never felt quite sure that each patient carried home her own baby. I always feared that the baby of my patient was exchanged with yours the first morning."

"I wonder you ever took up nursing, you're too conscientious. It wasn't our fault, anyway. That new nurse was to blame—if change there was, which I never believed possible—for she came into the room while we were out and moved them. What's the difference? They each got all there was coming to them, for they were both girls and about the same age."

"What about resemblance to their families as they grew up?" insinuated her friend.

"I'd never thought of that," gasped the first speaker, and then by way of consoling her friend she went on: "There are in many families children who resemble neither parent, and, besides, there isn't any likelihood they'll ever meet. Mrs. Kelton, my patient, lived here, but yours was only a transient in the city while her husband was engaged on some government work. They lived somewhere on the Atlantic Coast. I think in Massachusetts."

Mr. Kelton shifted his position several times during the early part of this dialogue. He took his cigar from his mouth, looked at the end, flicked off the ashes with his little finger, replaced it in his mouth, took several deep puffs, then rose with deliberation and walked leisurely around to the back of the shrubbery determined to confront these women with questions. He was just in time to see them climb into an auto and swing off down the boulevard.

He stood like one paralyzed, gazing with a vacuous stare until he saw them disappear beneath the railroad viaduct that crossed the park. It was some minutes before he regained his equilibrium.

The situation was all most exasperating and without alternative! He realized too many years had elapsed to gain any information from the hospital. No one there would know the truth or even be willing to acknowledge the likelihood of such an exchange. He feared the mystery was too deep for him ever to fathom.

"My Helen not mine! Another's! My daughter over whom I've watched with more than a father's solicitude ever since her mother's death, belongs to another family! She, whom I've loved and so tenderly cared for and upon whom I've lavished everything possible! My own daughter loved and cared for by others! Banish the thought! It's all too preposterous to consider! It cannot be, and yet—"

He put his hand to his aching head, took off his hat and wiped his moist brow, then turned mechanically toward the bench. He started instinctively as the bell in the church tower near by rang for morning worship. Hallowed memories crowded upon him with every stroke and turned his thoughts to the past for a brief moment. He stooped down, picked up his paper and with bent head and downcast eyes walked toward the hotel.

For five years his home had been broken up and his daughter had spent that time in an eastern college. He had been expectantly awaiting her return soon and to home life again, but now— He stopped at the hotel office for his mail, ran it through and placed all his letters—with the exception of the one from Helen—in the inside pocket of his coat. This one, he tore open eagerly and, sinking into the depths of a large leather chair, read:

"Dear Daddy: I haven't heard anything from you for almost two weeks. What is the matter? You never said anything in your last letter about coming on to commencement. You'll surely come, won't you, daddy, dear? I can't graduate without you. You're all I have, you know." Here Mr. Kelton took out his handkerchief and wiped his glasses, then read on: "I had the dandiest time at Mrs. Merton's. I stayed all Easter week. They have the grandest place on the bank of a beautiful river. Elsa's brother was very kind to me. We rode horseback, played golf, tennis, and often went boating together. When Mr. Merton died, he left a fortune to the family, and they have about everything. Mrs. Merton and Elsa are going to travel in Europe when college closes, and Mrs. Merton has invited me to go with them. I just love her, and when you see her I'm sure you'll want me to grasp such an opportunity. So many of her friends told me I resemble her enough to be taken for her own daughter. I really look lots more like her than Elsa, and as for Joe, he doesn't resemble either one of them. Now, daddy, write me as soon as you get this, for I'm awfully worried about you."

"Your loving daughter,

"HELEN."

"Helen resembles Mrs. Merton! Strange! This revelation helps to verify the fears that one of the nurses expressed!"

These complexities had stirred him beyond anything believable. "How was he to find out the truth—and alone. He went over the morning's conversation. He added Helen's information to it. There stood that ghost of uncertainty facing him. He took out his pencil and wrote the following telegram: "Will be with you on the morning of June 16. Don't set your heart upon Europe until I see you."

"YOUR DADDY."

He read the telegram through, then paused, looking intently at the ending. "Shall I cross off the 'your'?" he asked himself. "No, she's mine by right of possession. I'll leave it as it is," he concluded. "It shall go signed as always before."

He looked at his paper that still lay unread, but it had lost all interest for him with the secret that was tugging at his heart.

He began to question the future. Must he forever carry this trouble hugged to his breast and outwardly keep up appearances? Was there no one to whom he could turn and confide his fears? If Edith was only here—and yet, he could bear it better than the mother heart. He now recalled the time when he asked her in jest if she was sure she had brought home her own baby from the hospital, and her answer of indignant reply: "Of course I have." The significance of his question now came home to him with great force, as he sat with apprehension and dread, looking out along the path that lay ahead of him.

It was late on the morning of June 16 when Mr. Kelton stepped from an auto in front of Mrs. Banks's school.

Helen rushed into his arms and exclaimed: "Oh, daddy, I'm so glad you've come. I've watched all morning for you; the train must have been late." In the next breath, she asked: "Where is Mrs. Merton?" forgetful for the moment that they were unacquainted.

The expression that came over her father's face made her realize the absurdity of her question, just as another auto drove up, and a fine, young-looking, well-dressed

woman got out. Helen was at her side at once.

"Where's Elsa?" asked Mrs. Merton, looking about with an expectant air.

"She'll be here presently. She's across the campus watching a game of tennis. She grew tired of waiting and asked me to call her. My father, Mrs. Merton, I'd really forgotten you were strangers. Here comes Elsa now, running across the lawn," called Helen from the doorway where she had gone to seek her.

Elsa was a picture of girlish loveliness in her dainty white gown. Her fluffy, light hair was flying about her crimsoned cheeks, and she was breathing hard. "Hello, mother dear!" she cried between breaths, and kissed her fondly.

Without further delay Helen said: "Elsa, this is my daddy."

When Elsa gave her hand to Mr. Kelton he stood speechless while his eyes ranged over her. He was prepared to see the resemblance between Mrs. Merton and Helen—which he had found very striking—but when he saw Elsa it was with difficulty that he restrained himself from exclaiming. Her face, her hair, her eyes, and the very smile that lit up her face were Edith's. He seemed a boy again with the girl he had wooed and won before him. "She's mine! She's mine!" he found himself repeating, as he moved toward the door. As quickly as possible he made his escape to the veranda. After pacing up and down several times, he sank dejectedly into a porch chair, more perplexed than ever, now.

"Why, daddy, what's the matter? Are you ill? You're so white," asked Helen excitedly, coming up to her father and putting her arm lovingly about his neck.

"Oh, no, the air was suffocatingly close inside, and I'm much better off out here," he answered, with assumed indifference.

"Let's walk across the campus to the shade of those large elms," urged Helen, locking her arm affectionately in her father's.

Neither spoke until they were seated, when Mr. Kelton turned and looked searchingly into his daughter's face. Helen flushed slightly under his gaze. She looked into his staring eyes with questioning wonder.

"Helen," he asked at length, "do you still want to go to Europe with your friends?"

"Yes, daddy," she answered, looking down and unconsciously pressing the toes of her slippers into the green sod. "Daddy," she said slowly, falteringly, "Joe Merton told me that he loved me, and he didn't want me to go unless he could come over later, but he sent word by his mother that he'll be over in July, and I'm more eager than ever for your consent now."

Mr. Kelton shrugged his shoulders, moved uneasily, and rose from the bench.

Helen saw a strange look come over her father's face as he frowned down upon her.

"Don't you want me to go, daddy dear?" she asked, locking and unlocking her fingers nervously. There was nothing further to explain, nothing more for her to say.

"You'd better not give your heart to any man, daughter; you're too young," replied her father, sitting down beside her again.

"Why, daddy, I'm 18; you forget that I've been growing up while I've been away," she murmured.

She'd never seen her father so cross or emphatic.

"I'll consent to your going, Helen, provided you put aside that love affair for the present."

"I'd love to go, daddy, and I'll do as you request, but it'll be pretty hard on both of us," she said, smothering a sob.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, by way of reconciliation. "I'll go over in August after you've done the British Isles and Germany, and meet you in Paris. How will that suit you?"

"That'll be dandy," she said, suppressing a sigh.

They rose together. Helen again putting her arm in her father's, they walked back to the school together.

There was bitterness mixed with Helen's joy as she announced her going to her friends.

They could not account for her paled face and quiet demeanor as she moved about making preparations for her departure.

"Her father has made it hard for her to leave him after years of separation," Mrs.

Merton concluded as she glanced at Helen with her daughter.

Commencement even, Mr. Kelton accompanied the party to New York on the steamer. When the ship had been sailed and he turned to leave, he experienced the sensation of the light suddenly going out and groping one's way in the dark, the complexities that had filled his life for a few weeks as foreboding, but as reality, but the way on was his.

The time seemed long before the letter came telling of their return and safe arrival. Mrs. Kelton could not but feel that the mother would write, too. Her daughter was now convincing proof of his daughter, and she had written in his heart from the moment the truth came. If he could only see the truth and of her beautiful nature! How his inner self rebelled at the thought he must carry on!

After a voyage that to him was without incident, Mr. Kelton Paris at the time planned. He had seen all there was of interest in and its surroundings, the beauty of Italy. They had been together now, and Mr. Kelton and Mrs. Merton were thrown together daily, but friends. Mr. Kelton acknowledged that she was all and more than he prophesied of her. She was conversant with her surroundings, turn, and proved a most interesting companion. He found himself looking to the days to be in her mother's been out for a ride upon the beach. It was one of those rare sunny nights under the lucid blue sky, and when they reached the veranda they lingered, both to go.

Mrs. Merton had hoped to tell him if he had noticed the resemblance between Helen and herself, but she had been able to summon courage only at night was her opportunity.

"I suppose," she said, and then "Suppose what?" he asked.

"That you've observed her daughter resemble me?"

"Yes," he answered, with a voice. His heart was thumping, color rushed to his face. He was of the for anything now, did she consider something was wrong? In the heart further, he was anxious to have conversation on the subject, and he was slowly, with an effort at calmness, she is more like you, in way of your daughter."

"Many have told me that," she said, edged with unconcern.

"And your son, Helen was quick to see neither you nor Elsa."

"That's not strange," she said, which "I adopted him when he was a year old. It was a relief to Mr. Kelton to have in the shadow of a great girl. I love, look of pain that crossed his face, he proached himself for what he was to say. Helen was not discouraged by his remark.

"Helen has doubtless talked with Joe is with friends in England," she said.

"Yes," answered Mr. Kelton, and "He stayed with us only a few days, could not understand, and he was a change that had come over him. coolness and indifference that he had heart. She, too, has lost her life spirit that was a part of her. I have observed how quiet she has been. Perhaps you can explain this to Mr. Kelton? I've pitted that on her."

Mr. Kelton sat like one who was only nodded his head, and then when Mrs. Merton said that she was to her an interminable hour. Mr. Kelton still sat with his head bowed, and his face in his hands, and timidly, that she hoped to be able to make things right as the day turned.

Mr. Kelton rose from the veranda had been sitting, passed up the veranda some minutes and then came beside Mrs. Merton. With every word, he said: "There's a great problem in this, and I'm trying to work it out. I need your help me."

"I'll do all that I can," she said, ing questioningly into his eyes. Mrs. Kelton



into her cheeks until she realized what you are doing. I made the proposition, and you made it without your assistance. I am in Chicago a little over eight months here. My husband is in some government work for some time. I am in a hospital there at that time."

"Yes; but why do you ask? I feel like a prisoner at the bar," she said with a nervous laugh.

"I'll tell you, and you'll see why I need you to help me out."

Mr. Kelton then rehearsed the conversation he had overheard in the park that fateful Sunday morning. During the whole narration Mrs. Merton sat quite still, looking before her with her hands clasped vice-like and a rigid tension in every muscle. She did not look at Mr. Kelton until he had finished.

Then she raised her head with a sudden gesture and murmured—almost inaudibly: "My Elsa yours and your Helen mine? Impossible!" Burying her face in her hands, she sat thus for some minutes, her whole frame shaking, until Mr. Kelton went on: "Mrs. Merton," he said with eager earnestness in every word, "if you'll consent to be my wife, we'll find the way out together, and the problem that now confronts us will be solved for us both. Will you?"

Rising and wiping her tear-wet eyes—

while a faint smile broke over her face—she said, laying her hand confidently and lovingly on his arm: "There's no other way out."

"Let's go in and send a night message to Joe to come back," she said, coaxingly.

"We'll do it," he returned, triumphantly. "The two have suffered long enough," he concluded.

Two weeks later, among the passengers returning to New York on board the steamer Maritona were Mr. and Mrs. Kelton, two daughters, and their son Joe.

## The Going of Carmen. By Maria de Galeana.

### "BAGGAGE."

Don Amador ruled his own household long had been a divided one among the servants regarding the fact. Opinions were divided. Since Carmen came—

the servants (in all matters of domestic trust them to ascertain the truth as one in their opinion would know how to keep the household in a state of peace and quietness. Although far from being a motherhood became her—Don Amador acquired a confirmed habit of harmlessly flirting with everything that wore skirts, as Dona Soledad put it. So in that house, as in many another well-ordered household where the male members are too susceptible to feminine charms, the female servants were always chosen for their age and ugliness; it became a fixed rule from which there was no deviating.

Dona Soledad's stolidity made her the butt of ridicule among Don Amador's devotees. Their lovelorn notes found themselves in her hands; they voiced their fulsome praises of him to her unappreciative wifely ears. Dona Soledad devoted herself more and more to the upbringing of her children and the management of her household. As Don Amador found exceeding grace and favor among the señoritas his wife found him less worshipful. There was a typical matrimony; Don Amador chafed at the chains that separated him, with his harmless eccentricities, from actual infidelity. Dona Soledad failed in no wifely duty but worshiped him not a bit; that she left for the señoritas.

The cook had her yearly attack of biliousness just as Lent commenced. She declared most positively she could not make the comida de vigilia—Lenten food. It was too much work and she had a pain in the back that was killing her. She must go to the Virgen de la Salud for recovery. She would drink of the miraculous waters that burst from a rock where the Bishop of Quiroga had smitten it in the sixteenth century. So old Encarnacion was sent for and charged with bringing a temporary cook.

Came Carmen. All the servants mentally sat up and took notice when Carmen came. She was a mother; she brought her spindly-legged daughter with her, for she sought service with her incumbence. She well knew that no mistress could get a new servant just at the commencement of Lent; nearly all the servants were availing themselves of the season to take a vacation.

Carmen was bewitching. Although a mother she was still young. Her figure was straight and voluptuous; she had a swimming, undulating gait as she walked. Her eyes were as those of the soft gazelle. The perfect oval of her face was shaded by lustrous black hair that fell in two thick braids nearly to her feet. Her cheeks were red as the crimson reins and her lips as the scarlet pomegranate blossom. Dona Soledad viewed her with inward trepidation. She did not want the even tenor of her household upset by this wench, but then she could not get another cook. It would be only temporary, she consoled herself; Don Amador was getting elderly; it had been a long time since there had been a young female servant in the house; the need for a cook was urgent, and here was one at hand.

Carmen installed herself with many airs and graces with the other servants. With Dona Soledad she was outwardly all deference and humility; inwardly she dubbed her "that old woman." With "El Señor"—Don Amador—she exerted a spell. He fell into her snares as a fish falls into a net spread in its path. He had never realized what beautiful women there really were among the common class, he told himself. He was not getting old at all; indeed, he felt himself rejuvenated. His was always an early breakfast, served on a tray brought from the kitchen by Ramon, the mozo. Carmen took to sending Ramon about other work and herself carrying the tray to Don Amador. While the household slept Carmen put the exact number of lumps of sugar that Don Amador liked in his coffee; then she stood and gossiped while she nervously listened for any noise as of anyone stirring in Dona Soledad's apartment. She took to wearing the reddest and newest of zagalejos instead of the conventional calico dress skirt. Over her full bosom fell the whitest and finest of muslin blouses with much open-work trimming. Her

two lustrous braids fell over the red zagalejo or swept perilously near Don Amador's head—which he was near to losing—as she counted, with bewitching smiles, his lumps of sugar. Sweeter than the sugar from his own cane fields, more luscious than the wine-sapped pomegranate, more tempting than any dream of houri in oriental harem, did she seem to Don Amador. After all, was he not justified? Dona Soledad had not a spark of romance in her being. A man fed on romance. Dona Soledad was all he could wish in a wife. She was sensible, capable, unromantic, a little dull—or she would never have put this tempting morsel to stir his elderly pulses.

Carmen was a little addicted to the copita. On one of her afternoons out she imbibed too freely with other female companions of her type. Consequently, instead of returning to her work at the required hour, she caroused. As the liquor went to her head she conceived the idea of defying Dona Soledad. With other females she approached the residence with screams of laughter and songs. Her voice was recognized by some of the servants. "It is Carmen," they said. Old Ramon and she were natives of the same village. Old Ramon was half in love with her himself, he thought. He would save her from disgrace and thus curry favor with her.

Dona Soledad had seen Don Amador's infatuation but her apparent stupidity continued. Se was his wife—let him amuse himself. He would get his fingers burnt with such a piece as Carmen. Dona Soledad knew of Carmen's debauch but she did not know that old Ramon had obeyed Don Amador's instructions in admitting the shameless wench to the shelter of her roof, after she was in bed. Dona Soledad was never an early riser. The next morning she was at breakfast with Don Amador when Carmen brought in the tray of coffee.

Dona Soledad waited till the confused Carmen had put down her tray. Then, "Carmen," she said calmly, "I heard you carousing last night; you may go." "I go immediately, senora," answered Carmen. Don Amador concealed his astonishment beneath an impassable exterior.

Days passed and no cook prepared the meals—Lent had not yet passed. No household could exist without that indispensable accessory to the culinary process, a cook. Great, therefore, was Dona Soledad's surprise one morning to behold Carmen enter the door of the kitchen. "Buenos dias, Carmen," she addressed her coolly. For answer Carmen threw her arms about Dona Soledad's neck and wept on her ample bosom.

"Ay, senora!" she sobbed. "Forgive me and take me back; I cannot serve anyone but you, I have become so attached to you." Dona Soledad thoroughly distrusted the hypocritical baggage but her cookless condition weighed heavily on her—and still it was not the end of Lent.

"Well, hush, and get to work," she said as she pushed her too fervent handmaid from her.

Dona Soledad sat calmly rocking in her favorite chair in the wide corridor. Old Ramon scratched a flower bed near by in idle pretense of working. Carmen had rejected his advances with an insufferable air of contempt. He was burning for revenge. His weak old legs trembled as he hobbled up to the railing to get near speech with Dona Soledad. "Nina," he said, "do you remember the morning you sent me on an unusually early errand and chided me for delaying so long? Well, I did not go on the errand you sent me but on one for the señor." "Indeed, Ramon, and what did the señor want of you?" asked Dona Soledad innocently. "El señor, nina, sent me to beg Carmen to come back and serve." Yes, thought old Ramon, the nina is decidedly stupid. "Ah! Ramon, thank you; you may go on with your work." "She

said that yes, that no; that yes, that no," volunteered Ramon discontentedly; his arrow had not shot home.

Dona Soledad was slow to anger. She was not a whit concerned as to Don Amador's affections. But she would not be laughed at in her own home; let them keep that for other places.

Dona Soledad carefully dressed all the children and placed in a small bag some toilet articles. She took a purse with all the money of her household allowance. Then she left a note where Don Amador could find it, telling him she would return as soon as that baggage of a Carmen had definitely left the house.

Dona Soledad and the children found temporary shelter in the humble abode of her ex-servant, Antonia. The little place was bright with flowers and clean with scrubbing. The children overcrowded it and wondered at the unusually long visit. As afternoon waned Antonia, at her old mistress' bidding, went around the home of Don Amador and walked up the jasmine path to the old stone fountain. There she encountered Ramon, preoccupied, disconsolate. "That baggage of a Carmen has gone!" he burst out to her sympathetic ears. "She twirled her fingers at me and called me a meddlesome old polecat." Old Ramon's voice trembled and his legs shook. "If the nina comes not back by tomorrow I, too, am going." His shriveled body tried to take on an air of importance.

As Dona Soledad calmly walked up the path to the broad zaguan her old cook greeted her from the depths of the broad corridor. The children romped in freedom after the close confinement of Antonia's diminutive house. Lights were turned on. Dinner was served. Don Amador sat silent.

After some days Dona Soledad's compadre, Don Fidel, came and sat with her in an easy chair in the corridor.

"It is a fine day," greeted Dona Soledad suavely. Don Fidel gave her a quizzical look. "When did you get back?" he demanded. "Get back from where?" questioned Dona Soledad, with a start. Don Fidel noted Dona Soledad's rising color with secret admiration. She had always appeared to him a handsome woman but lacking in fire. He decided that his compadre Amador did not know how to appreciate an attractive woman when that woman happened to be his own wife. "Oh, vaya," he answered. "My compadre Amador was nearly crazy the other day when you dropped from sight a few hours. He actually wept." Dona Soledad sniffed contemptuously. "A man's tears never move me," she answered. A trembling voice came from the fragrant madreselva where old Ramon was hidden. "She called me an old polecat and twirled her fingers at me, so."

**Arranged His Allowance.** [Topeka State Journal:] A young lady of our fair city, who was about to be married, sat in the gloaming with the young gentleman of her heart.

"There is something that I think we should talk about," said he. "It is the matter of an allowance."

"Yes, mother and I have figured it all out."

"That's fine, my dear girl. How have you figured it?"

"Well, we have taken your salary as a basis, and we think that \$3 a week will be quite enough."

"Oh, no; that wouldn't be enough."

"Oh, yes. Three dollars is quite a lot for an allowance. You have no expensive habits, you know, and if you come home to lunch every day, \$3 a week ought to do you very nicely. I will take care of the rest of your salary."

"Yes, thought old Ramon, the nina is decidedly stupid. "Ah! Ramon, thank you; you may go on with your work." "She



# A Murder Mystery of Manzano.

By Olive Ennis Hite.

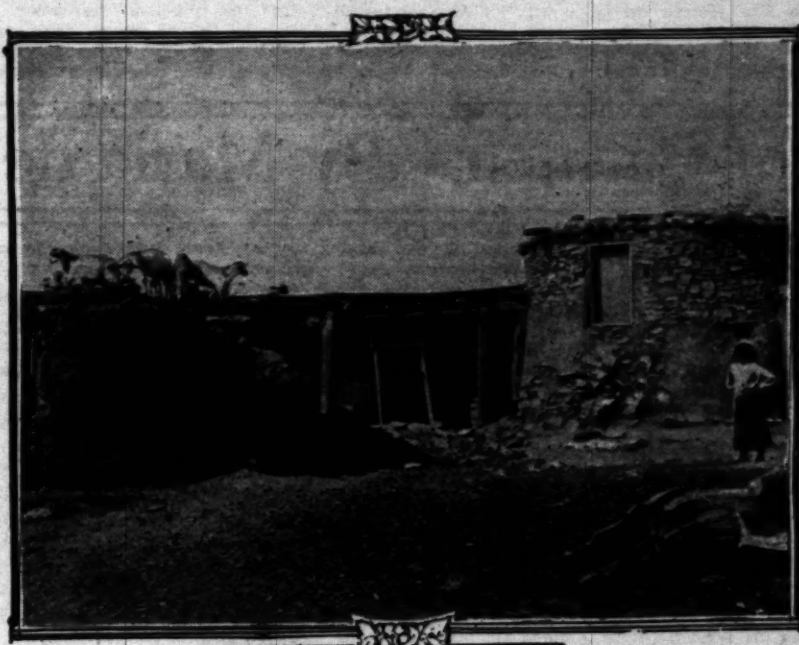
## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

IN THE SHADOW of the Torreón of Manzano stands an old adobe, fast dropping into ruins and shunned by all the Manzaneros. Goats climb over its roof, and clamber down the wall at milking time. Women go in fear and trembling to the well which has in its dark depths water the purest and sweetest in all the pueblo. Children cannot be coaxed under the moldering portal after nightfall, and the bravest man in the plaza—Juan Jose Archuleta—goes from his home to the store of Jesus de Jose Romero by a back alley; past the padre's casa and the church—for neither of which he has much use—and so on, skirting the goat corral of Juan Sanchez until he arrived at the back placita into which the tienda opened. Juan Jose gravely asserts that he saw Kuss going into the Torreón one evening—though Kuss had been dead and buried for months—just as the Angelus was sounding from in front of the church where the cracked little bell hung suspended between two straight palos by an uncertain rope which the sacristan disdained, placing his reliance in a rock!

The Torreón and the house at its side were the scene of a tragedy in the early '80's, which was mystery then and is a mystery to this day. Not that tragedies were uncommon in that place, for the Torreón was the tower of refuge for all the people when the dreaded Apache swooped down from the mountains and killed, took prisoners and tortured the almost defenseless inhabitants, and the haunted house had been the home of Ana Cruz Padillo, who was surprised one black day and carried off a captive.

But those things were of the past, and to be expected in the lonely mountain villages that skirted the foothills west of the pueblos. But the murder of Kuss was heinous, and cast a cloud upon every man in the plaza who did not like the dead man—and his enemies were many.

One evening old Don Ignacio, bringing a small offering of sausage and fresh pork, lingered by our cheerful pinon fire and said: "It is five years tonight since Kuss was murdered, senora, on just such a night. The snow was falling, the wind was barking like so many wolves and the Americans were drinking, drinking—and had been for two days—shut up in the casa and wouldn't see a soul except my little Timoteo, who went up to the tienda of Jesus and brought them a keg of whisky. Por Dios, I gave him the rope's end for going, but what can you do with a muchachito? Will I tell you all about it? Madre de Dios! It is a bad story, and we don't talk about it before the little children, for El Doctor, who lives on his ranch and is kind to the poor people, was one of the party." But by dint of gentle questioning we got the Mexican version. The American side of the tale had been told us by the three men who witnessed the whole thing. Stripped of its "carambas"



HAUNTED HOUSE AND TORREON, MANZANO, N. M.

and "Madre de Dioses," this was Don Ignacio's story:

About two years before the tragedy the two men, Kuss and Dr. Bradfield, went to Manzano and started the publication of a little paper. The name, "The Gringo and Greaser," was in itself a grievous offense to the people, and its columns were maddening, filled with gossip and ill-natured scandal, which were translated by Lupe of Torreón Plaza, and lost nothing from his vivid command of language. That the paper was printed wholly in Italian and had no punctuation marks save periods, exclamation and interrogation points and the dollar symbol only made the insult more deadly. But after a few issues the men of the neighborhood calmed down. The counsel of the old ones to be patient and the Americans would quarrel and kill each other prevailed, and they were not molested. By some of the mysterious ways by which news travels to the most distant points in an incredibly short time the Manzaneros had come into some information concerning both the men which was the basis for their hope and belief. Here Don Ignacio lowered his voice and, with the most humble apologies, told of a beautiful blonde woman who was the belle of a Leadville dance hall, and Bradfield and Kuss were ardent suitors. Bradfield won her, and rumor was that he had married her, and for the time she passed out of the glare and gaiety of the mining town's half-world—but not out of Kuss's memory. One day, months after Bradfield's conquest, she reappeared in her old haunts with the handsome young Pennsylvanian. Bradfield, also,

made his entry. It was predicted, and bets were made on it, that there would be a "fight to the death," but, apparently, nothing unusual happened. Kuss kept out of the way for several days, and the doctor made no inquiries about him. Then it was noticed that the beautiful blonde and the doctor were "on speaking terms," and the tongues of the gossips wagged some more. Then, as suddenly as she arrived, the wife left and soon afterward Kuss and the doctor were seen arm in arm, getting amiably drunk together and apparently the best of friends. Not long after this they appeared in Manzano and started "The Gringo and Greaser." The night of the murder, said old Ignacio, there was wild revelry, and Juan Jose Archuleta was curious to see within the rooms. Walking stealthily along the portal, he noticed one of the ragged blinds to a front window was pulled to one side, giving an indistinct view of the room. Seated at a table in the center of the sala were the four men of the party. They were playing cards, drinking, singing and talking in loud tones. Suddenly Bowman moved his chair and arose unsteadily to his feet. He started toward the door, and Juan Jose incontinently fled. About 1 o'clock a dull sound of a shot was heard by those near by, but the tempest was raging, the wind howling, and they thought they might easily be mistaken. Nothing more was heard from the Americans, and day dawned, wore on till noon, until sundown, till night. Then a white-faced man appeared at the padre's and beckoned him to come. He took him to the home of the Americans and

silently pointed at the moldering Torreón. Kuss, sitting at the table, his head bowed and his arms hanging at his sides, was dead, and had evidently been dead some time. Bradfield was the only one of the party who seemed to have his senses about him. He was very voluble. He said that he was fired from the window, that he was constantly. He showed where the bullet had broken and declared that the bullet had not disarranged before the shooting afterward touched. The news was spread, and the Jues called a Junta. There were no other Americans within many miles of the Jues—who, by the way, was Juan Jose Archuleta, empaneled a jury, called a Coroner and proceeded to have the bodies of the three men. One of these was a fellow from Albuquerque who was a visitor at La Cibola, from which he had hailed, and he swore he was the man in the room when the shot was fired, and that he knew who did it or where it came from. Stories of the others agreed in the particular, and the jury and Juan Jose an open verdict, "by parties killed." Kuss was buried in a lonely place, open plain. No other grave was within habitation within miles. Stones were on top of the mound, "to keep the body from digging the body out," as the saying was. From the other men I heard interesting stories and formed my own opinion to who actually killed the gay, handsome, low. Don Ignacio THOUGHT it was Bradfield; the Jues said it was the same, and the Americans said it was Jues himself. But Juan Jose told his "lawful occasions," and was unarrested. The Americans were angry; the cattle man from the ranch dragged to death by his horse, "from the river" met death in various ways, and Bradfield abandoned house, Torreón, and all the people of "The Gringo and Greaser," and the plaza playing with the typewriter to his ranch and lived alone, a man cursed with his own tongue, made long journeys, and never was again. One summer he joined a party were traveling to James Spring, Albuquerque early in the morning, together until noon, when the doctor he would rest a while and join the party during the afternoon. They were in the shade of a small arbo, away One of the women, holding him sitting there motionless, with a vague alarm. Turning to the wagon, she begged that he be taken. This was done, though not without comment. The distance was not great, and arriving they found that the doctor was dead! He had a bit of paper in his pencil in his hand, and had written words, beginning: "I feel that I did—" That was all. What last he was going to write, God alone knew! He was buried, and the party hurried away. So ended the mystery of Manzano.

# Norma Delisle's Adventure with a Burglar.

By Beatrice Heron-Maxwell, in Vanity Fair.

## A LOSS OF INTUITION.

NORMA DELISLE mounted the stairs leading to her flat humming a gay little tune under her breath, for her evening had been a delightful one, and her heart was beating high with hope and joy. She and Capt. Kerry had been wandering for some weeks now along the highway that leads from friendship to love, where each happy memory makes a milestone and the glamour of enchantment is over every step. And tonight, when he escorted her home from a mutual friend's party, they had drawn nearer still to the borderland where dreams begin to merge into reality. A slight accident to their taxicab had made Norma catch at his hand, and as his fingers closed round hers and clasped them tightly his voice had murmured in a passionate undertone:

"How brave you are, Norma! I like pluck try my luck."

in a woman—most of them would have screamed and made a fuss just now. We were jolly near having a bad spill."

It was the first time he had called her by her Christian name, and as their eyes met she had read in his the words that were hovering on his lips.

But at that supreme moment they reached their destination, and the exigencies of commonplace life claimed them.

"Can't I come in?" he asked, impatiently, at the hall door.

"I'm afraid not tonight," she answered, regretfully; "it's rather late."

"Tomorrow, then?" His tone was insistent; she realized that he was asking for more than a mere permission to call.

"Tomorrow," she assented, and her eyes fell before the fire of his look as he shook hands with her.

"I shall come about 12," he said, "and sleep when an intangible sound, an impal-

She was remembering every detail of this as she went upstairs and fitted her key into the lock mechanically to open her flat.

For an instant she was too absorbed to notice anything unusual, then as the door yielded readily without pressure, she understood that the latch was up and that she could have turned the handle and opened it instead.

She paused to wonder at the maid's carelessness in omitting to see that the latch was down, and decided she should not mention it to her mother, who was always nervous of midnight alarms.

After all, with the street door below closed at dusk, there was not much danger of anyone making an attempt to enter any of the flats.

She closed the door and was going to proceed quietly along the passage to her own room, so as not to disturb her mother's sleep when an intangible sound, an impal-

pable stir in the drawing-room, a slightly opened door, made her pause.

She had taken three paces toward the door open, and with a gasp she realized that a man was within a few inches of her, and that the man who held it, standing behind the door, was ready to pounce on her at the faintest movement.

His dark, handsome, featureless face determined enough, without the whisper: "Don't scream or move!"

He was in evening dress, with a hat tilted back on his head, and his hand was in his pocket.

The words she had heard in the taxicab flashed again through her mind, and she calmed a spasm of terror that threatened to choke her.

"How brave you are, Norma! I like pluck in a woman!"

She controlled herself, and said nothing.



was that he gave the jewels back."

"I should like to see them," Capt. Kerry remarked.

Norma went and fetched them. "It was a bad quarter of an hour," she admitted.

"I was terrified for myself, I confess, and for mother, too. I thought if she came he might shoot her."

Capt. Kerry opened the cases and examined the jewels.

"It's a very good thing you believed his little romance and let him go," he said, gravely. "The beggar would have shot you right enough. He must have taken a lot of trouble over this little affair."

Norma went suddenly pale. "What do you mean, Dick?"

"Imitation," he answered, letting the necklace fall. "He had the real stones in his pocket all the time, and these were dummies in case of emergency. He meant to get off at any cost. Another edition of Raffles—that's all!"

"But—but he was a gentleman, I am certain," she stammered. "I knew by his voice and his whole appearance."

"Outside—perhaps. Inside—a thief, clever and unscrupulous, nothing more nor less. Never mind, darling, I'll give you some more jewels. But women have no instinct where these gentlemen thieves are concerned."

She smiled and laid her head down on his shoulder.

"I was thinking so much of you, Dick," she whispered.

*By Mabel Herbert Urner.*

the stiff, cool linen of his collar, while her hand clung lovingly to the dear familiar roughness of his coat.

The distorted fears that had obsessed her were now only as an ugly dream. The very feel of Warren's arm about her as he turned the page gave her a thrilled sense of security. Even old age seemed infinitely far away. A dreamy peace, a vague beneficence stole over her. Warren's voice was droning and remote.

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"Well, had a good snooze? Feel better?" Helen raised her head from his shoulder and stared at him blankly.

"Oh—oh! Have I been asleep?"

"For over an hour. My arm's about broke."

"Oh, dear, and you've held me all this time?"

"Couldn't very well drop you. And you're no feather, believe me!"

He straightened his cramped arm. Then, gathering her up, he carried her back to the bed.

"There," as he took off the dressing gown. "Feeling better? Head's much cooler. No, don't talk; you'll wake yourself up."

"But I've got to get up; I haven't had my bath or taken down my hair."

"You lie right where you are! I'll not have you fussing 'round and catching more cold. Let the face cream and the rest of the fixin's go for tonight. That pillow too high? How's that? If you're not better in the morning, we'll have Dr. Kelly look you over."

"Oh, dear, I don't want a doctor. I'll be better, I know I——"

"Hush now, don't talk! You're nice and drowsy. There," as he turned off the light. "Now snuggle down and go to sleep—that's your job."

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### I Have Seen.

I have seen where brave men' battled,  
While about them bullets rattled;  
Where the ground was torn to pieces  
Without much regard for leasés;  
Where men trampled on their brothers  
And made human sieves of others;  
Where the wounded and the dying  
On the battlefield were lying;  
Where the brave rushed on to slaughter,  
While the wounded called for water;  
Where—but now you doubtless wonder  
Which commander I fought under;  
So I'll give you some information  
Without further recitation,  
That you may be hoping for—  
I've seen movies of the war!

—[Charles H. Meiers, in Motion Picture Magazine.

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# The Eternal Triangle. By Elisabeth Cooke Hassen

## HOW IT HAPPENED.

**T**HE LITTLE HOUSE nestled at the foot of the great mountain, whose snow head reared itself 10,000 feet above the tiny spot of green that spelled one more failure in a life made up of failures, big and little. To this valley had come Thomas Carson, shiftless and slovenly, driving a half-starved team of horses, their skinny flanks and protruding bones mutely appealing to the S.P.C.A. for succor.

In the rickety, ramshackle cart, perched among the moth-eaten bedding and mangy furniture, in a moth-eaten, mangy chair, sat Mrs. Thomas Carson. Not her dearest friend or bitterest enemy would have recognized in her the round-limbed, laughter-loving belle of Normantown in the days when dashing young Tom Carson first came a-courting.

Long since she had forgotten the road to laughter. In her weary-lidded, expressionless eyes was no hint of aught save sullen acceptance of the life laid upon her by the God of Things as They Are.

Crouched at her mother's feet knelt a wee, elfin girl of seven summers, her frowns head bent crooningly over a very Topsy of a rag doll, to whom she continually murmured in a soft lullaby voice.

On a day in summer they entered the valley at the foot of the great mountain. Here the team stopped to rest by a wayside stream, while Thomas exchange idle talk with a passing farmer's family. Farmer Stubbell's fat, good-natured wife strove to engage the other woman in conversation.

"You-all goin' to settle 'round here?" she made amiable inquiry.

"Maybe," was the listless rejoinder.

At the sound of her mother's voice, little Norma lifted her slight body, pressing close against the woman's knees.

"Don't you talk, Mammy dear, 'cause it makes your lungs worse," she chided tenderly.

"Lan' sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Stubbell, noticing the child for the first time, "she looks like she was bewitched, with them big eyes and peaked face. Ira, you give her a piece of your candy, that's a dear. An' you give him a nice kiss, little girl."

But Ira, secure behind his mother's ponderous shoulders, removed one sticky end of a wonderful candy cane from between pudgy lips only long enough to make a horrible grimace at the little elf opposite, after which he promptly replaced the candy cane. He seemed, indeed, to be striving to measure with it the length of his alimentary canal, for half its sweetness disappeared at one gobble.

In the heart of the tiny girl, whose hungry eyes had riveted themselves on the saccharine cane, sprang up an instinctive, violent hatred for the owner thereof. Poised unsteadily upon insecure footing, she stamped furiously with bare, brown feet.

"I don't want your nasty candy! I hate you, I do! And I'd rather die than kiss you, I would, I would!"

She subsided into a sobbing heap of skinny legs and arms, and unkempt, blazing red hair, between her dead-alive mother's knees. As the farmer's wagon drove on, Ira removed his candy cane once more to shout tauntingly.

"Carrot top! Carrot top! Look at red-dy snub nose!"

Fourteen years ago that was. Now, from the little house her father had built under the mountain, Norma Carson, grown to womanhood, came forth and stood beneath the sunset shadows of the huge pepper tree that shaded the bit of garden. As she looked away to the west, a man on horseback came into view in the distance, over the curve of the mountainside.

Norma quickened her step eagerly and broke into a little ripple of song. Then from under her hand she looked again toward the distant horseman. The glad light faded from her eyes. That was not the straight, well-set rider she looked for, with the noble collië bounding along beside him. This one was a lanky, shambling figure on a lanky, shambling horse. Both horse and rider she knew too well, she admitted to herself with a frown.

All unconsciously, as the girl watched, mouth and eyes and mobile face took on a grown-up, modified replica of the rage-transformed expression of seven baby years. Only

now she did not shriek and rage and stamp her feet. Instead, the straight young figure grew suddenly tense, like a slender birch a moment before the storm breaks. But the contemptuous scorn she felt fairly shot itself from out level leaf-brown eyes and resolute, round chin, well lifted.

Once Norma glanced back toward the open door of the little cottage, but made no other movement. Rapidly the rider drew nearer until he could wave a greeting with his broad sombrero. No gay call answered him from the silent figure in front of the little cabin, but a querulous voice came from within. At the sound the girl's face broke up into the pitiful, warm tenderness of the Madonna—the universal, primeval mother instinct.

"Who's there, gal? 'Taint Iry, is it? Lan-sake, why don't ye answer, 'thout my talkin' so? Ye know the doctah said—"

"Yes Daddy, darling, it's Ira. I'll go and meet him, I guess."

"Fetch him in ter set a spell. Mebbe, 'I he's goin' ter town, he'll bring me some baccy. I'm gettin' mighty short."

"All right, dear. I'd better close the door now. It's turning a little cool and you must be careful until your throat is better, you know."

Norma closed the cabin door softly and walked rapidly down the narrow pathway, bordered by the wild flowers and ferns that her deft fingers had sought out and planted to gladden her beauty-craving heart. Golden California poppies, tender maidenhair ferns, and tall, slender Mariposa lilies, like her own swaying gracefulness, caught with dewy, perfumed fingers at her short khaki skirt as her swift feet carried her out of ear-shot of the window, behind which her shiftless, good-for-nothing father was slowly dragging to a close a shiftless good-for-nothing life.

At the little gate she waited, her shapely, brown hand on the latch, until the horse came to a halt and the tall, awkward countryman swung himself out of the saddle.

"Howdy, Norma? How's yer pa? Guess I'll come in an' set a bit. Jest goin' to th' village for th' mail. Want any errands done?"

"No, thanks. And father's asleep, so I won't keep you any longer. It'll be dark soon."

Any man save a fool could have read in tone and expression the deep dislike that filled her heart and made his presence loathsome. But a man in love is all kinds of a fool, and Ira Stubbell was in love, or what passes for love with his kind, with Norma Carson. Therefore, to him her open avoidance and evident detestation was only a maiden's coy withdrawal, the more surely to lead her lover on in ardent pursuit.

But this sort of thing had lasted for a whole year past—ever since her father's rapidly failing health had compelled Norma to give up teaching in the village school and devote herself entirely to him and the tiny farm. A whole year, and the house at the Stubbell rancho was sadly needing a mistress, with his mother growing old. It was quite time Miss Norma came down off her high horse and listened to business.

As for that, it would be a mighty good-match for her, for the little farm was mortgage up to the doors, and when the old man died, what was to become of her unless she married him? Of course, he was the most suitable husband for her, and, as heir to the biggest ranch in the district, it was rather a fine thing of him to marry the daughter of that good-for-naught Carson.

So it was with rather a lordly, King Cophetua condescension that he proceeded to make the girl acquainted with her high destiny.

"Now, see here, Norma, there ain't no sense in yer actin' that way. I told ye last year I callated to marry ye sooner or later. I bin pretty decent 'bout it, too. Didn't want to hurry ye while yer pap's so poorly; but he can't last long now, an' there ain't no need er waitin', as I see. What's the matter with havin' the weddin' right off, eh?"

He stumbled awkwardly over the last words, his lordly air gradually forsaking him before the look from her steady eyes. Still, he managed to get through somehow and waited for the girl's answer. It came quickly enough.

"Marry you! Why, Ira Stubbell, I've known you, boy and man, for fourteen years.

In all that time I've never known you to do a noble deed or think a clean, high thought. Your soul is shriveled up to that," opening her hand to sow a bit of tiny poppy seed, "only that is filled with the breath of God's life—and you are rotten to the core. Marry you! A man that kicks helpless dogs and whips wearied horses until they bleed! I'd rather my living body were cut to ribbons than have you so much as touch my little finger!"

The quiet, even voice was not raised a note, but the man shrank and grew livid with rage at the burning, deadly scorn that consumed him pitilessly.

"Ye'll pay for that!" he cried hoarsely. "Yer father's nearly dead, and who's to help ye? I'll make ye glad to marry me—an' then I'll beat ye, by God, as I beat my horses—when and where I please!"

He sprang toward the slender girl, and though she struck at him with all her strength, he caught her in his powerful grasp and drew her crushingly toward him. Through the gathering dusk she saw the beast-like glare of his bloodshot eyes and felt his hot breath on her cheeks.

Then there came the crashing thud of a man's fist landed straight into the hateful face above her. A man's strong arm, caught and held her tenderly as her assailant went down under the blow.

"You bound?" came softly between shut teeth. "You—you—get up! And get out of my sight before I kill you, like the snake you are!"

Donald Wilson emphasized his remarks with a vigorous kick, landed in the most susceptible part of his antagonist's anatomy. Under the added stimulus, Stubbell scrambled hastily to his feet, bleeding profusely at nose and mouth from the very unexpected meeting with the still clenched fist of the broad-shouldered young man who now dominated the scene.

"Now, you listen to me, Stubbell, and you'd best remember what I say! Miss Carson is going to marry me!"

His arm pressed her closer to him and stifled the started "Oh!" that escaped her, so Norma hid her sudden flaming cheeks against his shoulder and wisely said nothing.

"Miss Carson is going to marry me—you understand? Me! From this minute, she's under my protection. If you so much as look in her direction, between now and the day she becomes my wife, I'll horsewhip you till you can't crawl! Now you get on that horse and make tracks. Get!"

Wilson watched with set lips and scowling brows until the beaten bully climbed awkwardly, cursing soulfully under his breath, onto the lanky horse and rode away into the darkness. Then his mouth softened into boyish curves of tenderness, as he pressed his cheek against the red-brown of her curls.

"I had no right to say it—I know. But, sweetheart, you'll give me the right? I didn't mean to speak while your father needs you so. But you'll let me care for you both now, my own?"

His voice dropped to the faintest of whispers and was lost in the tangle of curls. But, somehow, she heard, and the small brown hand stole up to touch his lips, his hair, and then nestled about his throat? Under the deepening glory of the southern stars his heart found the answer it had waited for.

The night was far spent. The little clock on the mantel struck one. The man on the bed was as far spent as the night. Only for the night would come the glory of another dawn. But for the man it would be the Morning of Eternity.

He moved slightly. With quick tenderness Norma bent above him.

"What is it, daddy, dear?"

The old man patted her hand feebly and smiled wanly into the sweet face.

"It won't be long—now," he whispered between gasps. "You've been—a good daughter. Better—than I—deserved."

With a little sob the girl fell on her knees and gathered his frail body into her strong young arms.

"Oh, daddy, daddy!" she cried softly.

"Hush, honey, it's all—right. I'm glad—Wilson loves—you. He'll take—care—"

The gray head fell back against her arm and lay still. The girl hid her face on his breast. In the little cabin under the mountain was silence, save for the passing of

great invisible wings that came and went, out, out—into Heaven's Peace. By and bye the young girl softly about the room, and offices for her dead. She went out into the stillness of the night, the flowers she loved, and his passing beautiful. She wet eyes that he took with knowing she would be a man's heart.

Out of the garden she came the room as for his bed. The star-white jasmine and the of the little place a holy she left him alone with his

As Norma closed the door, she stepped down again into the heard the pad, pad of soft bark beyond the gate. She tried forward, but before she ward her, in the moonlight she Bruno, Donald Wilson's noble ble chum, and cried out in the sight. At 10 o'clock that seen the dog leaping over the side, yet here he was at 11. A great fear rose in her ing her.

"Bruno!" she cried out, "ter? Where is he?"

The dog leaped upon her, ging, then bounded toward the "I'm foolish," said Norma nothing wrong. My nerves are false."

But the dog ran back to the gate, and whined piteously, the gate. He ran down the looked back as if waiting for in indecision.

Far as the girl's eye could clear moonlight, the road ward the mountain and flank out of sight. Beyond it went up, up, shrinking to then down again, breaching the tiful valley, where her last cradled.

But nothing moved on the her, save only Bruno, who begged, as his master had with that piteous whining her. In spite of herself he multiplied. She took a step the gate. The dog barked dashed down the road. He ran back and forth, whining "Something has happened to cried out. "The dog knows I don't let me lose them before Don!"

Stumbling she ran back and locked the door. Then the back and hurriedly her bride onto the pony clutched the wall hung her father's used. With it in her hand she Pinto's back.

Out of the gate the girl quickly, as if fearing to left behind. When the dog threw up his head in a sound.

"Go, Bruno!" she called. "Find your master!"

Like a yellow streak he close on his heels. Around the mountain road they where the road narrowed and the trail to rocky ridge sounding distantly far behind.

Norma gave no heed to the yellow spot moving on a black hurt, Bruno would lead had gone over the edge—300 feet at the throat jagged rocks between, shuddering. But Bruno bent in the trail and taking after him.

As she came in sight of Norma knew that she had of her journey. Ahead of Don's horse stood, the and Bruno was crouching of the precipice, his own whining.

Norma slipped from forward. Close beside the bushes were broken and her hand to her lips and ing down the canyon. pausing to listen after only her ringing voice came



the next call she was sure  
power below. She called  
recognized his voice in a  
beside Bruno she hung  
down into the depths.  
found him, caught between  
and a scrubby bush grown  
badly? she called.  
I'm wedged, and there's  
a rope?"  
I'll throw it over.  
I tell you!"  
he loosened the rope and fast-  
ened to the saddle, throw-  
ing it again and again to test  
the rope, trained to the  
length of that rope. The  
length of the rope  
knots, and, with it in  
the edge once more.

"I'm coming down the rope," she called.  
"Too risky! You'll get hurt. Throw the  
end to me. I can manage it, I guess."  
"No, no! Don't try to move! You might  
dislodge yourself. I've knotted the rope and  
Pinto's at the other end."  
Over the edge the girl went slowly, her  
hands slipping from knot to knot, her feet  
feeling cautiously for each tiniest hold that  
would lessen the strain on her arms. Twice  
she all but lost her grip. But she steadied  
herself each time and went on down until,  
at last, her feet rested on a bit of rock be-  
side the man she sought.  
Steadying herself with one hand, she  
passed the end of the rope under his arms,  
and between them they tied it tightly, leav-  
ing a long end free. This went around her  
own body and was tied. Then they rested  
for a while before trying the ascent.  
"Are you all right except your arm?"  
Norma asked anxiously.  
"That and a few bruises that don't count.  
But I couldn't have held on much longer.  
You came in good time, little girl," said Don,

laughing, but with white lips.  
Norma bent and kissed him tenderly.  
"Now let me help you—so! There, now,  
you can crawl over that rock. Careful—  
that's right."  
He set his teeth grimly against the pain  
of his twisted arm, and slowly, foot by foot,  
they crept and crawled and wriggled up that  
hundred feet of rope and earth until, just  
when it seemed they had not one grain of  
strength left between them, they scrambled  
over the edge and lay panting together on  
the dusty trail, while Bruno tore around  
with frantic yelps of joy.  
When the two were ready to mount and  
ride, Norma turned to her lover with a  
question.  
"How did it happen, Don? I forgot to ask  
before?"  
"Stubbell!" he said, shortly.  
"You don't mean—" she gasped in horror.  
"Yes. I was mooning along the trail,  
thinking of you, the horse following. Stub-  
dell must have laid in wait for me. As I  
turned the corner there he struck me with

a club. The blow staggered me, of course,  
I lost my footing and went down the bank."  
"And he—"  
"He's down there," answered Don gravely,  
pointing toward the river below.  
"What!"  
"Yes. Bruno avenged me. As Stubbell  
struck at me, Bruno sprang for him. He  
jumped backward away from the dog and  
went over the edge. After I came to my  
senses below, I could hear him groaning for  
a long time, weaker and weaker, and then—  
silence!"  
"The girl shivered slightly and leaned  
against him, hiding her face. The man put  
out his good arm and drew her tenderly  
close.  
"Look, sweetheart!" he said softly.  
Across the canyon to the east the pale  
sky was flushing pink and the banners of  
the dawn streamed afar. For a time they  
watched the miracle in silence. Then Wil-  
son touched his lips to her hair and spoke  
tenderly.  
"Come! Let's go home—my own wife!"

# The Principality of Liechtenstein.

By Harry Ellington Brook.

## WALK ACROSS IT.

SHORTLY after the war be-  
gan, the Prince of  
Liechtenstein had solemnly pro-  
claimed the neutrality of his  
country, as I remembered how,  
one day, I walked, in one short  
trip, through the entire  
principality and back into the  
second day of my two  
trips through Switzerland,  
and sketchbook, which I de-  
scribed in the Times Illustrated  
magazine, about a year  
ago, I started from St. Gall,  
in the winter, my companion  
being an English civil  
engineer who had lived many years in  
Switzerland and had absorbed the poetry  
of the country. He was an en-  
thusiastic climber, although neith-  
er of these difficult stunts  
had he to cut holes in the  
ice to get himself up by their eye-  
sight. The sense of this, any  
returning tricks on a high  
mountain to the highest point you  
could, however difficult, and  
the view, gives you all  
the while in mountain climbing,  
one of those who delight  
in that nobody else has hap-  
pened to you.  
Climbing is a fine thing for  
the high mountain regions,  
without the bad after-  
effects of the inexperienced climber  
who is about the lungs, but  
if he perseveres, he is  
sure to climb all day with  
back, just as if he were  
ground. You simply have  
new set of muscles.  
The morning we started out  
of Appenzell, perhaps  
the tourists of any part  
of one of the most inter-  
esting of that time retained  
the "sennen" or  
picturesque in their cos-  
tume of a short jacket, bright  
buttons, light yellow  
trousers and white stock-  
ings, leather skull cap. Their  
feet when you are about a  
mile, but I must confess  
it a nuisance when they  
were under my bedroom  
had been visiting St.  
and a little wine for the stom-

than there is between the American States.  
Our journey led to the Sents, the highest  
mountain in that part of Switzerland and a  
prominent landmark for a hundred miles  
around. It is about 8000 feet high and is  
always covered with snow for some distance  
from the summit. Appenzell, the "capital  
city" of Inner Rhoden, is a quaint little place  
with picturesque carved wooden houses.  
These Swiss houses are not painted. Nature  
is allowed to color them, which she does  
in a remarkably artistic manner. Before  
long they assume a rich, deep, velvety choco-  
late brown color, like the coloring of a  
meerschaum pipe. There might be a sug-  
gestion in this to some of our bungalow  
builders in Southern California, although  
our long, dry summers might interfere.  
However, the wood may be oiled, and I  
notice in some cases this has been done.  
Shortly after noon we arrived at the  
village of Wildbad, the last settlement be-  
fore the ascent of the Sents begins. Here  
we indulged in a lunch of mountain trout  
that were swimming in a trough in front of  
the inn. If there is anything better for  
an appetite sharpened by mountain air, I  
should like to taste it.  
After several hours of climbing we came  
to a narrow trail leading along the edge of  
a great gorge. Such places are not for  
those who are inclined to be giddy. Moun-  
tain climbers should try themselves out  
before they venture into the heights. Across,  
on the other side of the gorge, we could  
see the "Wildkirchli," a little chapel located  
at the mouth of a big cave that has an  
opening to the top of the mountain. Here  
services are held once a year. You may  
read about this cave in that delightful re-  
mance of St. Gall and Schwabenland, "Ek-  
kehard." It has been translated into  
English.  
Soon we came upon patches of snow and  
thence we climbed over a snow field to the  
summit. Standing alone, as we were, the  
view from the Sents is more comprehensive  
than that obtained from much higher Alps.  
You may look over Lake Constance and the  
five countries that surround it—the Grand  
Duchy of Baden, Wurtemberg, Bavaria,  
the Austrian Tyrol and Switzerland.  
At the summit my companion and I  
separated, he to return to St. Gall, and I  
down the eastern slope of the mountain, on  
the first leg of my two months' trip. At  
sundown I reached the little village of  
Rueti, in the upper Rhine Valley. There, at  
a tiny inn I secured a modest bedroom. I  
had eaten lunch and was very tired, so I  
did not eat any supper. In the morning I  
paid for my room with fifty centimes or ten  
cents. The fact that I spoke Swiss-German,  
of course, made some difference.  
Soon after sunrise I started out and be-  
fore long crossed the Rhine on a wooden  
bridge. At this point the Rhine is a nar-  
row, rapid stream, having only a few miles  
to go before it enters Lake Constance. The  
year before I and two American friends  
had rowed up from Rorschach, on the Swiss  
shore of Lake Constance, across the lake  
and up the Rhine to Altstatter. This we  
accomplished by rowing six oars and sneak-  
ing along near the shore where the current  
was not so swift. As there is navigation  
here, we confirmed our Swiss friends in the

idea that all Englishmen are crazy—Engli-  
shmen, of course including the Americans.  
On the other side of the bridge was a  
sentry, in Austrian uniform. He asked if  
I had anything dutiable and seemed more  
concerned about cigars than anything else,  
probably more for his own sake than that  
of revenue, as Austrian cigars are, if possi-  
ble, worse than those of Switzerland. How-  
ever, I had no "smokes" and passed on.  
When Offenbach wrote the "Grand Duch-  
ess of Gerolstein" he satirized the small  
German courts that existed before the war  
of 1870, after which they were all merged  
into a united Germany. Liechtenstein now  
alone remains of these pocket principalities  
and it is only nominally free, being under  
the protection of Austria.  
It would not have much difference to  
Europe had the Prince of Liechtenstein not  
declared his neutrality, for the country  
would not have "cut much ice" in this world  
war, its army numbering only about sixty  
men. The state is only fifteen miles in  
length and hardly over five miles in its  
average breadth, comprising an area of  
sixty-eight square miles, or about the size  
of Los Angeles City. It is shut in on the  
north by the mountains of the Austrian  
Vorarlberg—the western extension of the  
Tyrol—on the south by the Swiss canton of  
Grisons and on the west by the Rhine. The  
population is about 10,000. Originally a  
Roman settlement, Liechtenstein preserves  
many traces of the Romance language, which  
was spoken by the inhabitants until late in  
the seventeenth century. Vaduz, the name  
of the capital, is a corruption of the Latin  
"vallis dulcis," or "pleasant valley."  
Prince John II of Liechtenstein, who is  
now 75 years old and has reigned for fifty-  
seven years, is an absentee monarch. He  
seldom visits his kingdom, preferring to hold  
his court at his magnificent palace in Vienna,  
or in one of his ninety-nine castles and coun-  
try estates in Austria. Although he is a  
sovereign in his own principality, he is a  
subject in Vienna, and sits in the Austrian  
House of Lords. He is immensely wealthy.  
His picture gallery in Vienna is one of the  
finest on the continent.  
Soon after I left the border, at a cross-  
road I encountered a religious ceremony,  
with a crowd of peasants kneeling in the  
road and blocking passage. On such occa-  
sions, if you do not kneel in the street, it is  
well for you at least to remove your hat, or  
you will meet with sour looks, and perhaps  
something more material. I always com-  
plied with these customs, as a matter of  
common courtesy. Besides, what is the dif-  
ference between taking off one's hat to a  
religious function in a street and doing so  
in a church?  
The landscape was pleasing and peaceful.  
Evidently a contented people; and why  
should they not be, without taxes, and with-  
out conscription? Yet, even this out-of-the-  
way community has been touched by the  
war. They were recently suffering from lack  
of food, and applied to the Swiss govern-  
ment for help. Switzerland, although her-  
self short of supplies, sent her neighbor  
seven carloads of grain.  
The climate of Liechtenstein is mild, and  
the soil generally fertile and well watered.  
The chief products are corn, wine, flax, fruit

and timber. Agriculture and the tending of  
cattle form the chief employment of the in-  
habitants.  
I was glad to come across a small village,  
and to see the sign of an inn. After per-  
forming my ablutions in a tin basin about as  
large as a soup plate, I was called for eggs  
and a schoppen of wine. The short-skirted  
daughter of the house, whose arms were as  
big as my legs, asked how I would have the  
eggs cooked. I replied that I would have  
"ruehreier," or scrambled eggs. Then she  
lifted her big leather apron, covered with  
dry, black grease and grime of several gen-  
erations, and was preparing to break the  
eggs into it and beat them up, when I sud-  
denly discovered that I had changed my  
mind, and asked her to serve them "a la  
coq," as the French say.  
In my change I received some of the small  
Austrian bank notes, somewhat resembling  
our fractional currency of war time. Among  
these were a couple of notes for 5 cents  
each. The denominations of the notes were  
printed in thirteen languages, each of which  
is spoken in the Austrian dominions. I  
wondered how such a crazy-quilt empire  
could have so long held together, especially  
as the Hapsburgs, unlike the Hohenzollerns,  
are not skilled in statecraft. It looks now  
as if their troubles might soon be at an end.  
Or are they only just beginning?  
Across the road from the inn was a large  
garden, with tables and benches, covered  
with a trellised vine. It being a Sunday,  
the place was crowded with people, including  
many families, all drinking light wine or  
beer, and most of them consuming some kind  
of solid refreshment. Music was furnished  
by three performers on stringed instruments.  
They all looked happy and contented, and  
were well-behaved. I wish some of our  
ardent prohibitionists could have seen them.  
Proceeding down the valley I soon came  
to Vaduz. It has a population of about 1500,  
and is noted for the excellent red wine pro-  
duced in the neighborhood, known as  
"Vaduzer." A couple of hours brought me  
near the southern limits of the principedom.  
Here I crossed the Rhine to Ragaz, in Swit-  
zerland, a railroad junction chiefly known  
as the stopping place for the celebrated  
gorge and bath of Pfaffers. You walk for  
about a quarter of a mile through a narrow,  
dark ravine, along a wooden pathway, fast-  
ened to one of the rocky sides, and at the  
end are the baths, a gloomy looking place.  
These mineral baths that one finds scat-  
tered all through central Europe, owe their  
cures mainly to suggestion, aided by water  
internally and externally, rest and regular  
hours. Yet a great many people are ready  
to swear that they have been cured of seri-  
ous diseases by this or that mineral spring;  
but then, you will also find many people who  
honestly declare that they have been cured  
of rheumatism by carrying a potato in a  
pocket.  
In Close Quarters.  
[Chicago News:] The little girl rushed  
into the drug store, handed the druggist a  
note and said: "Maw wants this quick."  
And this is what the druggist read:  
"Please send me a dime's worth of calo-  
mel and soda for a man in a capsule."



# Timely Topics for Poultry Breeders.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

## A Utility Problem.

THE QUESTION OF COLOR IN LAYING HENS CONSIDERED.

IN THE egg-laying contest at Storrs, Ct., the best layer in 400 White Leghorns up to February 23 had laid seventy eggs. In the same pen the hen which scored the highest by professional poultry judges had laid only nine eggs in the same time. The good layer lost out by having white ear-lobes, pale beak and pale legs. The yellow color has been studied and it was found that among Leghorn pullets, the ones with standard color are not laying much if any and that after an egg is laid the color tends to arise again in ear-lobes, beak and legs, and to be palest just before an egg is laid.

In buying utility White Leghorns it would seem wise to select the pale or off-color ear-lobes, beak and legs, out of the best stock, and expect the standard color to show up in them when the laying becomes lighter. When the eggs are incubated not all pullets will turn out good layers and they can be sold to the fancier for a good price, if otherwise fancy.

The fancier has his proper field in the poultry world, but does not dominate the markets. One must discriminate between the fancier and the utility breeder, in buying fowls or eggs for setting. The fancier has been influenced by the appearance of a fowl, but good appearance comes of pure-bred stock, and out of his endeavors the utility fowl is ever present. The Standard of Perfection has to do solely with appearances, but the appearances which it demands arise only from most carefully bred stock. Hence a fancier is a highly useful fellow to the utility world, and because his sense of sight must be delighted by his fowls is not disgraceful as some breeders seem to think. The joys of sight are most legitimate, and fellows having eye for the beautiful have been first to organize and agree to what is beauty of form and color.

### Hands Across the Sea.

If there is one breed that stands over others on the stage of the world from a fanciers' point of view in California it is the White-faced Black Spanish, for it has been the proud distinction of one of our own breeders and fanciers to maintain the supremacy of his strain in both England and America. Ever a winner at all the big shows for the past twenty years in this country, he is equally so in Great Britain, being (in so far as one individuality can) the mainstay of the White-faced Black Spanish fancy in both countries. That person is none other than Robert A. Rowan, a booster of Southern California by choice, and a poultry breeder and fancier by profession. What he is doing for the breed is voiced in the following letter appearing in a late issue of The Feathered World of London:

"The war undoubtedly has upset my plans in England, and I hope that at an early date the conflict will be over and peace will reign again. I placed a cup with Mr. Hirst, of Manchester Show, and also placed in the hands of the secretary of the Palace Show another cup, subject to your wishes and the committee's as to how it should be awarded, and I shall be only too glad to place a cup in the proper hands as soon as things are normal again. I entered twelve birds for the Palace Show to help stimulate interest, and if conditions are normal this year will probably send over a large string of birds for several of your leading exhibitions. If there are any suggestions that you can offer to help arouse enthusiasm over the fine old breed of Spanish fowls, please let me know."

In conclusion it might be well to mention that Mr. Rowan exhibited thirty White-faced Black Spanish from his Southern California breeding yards at the New York Show, and of course won as usual.

### Poultry and Egg Show at Gardena.

The Federation of Poultrymen is at present sending out from Gardena over 400 cases of eggs per week, or about 12,000 dozen. This includes only those who have become affiliated, representing some 50,000 laying



A TYPICAL POULTRY RANCH IN THE GARDENA VALLEY.

hens. This will surprise many of our readers, but we are reliably informed that the number will be increased to 60,000 before the campaign for membership is closed. It is estimated that the total capital invested in stock, improvements and land will aggregate about \$300,000. Is it any wonder that the poultry people of the Gardena valley are enterprising and full of ambition for the future?

Fresno may enjoy her raisin day and Riverside her orange day, but the two things that give individuality to Gardena are her free strawberry festival and her poultry and egg exhibition, the date for which is Saturday, April 24, from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. In character, this will be essentially a commercial poultry exhibition; the entry fee will be nominal and the exhibits limited to the Gardena district. The awards will be honors only—first, second, third, fourth and fifth. Judging will be by comparison, economic qualities to be given first consideration. The egg exhibit will be judged by commercial standards. In addition to the poultry exhibits in singles, trios and pens, there will be a full display of incubators, brooders and poultry appliances, not the least of which will be an exhibit of the fresh air colony brooder system, which is in extensive use in the colony, and giving great satisfaction. Needless to add, all the poultry readers of the Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly are cordially invited to be present.

### Aliments of Chicks.

In the rearing of growing chicks nothing has a wider influence than wholesome feeding and intelligent care; nevertheless, even with careful management trouble will appear. If due to weak points in parent stock, the care-taker is not so much to blame; but if otherwise, environment and conditions are not what they should be. The ailments of chicks in the growing may be enumerated as bowel trouble, cramps, roup and drooping wings. The first is quite generally due to sloppy foods, some kinds of rich foods, chills, colds, overheating, etc. Keep ailing chicks warm, in dry quarters, at a uniform temperature and give dry food and boiled milk to drink. Avoid the "gummed up behind" condition before treatment. Cramps are an evidence of other troubles in almost the last stages. When attacking healthy birds it may result from drinking very cold water—a condition more prevalent in colder regions than California. Roup, colds, etc., are traceable to dampness, exposure, filth and overcrowding. Correct conditions and afford treatment as for adult fowl. Drooping wings is traceable to general debility, often due to heredity. If not of too long standing, good feeding and care may correct the evil; when once chronic, the chick is not worth saving.

The essential thing in maturing a lot of chicks is to keep them growing right along from shell to maturity. This means regular feeding, wholesome foods, cleanliness and sanitary quarters. It will not do to feed irregularly; the slightest check possesses a negative influence that is scarcely to be overcome later on.

Chicks should remain in brooders or with hens until the heat generated in their own bodies will keep them going without any discomfort. This depends somewhat on the season and the weather.

### Asked and Answered.

Mrs. J. B. A., San Marcos, Cal., writes as follows: "Will you kindly tell me what to do for my Black Minorca fowls that are troubled with dropsical crops—the slime running from their beaks being gray and very offensive and their droppings are very loose? Several are now affected, and it appears to be contagious. Will appreciate any advice you can give as to treatment."

Judging from your brief description we infer that your birds are suffering from catarrh or inflammation of the crop. This, according to Dr. D. E. Salmon, is often caused by irritating substances (poisons, feathers, etc.) by eating partially decomposed food, by taking too much food at one time, by obstruction of the digestive tract, and by parasites. The symptoms are distended crop, which is soft from accumulated liquid or gas, belching of gas, loss of appetite, weakness. The first step in treatment is to empty the crop of the irritating and decomposing contents by careful pressure and manipulation while the bird is held head down. Then give two grains of sub-nitrate of bismuth and one-half grain bicarbonate of soda in a tablespoonful of water. Give no food for eighteen hours, then feed sparingly for several days with soft, easily digested food and administer one-half grain quinine twice a day. Some recommend salicylic acid as soon as the crop is emptied—one grain is dissolved in an ounce of water and one teaspoonful and a half given as a dose. In addition we would suggest that you segregate the ailing ones from the normal or healthy, and also to be sure that the quarters are sanitary, clean, and the houses free from draughts, warm and dry.

"Fancier," Los Angeles, writes for a remedy for feather eating, a subject that has been treated of on more than one occasion. The following from an English authority covers the subject rather fully, and for that reason we give it here in full: "The causes and remedies for feather plucking or eating are various. Insect vermin, too close confinement, want of green food, and abuse of animal food or want of it, are among the causes of this deplorable habit. Provide birds with employment, and this may be done by scattering their grain among the litter in the scratching shed, so that they have to work to find the same. Supply with an abundance of green food, and if they have

not been allowed any animal food, a little, but if they have been given a class of food, stop it for a time, and give your birds on soft food, a quantity of ordinary table salt every other day, and on other days a little flowers of sulphur. The birds be made nauseous to each other by giving their plumage with a strong quassia in water. If any of these prove ineffective, you can be sure the birds of the habit by giving a weak solution of quassia in water, say for about an eighth of an ounce, then, while being able to pick, nip off or pull out a feather."

### Tonics and Stimulants.

Concentrated foods, tonics and "conditioners" stand midway between and medicines, and are often used one or the other. Obviously they place, but must be used with discretion. When fowls are not flourishing, tonics and stimulants be let alone; but when showing "something being wrong," it is wise not to give a tonic. All for the addition of stimulating the moulting period, and at times when colds and other troubles vailing. Like with human beings,



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## Doc Horne and His Friends.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN.)

veto to your suggestions because you have seemed so much in earnest and have suggested to me that your financial welfare depended on my willingness to co-operate with you. I take it that you are without capital. So far as I am concerned, I have none which is free for investment at this time. Putting aside the rather vague generalities in which we have dealt up to this time, I ask you the direct question, have you the money to carry out this project?"

"I hope to get it," replied the hustler. "I was talkin' to a party yesterday."

The hustler seemed almost discouraged, but he brightened when Doc said: "In regard to the loan, I think I can let you have the amount you mention. I feel under some obligations to you, but as this whole enterprise is yours I can't see why I should be involved in it. So count me out."

"Do you mean it?"

"Absolutely."

"I'd like to use your picture and that story."

"Use what you please, so that you omit the name of Calvin Horne."

"Just as you say, Doc. I'll hand you this two some time," putting the money into his pocket.

Next day he had gone from the hotel, owing Ike Francis six dollars for room rent.

The freckled boy then announced that he had "sized" the hustler for a "pan-handler" from the very start.

Doc felt relieved that the man had gone and taken his temptations with him. The riddance was worth two dollars.

Two days later—and all through his chance acquaintance with the hustler—Doc Horne was to experience the extreme humiliation of his life.

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## A Fighting Coyote.

[Kansas City Star:] The fighting abilities of coyotes were demonstrated recently when one fought more than an hour with four dogs belonging to Asa Ireton, a farmer near Salina, Kan.

After fighting several minutes the coyote took to the river, and in water from six to eight feet deep the battle waged an hour. The coyote swam about with only its ears and nose above the water until attacked by the dogs and after fighting as long as the dogs could fight the coyote would break away and rest by floating. When the dogs had recovered their wind they would make another attack, working all the time to get the coyote out of the water. They were successful two or three times, but each time the coyote would leap back into the river.

After an hour's work the coyote was driven away from the river into the open. There it lasted more than fifteen minutes against the four dogs, which had been trained to work together against coyotes and bobcats. The dogs were exhausted as well as badly battered.

## War Terms Explained.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] Clement Bernard, the Oregon Socialist leader, said in a discussion of war terms:

"War terms are for the most part abstruse. Army corps and divisions, mortars, shrapnels, grape and canister, grenades—these terms are as hard to define as the terms in an historical novel by Maurice Hewlett.

"A young girl looked up from her Maurice Hewlett one evening and said:

"'Father, what's a halldome?"

"'Humph, how's the word used?' the father asked.

"'It says, 'By my halldome, 'tis time to flee,' she answered.

"'That signifies,' said her father, "'By my Waterbury.' Halldome means watch.

You might have known that by the context."

"He returned to his newspaper with a self-satisfied air, and a half-hour later the young girl asked again:

"'What does scutcheon mean, father?"

"'Scutcheon? Scutcheon? How's it—er—employed?"

"'It says the lady had a blot on her scutcheon."

"'Precisely. A scutcheon is one of the pale-colored shirt waists with a little breastpocket. The lady had probably been carrying a leaky fountain pen.'"

## Plants Named After Americans.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] It seems that the wistaria, which was originally a Japanese plant, is not the only one named after an American. "The gardenia," said a native of South Carolina now in New York, "is named after Dr. Garden, while the brilliant scarlet flower so popular at Easter and Christmas, called the poinsettia, takes its name from Joel Poinsett, who brought the flower from Mexico, where he had been Minister from this country. He brought back with him the first plant of this kind ever seen in this country. Both these men who gave their names to popular flowers, moreover, were natives of South Carolina."

## History Making.

[Philadelphia Ledger:] In the Civil War, Newport News was farmland and troops camped there. Off its shores the Merrimac and Monitor fought. Years afterward an industrial city with a great shipyard arose. Here were built some of the naval monsters that developed from the lessons taught by the Monitor and Merrimac. Here the biggest of them all—the new Pennsylvania—was made. And to this yard hastened the Prinz Eitel. History is always in the making, and it has a strange way of picking out its places.

# Persistent Care Needed with Turkeys.

By M. M. Stearns.

## NOTE OF SUCCESS.

Success with turkeys is a single phrase: "The right time." Success in the poultry industry usually comes of good hard work and care, but with turkeys more than any other kind of poultry the element of watchfulness is more important than anything else. A month of neglect, or even a month of carelessness, will bring ruin to the turkey business.

Success, like every other business, is conducted on a competitive basis. If you attend to details, you will get average results; but if you neglect details, you will get better success than the average. If you neglect details, you will lose the competition with ordinary turkeys. Success means that success is in the details, will bring ruin to the turkey business.

Intelligent, persistent care from the beginning of a turkey business getting an early start, means that it is the right time. It means that it is the right time. It means that it is the right time.

When your turkeys are from the shipping coops, their legs should be rubbed with disinfectant, to remove any germs. They should be given a bath with insect powder. It is important to inspect the gobblers carefully, and clipped wings should be inspected, and clipped wings should be inspected, and clipped wings should be inspected.



TWO-YEAR-OLD BLUE TURKEY HEN.

hatching; it means that eggs should never for a moment be jarred or handled carelessly, be exposed to strong sunlight, or wait an unnecessary hour after being laid before being set.

During the breeding season the motto, "The right thing at the right time," means that no turkey hen kept for laying should be allowed to sit, even for a day; three days of sitting may mean weeks of inactivity, before the next clutch of eggs starts along. Most people think, "That turkey hen's beginning to sit. I'll have to remember to take her out of the pen and break her up." And a couple of days of neglect will mean twenty eggs less for the season.

Successful incubation is all a matter of attention to details. If incubators are used, the mass of seemingly insignificant detail, that in the aggregate becomes important, includes revarnishing the incubator at the beginning of the season, cleaning and fumigating the machine before each hatch, cleaning out the lamp and putting in a new wick at the beginning of each hatch, getting the incubator well located in a tight-walled undisturbed room, filling the lamp every twenty-four hours, cleansing the eggs at the beginning of the hatch, seeing each day that there is the right amount of water in the pans, turning the eggs regularly night and morning, seeing each day that the thermostat is in proper order and working easily and accurately, cleaning soot from the heat-

ing pipes of the incubator at least once or twice during the season to prevent the possibility of even the smallest conflagration and resulting disaster.

The building up of a strong strain of turkeys starts with attention to details when the poults leave the egg; they should not be taken from the incubator too soon, they should be given a chance to peck up clean sand from the very first, they should not be allowed to remain in the cold air a moment after they begin to get chilly, they should be fed frequently and regularly, they should be guarded absolutely against parasites (by having scrupulously clean brooders, or being with hens that have been dusted with insect powder.) They should be given only clean water in clean drinking vessels, and any poults that are in any way deficient should be clearly marked so that they can never, no matter how good their appearance eventually comes to be, be ranked as perfect birds.

Successful brooding is again nothing but attention to one detail after another; the hover must be so constructed that it will keep the poults warm without allowing them to crowd unduly, and it must be so built that the little birds can be shut into it with a minimum of effort; if the poults are with a hen, she must be dusted regularly with insect powder; if the poults are being fed stale bread, every loaf must be cut open to make sure that no mold has started, before any is fed; the drinking fountains should be cleaned and filled with fresh water every day; the brood should be moved to a fresh location before the ground over which they are traveling loses its freshness; every evening the poults must be shut in before the sunset chill reaches them—leaving them out a single evening until they become thoroughly chilled may result, within a week, in the loss of half the brood; the ration must be cut down if any signs of overfeeding appear—if this is neglected for a single day, it will result in a sweeping run of liver trouble; if the poults are let out in the morning on wet grass, they must be watched closely and shut in instantly if they get cold; dry quarters must be prepared beforehand for emergency use in wet weather, and the poults transferred to them the minute the need arises.

Successful growing is again all a matter of attention to detail. The birds must be

given their abundance of green food each day and every day—not every other day, or two days out of three. The broods of different ages should be kept separate; the birds should be sent to bed with full crops every night, even though this necessitates varying the food or the range two or three times a week to keep up appetite and exercise; parasites must never be allowed to get a foothold, even though to prevent this it is necessary to spray the roosting quarters every week or so during the hot weather; if the birds are yarded, they should be given fresh litter and bulky food every day; too many birds should never, even temporarily, be crowded into a single compartment; if the birds are on range, they should be fed their evening meal regularly at a certain place, and shut into the roosting corrals for the night at sundown.

Guarding against disease is nothing but the same little old attention to details; unremitting efforts to secure cleanliness of the birds, of their food, and of their quarters; instant separation of weaker birds that are overrun by the flock—to neglect this for a single day may mean that the weak bird becomes a sick bird; instant segregation of a bird that shows signs of sickness from the rest of the flock—postpone the business one day, and before a week is out you may have ten sick birds instead of one; disinfection of roosting quarters and drinking water after any sickness whatever; administering liver pills to birds that show signs of liver trouble, or castor oil to birds that show signs of bowel trouble, as soon as those signs appear. Not one day or two days later or when you happen to remember it, or the bird will be a "gone" before you know it.

Successful fattening and marketing comes to the same thing—incessant care; the fattening process must be begun at the right time, instead of a week too late; the ration during the fattening period must be such as to insure the best flavor in the meat; the market must be secured in advance, and contracts made to deliver extra fine birds at extra fine prices—neglect to do this will mean throwing superior birds on the market for what they will bring, resulting possibly in the loss of many dollars that should rightfully go to any turkey raiser who has been giving his birds persistent care throughout the year.



# The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Brauntton.

Gardens, Grounds,  
Streets, Parks, Lawns.

## Spring Lawn-making. THE PRESENT SEASON CONSIDERED BEST FOR THIS WORK.

HERE still remains time enough for the making of new lawns, though in local territory the work should be done at once. Close observation for a score of years has convinced the writer that for California in general soil prepared in March and sown early in April will result in giving us the best of lawns, varying the time according to season, and prevailing temperatures in your section of the State. Autumn lawnmaking is usually attended with an equal degree of success, but in cold sections the young grass is often caught "in the milk" stage by severe frosts and sometimes killed, though to offset such risk the season offers the welcome rains, for spring-sown lawns necessitate careful artificial sprinkling.

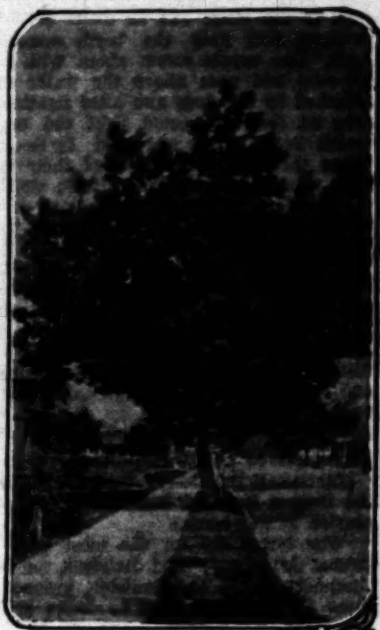
The first work should be a deep and thorough stirring of the soil, without which no sown will grow, whether it be grass or trees. When stirring the soil, mix in a liberal amount of well-rotted stable manure (four inches is not too much,) and do not be content with merely turning it under where it will lie in chunks for years to come. The full value of fertilizers comes only from thorough incorporation with the soil. Gardeners too often turn under raw bone meal and leave it, a handful in a place. Used in this way, it does not all become available to plant life for several years. It should be evenly scattered and thoroughly mixed with the soil and even then it is largely fertilizing for future years.

Stable manures, while more readily available to the plant at any stage, should undergo the same thorough incorporation, for after a lawn is once sown, you cannot get under it to stir the soil except at the added expense of a new lawn. Nearly all fertilizer works make a special fertilizer for this preliminary use which has the advantage of containing no seeds of weeds or Bermuda grass which often prove, before eradicated, more expensive than all other work connected with the making of new lawns. Because of such seeds being present, all stable manures should be thoroughly rotted. Never use fresh or unseasoned manure in lawn work if avoidable, either before or after sowing, or for fertilizing old lawns.

After fertilizing and spading, let the soil rest until dry enough to work; then tread carefully over every foot of it, with your feet close together. This is not much of a job on small lawns. On large lawns a roller is used, but this does not find the small soft spots as well as your feet and sufficient time may be spent on a small lawn to do the work properly. This treading will insure an even surface and no future settling. Next rake the low spots full of soil and make firm, leaving the surface just as smooth as a floor if possible, for as you leave it so it will always remain. See that the surface soil is pulverized as finely as possible. If the surface is dry when you wish to sow the seed, give it a very light sprinkling of water and wait an hour or two for it to get past the sticky stage and then sow the seed. Sow very early or very late in the day, if in a windy section, as perfect calm is needed for proper distribution of the light grass seed.

Begin sowing at the rear, using boards to walk on as you "retreat forward," for after the surface is ready for sowing you must not set foot upon it until the first mowing, and even this is best done from boards. After sowing the seed and raking it in, lightly and gently, sow over the surface an inch or so of well-rotted manure which has been sifted through a sieve of not more than one-inch mesh. Planing-mill shavings will also do, but they should be thoroughly wetted a few days in advance of use. After this give the lawn a good but very careful watering.

This first watering, as well as subsequent ones, must be given with extreme care and the water uniformly distributed in a fine spray so seeds will not be washed about or little channels made in the soil covering or in the surface soil itself. So soon as weeds are large enough to pull, get boards to kneel on and weed out the grass or whatever you have sown. Better use



GOLDEN WATTLE IN FULL BLOOM.

two wide boards, one to kneel on and the other for your feet or the toes of your shoes will spoil much new lawn.

When the young grass becomes tall enough to make the cutting possible, get at it with a sharp mower and cut thereafter as often as growth makes it possible, for only by so doing will you quickly get a perfect carpet of living green. Either mow the first time from boards or tread very carefully flat-footed while doing the work or you will either seriously tear up the surface or make it full of ugly indentations. To overcome this trouble it is advisable to roll the new lawn several times, with a light roller, just as soon as the grass is well up; certainly not later than immediately after the first mowing. One pound of blue-grass seed will sow 200 square feet, or an area of 10x20 feet. One pound of white-clover seed will sow 300 square feet, or an area of 10x30 feet.

Golden Wattle in Full Bloom.

THE illustration on this page shows the finest acacia ever seen by the writer in nearly thirty years' residence in Los Angeles. The species is *A. dealbata*, the Golden Wattle, and so numerous and overwhelming were the flowers that not a leaf was to be seen except on the closest inspection. All were completely covered by the rapidly-developed blossoms, so that the entire mass seen in the illustration is flower mass. In all other respects and at all seasons of the year this same acacia is the peer of any known to the writer.

### Chrysanthemum Propagation.

NOW is the golden time for propagating "Autumn's Floral Queen." Chrysanthemums may be propagated either by dividing old clumps into small clumps, single shoots, or by rooting the tips in sand. Nearly all amateur growers use the old clumps year after year, or at most divide them and replant, though no first-class flowers can be produced from any except plants propagated from cuttings rooted early in the same year. Many continue with the old roots for the reason that they do not know how easily young plants may be propagated. Clumps that have already flowered for one or more years will, if undisturbed, send up vigorous young shoots, and from these should be propagated a stock of plants to supply the autumn crop of flowers.

The latter half of March is the golden time for propagation, though good results may be had from cuttings taken from January to April. Get a box of six or more inches in depth, bore a few small holes through the bottom to insure drainage and scatter an inch or two of gravel, small stones, or broken pots over the bottom so that excess of water may easily percolate and escape through the numerous drainage holes. On top of this put four or five

inches of clean sharp sand and water until it is soaked through. The young shoots of 'mums are so tender you may break them off if you wish, for this method is fully as good as any, and few but trained gardeners will cut them properly; for unless this is done with a very sharp knife, frequently wiped clean, the cuttings may be so injured that they will not root ere they die. Pluck off with thumbnail and finger, or cut with knife all the leaves from each slip except the tuft on the end and cut off the outer half of these if they are inclined to droop. These slips or cuttings should be three or four inches long and be planted two inches deep in the sand. Do not force cuttings into sand but make a groove or slit for them with an old table knife or a thin piece of wood fashioned for the purpose. Never allow the sand to get dry.

### Slugs and Snails.

F. P. H., Highland Park, writes: "Will you tell a number of your readers who desire it, what to do for the snails or slugs which are so disastrously prevalent now? I have tried lime, gypsum, tar, Paris green, and still they eat."

Effective remedies are many and based on work done by competent authorities. The writer's garden was at one time quite overrun with slugs and snails. They appeared to breed and take refuge beneath the house. A number of common toads were confined in this rendezvous, and in one summer they annihilated nearly all the snails and slugs. It is thought (by the writer) that they eat only the eggs and the very young.

A wholesale florist who has a plant of nine greenhouses uses a mixture of air-slaked lime and powdered alum, half and half. He first tried it for rats and found not only the rats were destroyed by it, but also every ant, snail or slug on the place.

The owners of a large garden rid their premises of slugs, snails, sow bugs, cutworms and all pests of this nature with "poisoned wheat bran, mixed as follows: Four quarts of bran, one teaspoonful of Paris green, and one pint of strong molasses. Rub all together until uniform and easily crumbling. Scatter lightly where slugs "most do congregate."

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Roeding & Wood Nursery Co.  
J. D. Meriwether, Manager.  
1611 E. Washington St., Los Angeles, Cal.

### Ingletree's Civic Center.

THE little city of Ingletree, situated on an adequate site, is a narrow pathway five blocks wide (dially planted) are the two-story concrete buildings and a union high school, being recently erected, up-to-date concrete trimmed with pressed brick, every convenience and comfort in the best high schools of the city.

On the opposite side of the city owns parcels of land (Hall, fire houses, etc. (the site of a jail) for which lands no distant date. The present high school are now being built in the local plant (specimen) in the school grounds are being made neat and serviceable for generous area reserved for the How many small children in the show similar progress toward the ment of a permanent civic center.

### Lippia for Walls and Terraces.

LIPPIA REPENS is a climbing plant for terrace cover for its roots securely at every node these are but a few inches apart under ordinary conditions the but one central root and stem also hang over walls and feet without sending out roots. As an all-purpose covering and the best plant ever known.

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## Kill the B

before they kill your plants. We will advise the best way to kill them. Spray them with the "LAWN-KILLER" or "GARDEN-KILLER" and the weeds will be gone.

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**By M. V. Hartranft.**

...the dried olive is a  
...of diet. As ripe olives  
...the bitter principle is  
...entirely. The flesh  
...and the taste is very attrac-  
...when salted. They can  
...with the ripe pickled olive,  
...there has been some  
...California during the past  
...a product known  
...olives is being produced by  
...This process is to remove  
...by first pickling the olives,  
...Some other features en-  
...and the result appar-  
...ordinary evaporating re-  
...in cans, according to a  
...by the University of

"This is almost beyond belief, but is merely the result of intensive culture, a system yet only in its infancy."

We won that fight by tabooing the spoon. My business associate lived across the street from the editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, and I devoted my personal attention to the household editor of the Philadelphia Ledger. Both of these journals soon found reason to denounce the spoon as a proper method of eating oranges, and it soon had its effect upon the Philadelphia market for California oranges. When sliced and light-sugared down, the navel orange of California knows no competition in the world. Then eaten with a spoon our navel orange offers a bad handicap. I therefore lay especial importance upon the remarks of Prof. Elliot Colt, and hail the advent of this 50-cent glass orange reamer as the forerunner of a new era in the orange market. The Fruit Exchange directors, jocularly speaking, might start a glass factory at once. Make these orange reamers by the thousands

**Cor. 8th St. and Santa Fe Ave., L. A.**











# The Mother Heart. By Vlasta A. Hungerford.

## CURLY-LOCKS.

**A** PRIL had fought its way through the tail-end of a March blizzard, arrived in due course, and smiled sunnily upon the world.

It was a somewhat frosty smile, with sharp crystal edges, but no less than could be expected—with a thick coat of snow blanketing the outlook. However, that smile, crisp and icy though it was, was more than welcomed after the gloomy despotism of March. Cooped-up children came out to revel in it. They dribbled from tenements and apartment-houses until the streets were full of them. Bright flying sleds dashed down every available incline. Shouts of merry laughter—screams of ecstatic delight, and much shrill controversy, in which such bits as "My turn!" "Tain't neither!" "Get outa the way!" "You had two a'ready!" "Lookout!" and "I'll tell my mama on you!" flew thick and fast. Snowballs sailed through the air on every side and much hilarity reigned.

Margaret, driving along in her electric runabout, left her own exclusive avenue, and turning into a more democratic street, found herself in the midst of the turmoil. An expression of shocked annoyance crossed her delicate face, and her brows drew together in an unbecoming frown. She guided her car very carefully among the sleds and uncertain trend of childish feet. There were children strong and children weak—big and little—well-dressed and shabbily clothed—and lots and lots of them.

Margaret nursed a particular aversion for little boys with brown curls and sea-gray eyes. It is wonderful how many little boys there are in the world fulfilling that description. She pulled her black hat farther down over her face, loosened her black seal-skin coat at the throat, and without again looking to right or left, drove out of the turmoil into which she had so inadvertently gotten herself.

With a sigh of relief, she turned into a quiet avenue once more. Here the children, where there were any, played in carefully fenced yards. Margaret's brow grew smooth again, and her mouth lost just a little of its stern repression.

It is said the mouth is an index to character. But what can one tell about a mouth that is held in a straight, hard line and has a parenthesis on each side of it? It is also said that the eyes are windows of the soul. Yet, when eyes are purposely veiled by a studied expression of coldness, what can one tell about the soul behind them? Margaret made careful mental notes that forever precluded another involuntary invasion into the street she had just escaped. And then into her cold, gray eyes there leaped a sudden haunted look. She closed them for a moment to shut out the unwelcome vision. But she saw the street again, and a small boy standing disconsolately on the edge of the pavement, looking on, yet taking no part in the joyous tumult about him—a child with tangled, brown curls and wistful gray eyes. Margaret raised a black-gloved hand up to her throat, and gazed steadfastly at the straight, white street before her. But the glittering snow made her eyes ache and she closed them again for a moment. And she saw that his hands were bare and red with cold, and that his clothes were shabby. Strange how much a fleeting, unwilling glance at the little figure on the walk had revealed.

When one gives way to thought in forbidden channels of memory, even for a peep only, it becomes next to impossible to stay the flood of mental pictures that rush up and crowd and overwhelm the resisting mind. Margaret had allowed herself this little peep, and now, finding opposition useless, gave herself over to the bitter-sweet of memory.

She lived her sorrow all over again. And from its travail was born an impulse—one that startled her with its unusualness, and which she at first rejected determinedly. But it seemed thrust upon her with gentle insistence, like the tender pleading of a child, and it occurred to her that it was just what her own Curly-Locks would have wanted her to do. This knowledge lent force to the impulse within her. Margaret turned her runabout from the Sabbathlike quiet of Knickerbocker avenue and plunged into the heart of the city's business district.

She chose the most exclusive toy-shop on

the avenue and entered. The manager bustled forward, rubbing his hands together softly. He always kept an eye on his trade. When Quality, spelled with a capital Q, deigned to enter his door, he waited upon it himself. He also had a good memory for faces.

Margaret, a delicate flush on her cheeks, asked to look at some sleds. He led her back to the sled department, and served her deferentially, the while he struggled with a vague, half-forgotten memory. She chose a red sled, a handsome runner that would have delighted any child. And then the manager's face lighted with recollection.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Eet eer like one ze madame bought last Chreestmas! I am to please my customers. Did ze osser not prove well zat madame is to purchase another before ze winter ees ova?" I shall be please to make eet right wiz madame!"

And then the little man saw his mistake. Margaret had grown paler, and a spasm of pain crossed her face.

"No," she answered coldly, "there was nothing the matter with the other. Please don't wrap it. I shall take it just this way." And sputtering apologies, he trotted out through the door after her, carrying the bright, red sled.

When in a street full of children with sleds, there stands one little boy, all alone, idly kicking his toes against a water-plug and looking gloomy, it doesn't require any complicated process of mental calculation to arrive at a correct deduction of the case, namely, he is unfortunate enough to be both sledless and without friends who have sleds.

Margaret had arrived at that conclusion with a single glance. Now, as she entered the erstwhile noisy street, its comparative quietude struck her with a shock, until she heard the insistent ringing of a bell. And then she remembered. However, the gloomy little boy was too young by several years to go to school yet, and she looked searchingly down the deserted street. He was sitting on the bottom step of a shabby tenement farther down the block. Margaret drew up at the curb.

"Little boy!" she called softly. "Come here!" The little boy, who had been nursing his round chin in cupped palms, removed his small elbows from his small knees, and advanced unafraid. His big, gray eyes looked at her, politely inquiring, with no trace of the shyness to which childhood is usually prone.

"Oh, Oh," murmured Margaret, staring at him fascinatedly. "How like Curly-Locks—how like Curly-Locks!"

"Who is Turly-Lots?" asked the little boy gravely.

Margaret controlled herself with effort. "Just a little boy like you," she answered gently. "See what I have brought you!" She gave him the crimson sled. The little boy looked at her in amazement. "Is vat for me?" he asked, incredulous, his eyes beginning to sparkle and excitement replacing the somberness of his face.

"Yes, little boy, it's for you," she replied. "Now run along and let me see you play—here comes your mama too, show us what you can do!"

The little boy looked about eagerly. "Vat's not my mama," he averred disappointed. "Mama isn't home yet." He looked longingly down the street.

"Run along now," she urged. "I want to see you play with your new sled."

He started, then suddenly came back, his face dimpling as he turned it up alluringly. "You tan tiss me—if you want to!" he invited.

Margaret stared down at him, her face distorted with pain. "No—no! Little boy," she sobbed, "go away!" and she pushed him blindly from her. The child gazed at her curiously, then trudged off down the street with the sled.

A small, gray anaemic-looking woman had come out of the tenement when Margaret had first called to the little boy, and now came down the shabby steps. She looked Margaret over searchingly, appraising her rich apparel and the runabout.

"He's a fine little boy," she vouchsafed tentatively. "Of good family."

Margaret had already re-entered her car, and in the act of closing the door, paused. "Tell his mother," she said softly, "that she has much to be proud of!"

"He has no mother. She died last week—he hasn't a soul to take care of him!"

Margaret gasped. "Why," she exclaimed, "he told me his mother hadn't come home yet—"

"Oh, well," the woman shrugged her shoulders, "of course, he doesn't understand. We told him she had gone to Heaven, and he is expecting her back every day. He sits on the front steps half the time, looking down the street for her. I have notified the Orphans' Home. They are coming for him today. I have six of my own."

The woman's faded eyes gazed at Margaret steadily. The latter, chafing beneath their frank, open suggestion, dropped her own, ashamed and angry.

"He surely must have people somewhere!" she insisted.

"Not a soul!" answered the other promptly. "The husband died two years ago—when the boy was two years old, and—" she stopped, a curious hopeful light in her eyes. "If you're interested—"

Margaret's eyes looked feverish. "No," she answered coldly. "I'm not. No doubt the boy will be better off at the home than here. Good afternoon!" The door of the runabout snapped shut and the car started down the street. Margaret was in a tumult of shame, resentment and indignation. She stared straight ahead with a peculiarly hard expression. No stranger child would ever break into the citadel of her heart where were treasured precious memories of Curly-Locks—her own, brown-haired, gray-eyed, dimpled Curly-Locks. No alien child should ever enter there. The very suggestion was preposterous—impossible. She had never for a moment contemplated such a thing.

Her car was moving slowly, so slowly that a big, heavy dray easily overtook her and rumbled past down the grade. And the little boy, kneeling on his sled, was hanging on behind, just as he had seen older, bigger boys do. Then as the dray approached a corner, the driver suddenly checked his horses to a slower gait, the sled behind shot under the heavy wagon, skidded over the smooth snow, and the next instant was under the "off" wheel behind. There was a frightened cry, the sickening crunch of rending wood, and the bright sled lay a crushed blot upon the white snow. With an oath the drayman stopped, and springing down from his seat, gathered up the little boy in his arms. As God would have it, he wasn't even scratched. The shock of the sled striking wheel had spilled him off, and he had fallen just beyond the wide steel tire that had crushed his sled.

Margaret, who had witnessed it all, sprang from her car and snatched the child from the big man's arms.

"It's a wonder they ain't more of 'em killed than they is!" he told her, as he climbed back to his seat. But Margaret didn't hear him. She was back in her car, trembling all over from the shock of fright, the soft little body held closely in her arms. Her eyes glowed strangely as she gazed down into the upturned face. The little boy's eyes, getting over their fright, filled with tears and his lips trembled.

"My new sled!" he quavered. "It's all broke!" And he turned his face and wept against her shoulder.

She smoothed back the tangled curls with shaking fingers, her face distorted by the tremendous readjustment through which she

was passing. Then, with a low, glad cry, she drew closer in her arms, murmuring words of endearment—words believed impossible for her.

"Never mind the sled," she said. "I know where there is another, and a new train of cars, and a rocking-horse, and every one of the things. They shall all be yours—Curly-Locks—my Curly-Locks—tell me you—I know he would want them, and you shall—tell me the boy died his name and I shall wonderingly."

"Who is Turly-Lots?" he asked, with a child's forgetfulness.

"Curly-Locks is a little boy who Heaven just before Christmas—gently. The little boy said to you—straight. 'Vat's where my mama he said wistfully, 'an' her name yet!'"

Margaret drew him closer, with a child's forgetfulness. "Do you think you can have the sled?"

He looked at her long and earnestly, much like the Curly-Locks of a memory. Margaret knew that weighed by the morning's happenings and she let him probe deep, deep eyes, where shone a wealth of knowledge and her straight, hard mouth beautiful lines, promising a wisdom and tenderness.

The little boy smiled and dimpled.

"You tan tiss me if you want he offered her again."

And this time she accepted gratefully.

## A Business Idea

[Woman's Home Companion] yes," confessed the landlord of Tavern, "it is an idea of a party around the hotel at the top of the city. You see there wouldn't be anything to distinguish this party from thousands of others. As it is, people drop in to point out the decoration is not in good taste, some other color, or something. And they usually remain long enough to spend a dollar or two before they are roughly convinced."

"Persons with literary tastes," said a real writer, "are perfectly me of being a character here while studying the fact, a drummer gave me a paint out of his sample, and what else to do with it?"

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LITTLE POEMS.

**Research.**  
"Society" inquired the  
of wealth and intellectual  
the rustic youth who were  
dances upon the vil-  
gaily said. "That  
you should attend the coach-  
said: "If for society  
there is by coming  
remarked: "The very  
you will attend our lec-  
the society was made for  
art and brains and  
looked puzzled and re-  
me  
including even me;  
just beyond his own  
made me leave my  
down here.  
which we fill with fays  
them, find that they are  
themselves."  
—[Washington Star.

**Office Window.**  
on his desk  
a moment turn  
and buttressed piles,  
the sun's rays burn;  
dwell a dream  
girl thundering pile,  
again,  
boyhood's fancies smile.  
was the sky;  
made, fecy white;  
where fishes lurked;  
the emerald height;  
with such joy  
may know,  
to hold  
morning glow.

there fades  
heart's desire,  
comfortless,  
of dying fire;  
beat;  
thru and teems;  
gripped his throat,  
no time for dreams.  
in New York Sun.

**in California.**  
on the mountains,  
live in bloom,  
is created  
gave perfume.

to your auto  
smooth and hard,  
blooming orchards  
boulevard.

the valley  
the hay,  
the picture  
fade away.

to your birth-place,  
have a longing  
to dwell.

waves a carpet  
with its loom;  
on the mountains  
in bloom.  
—[O. W. Kinsman.

**The Flight Lieutenant.**  
Across the silver edge of the world  
We hear the song of his flight,  
Over the edge of the morning world  
He slides and lifts to our sight,  
Fine and slim as a dragon fly  
Against the shimmering light.

How do the round hills look to him  
Who races the morning there?  
What do we seem, in our toiling ranks,  
From his saddle so high in air?  
What's in his heart, with heaven so near—  
Love or pride or despair?

He is only a man, as we are men,  
Though he serves in the vasty sky  
The cause we serve on the sodden field,  
Up there, with the birds that fly,  
He questions the earth with a downward  
glance  
And looks the sun in the eye.  
—[Theodore Goodridge Roberts, in Youth's Companion.

**My Garden.**  
A little spot of earth is mine:  
Come, share it with me! Mine is thine.

Pass through the gate and you shall see  
Old England's cowslips, fleur-de-lis  
From sunny France; and cornflowers blue  
From German meadows, wet with dew.  
Not far beyond, a dark red rose  
Named for an Austrian princess blows;  
While "Duchess Olga," Russian, fair,  
Pours attired fragrance on the air.  
From Japan came chrysanthemums,  
And, as you've read "Window in Thrums,"  
You'll note what came from Scottish town—  
A thistle braw, with sweet pink crown.  
From far-off Servia prune trees  
Scatter white blossoms on the breeze.  
Shy edelweiss from famous peaks,  
To bright green shamrock softly speaks.  
Dutch tulips coax Italian bees;  
Gay Persian poppies drowse at ease.  
The clover parking, bright from rain,  
Thinks of its home, Alsace-Lorraine;  
And on each side, purpling for wine,  
Are grapes from France and storied Rhine.  
My German hops ring pale green bells  
From oaks whose youth knew British dells;  
While peppers red from Hungary bold,  
Grow near the Turkish fig trees old.  
A dog from Flanders wags his tail,  
Happy to bring my daily mail.  
A Norway spruce, a maple tall  
(Canadian flaming in the fall),  
Shelter a Flemish draft-horse sleep  
And Belgian hares who almost speak  
As I pass them in frequent round  
To watch what grows from Love's own  
ground.

Oh, come! My garden's fair to see,  
Where all dwell in God's amity.  
ALICE HARRIMAN.

**My Brother.**  
Am I my brother's keeper? Through the  
years,  
The long, slow years, each with its  
crowded page,  
From that dark morning of earth's first  
told age,

This question comes unanswered to our  
ears.  
Yet must each soul make answer in that  
day,  
When naked it before the judge shall  
stand,  
And knows that he who but withholds his  
hand  
Is guilty of the deed which he might stay.

Thou art thy brother's keeper. Thine his  
sin,  
And on thy soul his lost years all shall  
weigh.

If thou strive not his faltering steps to win  
To some safe path, from which he may  
not stray.

Thou art thy brother's keeper. Oh, take  
heed;  
To will is not enough, be thing the deed!  
—[Nimette M. Lowater, in New York Sun.

**Do it Now.**  
When you lose interest in the race,  
Frown at every human face,  
And somehow just can't find your place,  
Get out and walk!

For there's magic in the air  
That makes a lamb from out a bear,  
So shut your door and start out there  
To take a walk!

You'll be surprised to find the rate  
At which your troubles fly; it's great!  
So don't forget it's ne'er too late  
To start and walk!  
—[Mildred Stewart, in New York Sun.

**Sonnet.**  
Great themes and deeds surge o'er me.  
I stand alone  
On Pisgah gazing to the promised land,  
Or on the baniast, Helena strand,  
Looking to seaward with Napoleon.

The airs of Egypt waft my galleon  
Where Cleopatra lies by hours fanned,  
Or at a statue's base I stricken stand  
And find the mighty Caesar, bleeding, prone.  
A vast procession of immortal men  
And gorgeous women come within my ken;  
O Life, I cry, what art thou, where dost  
lead?  
Where are these restless souls, and where  
shall I  
Quitting the hill-top and the pleasing mead,  
Is it but death—or life anew to die?  
—[Robert Loveman in Nautilus.

**Neutral.**  
When you find yourself a-pin-in'  
Fur a slow, sunshiny day,  
An' a chance to throw a line in  
Where the shadows are at play,  
You forget ambitious dreamin'  
An' the hard an' selfish wish:  
All the plannin' an' the schemin'  
Make no difference to the fish.

They don't ask you how you voted  
When they give your line a look,  
Though your humble and unnoted,  
That won't keep 'em from the hook.  
An' the deal is square you're gettin'  
Where the waters gently swish,  
All the argument an' frettin'  
Make no difference to the fish.  
—[Washington Star.

**Two Irish Bulls.**  
[Manchester Guardian:] Here are two  
genuine Irish bulls of recent date. "Who  
is running 'Scissors and Paste'?" said one  
Dublin man to another. ("Scissors and  
Paste" is the happy title of a Dublin bi-  
weekly which consists entirely of clippings  
from other papers, containing no original  
matter whatever.) The other gave the  
name of the well-known Dublin journalist  
who is editing the paper. "Ah, yes," said  
the inquirer thoughtfully, "I thought I re-  
cognized his style."

Speaking to a gathering of political  
friends, a Dublin propagandist asked for  
help in carrying on a series of open-air  
meetings which he had been conducting  
single-handed for some weeks. "However,"  
he added, "the people are not tired of listen-  
ing to me yet, because I get a fresh audi-  
ence every Sunday."

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**The Promise.**  
The tide is out—  
Exhausted ebb bares reefs,  
Sand bars and slimy ooze.

The wind is dead—  
It would not care to kiss  
This desert of the deep.

The sun is hid—  
Not e'en his friendly eye  
Breaks through the stifling gloom.

But there is still the Promise—  
By it the tides will flow,  
The dimpling winds return,  
The heavens with sunlight glow.  
—[John A. Fitz Randolph in Nautilus.

**Voices of the Spring.**  
I would find some fair sylvan glen. Ar-  
cadian haunt,  
Where murmur dreamily all the voices of  
the Spring;  
There would I recline, while fairy maids  
should bring  
Me nectar from the cup of Youth—ah, Care,  
avaunt!  
Just for one brief day, O Lord—life's tasks  
I would not shirk,  
Nor cast my burdens on some struggling  
arm less fit—  
But those huring voices call, methinks I  
hear them twit,  
As down the city's busy street I pass to  
work!  
JO HARTMAN.

**Troublesome Gender.**  
[Youth's Companion:] The trouble that  
Latin gender gives to American boys and  
girls who are struggling with the rudiments  
of that tongue should inspire in them a sym-  
pathetic feeling for a small descendant of  
the race of Attila who found the gender of  
our English nouns and pronouns a stumbling  
block.  
A solid little figure trudged up to the li-  
brarian in the children's room. "That little  
boy," he declared, indicating the rest of the  
room vaguely with his thumb, "he hit me."  
The "liberty teacher" followed him back  
across the room until the accusing thumb  
halted near a table where sat a guilty-look-  
ing child about half the size of the plaintiff.  
The accuser explained: "That little boy  
she hit me. That little boy is a little girl;  
but he has short hair, and when I point at  
him she hits me."

**LOS ANGELES WEATHER.**  
[From The Times of April 14, 1915.]  
THE SKY. Clear. Wind at 5 p.m., north-  
west, velocity 30 miles. Thermometer, high-  
est, 67 deg.; lowest, 55 deg. Forecast, fair.

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TO ANY FILTER that I have  
come across. It not only  
PURIFIES THE WATER but  
keeps the water delightfully  
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## Announcement Annual Spring Flower Show

To be held at our show rooms, Ninth and Olive streets, Friday and Saturday, April 23rd and 24th. You are cordially invited to attend this. One of the finest displays of seasonable Spring flowers ever shown in this city. The finest types of our Giant Amaryllis, Roses and numerous other Spring blooming subjects, all the product of our own grounds, will be on display.

All plants and flowers will be carefully labeled with their proper names. If you are the owner of a garden and are desirous of seeing the latest improvements in flowers you will find a visit well worth while. Every lover of flowers is invited. Come and bring your friends.

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When in need of cut flowers, funeral designs, bouquets, wedding decorations and floral decorations of all kinds do not forget that we have one of the largest and best equipped floral departments on the Coast. The enormous stock we have to draw from at our Montebello grounds insures a variety not elsewhere obtainable, and another feature important to every cut flower buyer is the crisp, fresh character of our blooms.

## Timely Planting Suggestions

We desire to call our customers' attention to the enormous and varied stock of splendidly grown plants suitable for Summer and Autumn blooming which we now have ready for distribution. Aside from the fact that our plants are vigorous to a degree, they combine at the same time the highest quality it is possible to obtain in the way of perfect bloom. Every plant is pot grown. They are bound to grow. They will not wilt as when out of flats. They will give you results.

### GIANT ZINNIAS.

We offer you a strain of superlative beauty in this old favorite Summer and Autumn blooming plant. If you have never grown our giant types you will hardly realize they are Zinnias when they come to bloom. The flowers are five to six inches in diameter by three inches deep. Colors in all shades from purest white to darkest crimson. Plant these now for a gorgeous show in your garden during Summer and Autumn. We can supply these either in the mixed strains which include all colors, or old gold and orange shades and scarlet and crimson shades separate. Try some of them. They are specially fine. Twenty thousand two-inch pot plants ready for immediate delivery.

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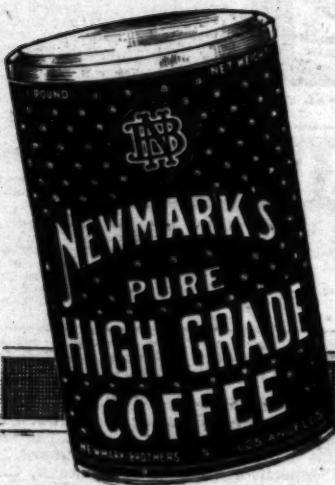
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